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THE

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THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY 1893.

AN EPISODE UNDER THE "TERROR."[1]

AFTER BALZAC, BY PHILIP KENT.

TOWARDS eight o'clock in the evening of January 22, 1793, an old lady might have been seen plodding down the steep slope which—with the broad thoroughfare called the Faubourg St. Martin, of which it forms part—ends at St. Lawrence's church. Not a soul had she yet met, for the Terror reigned, and the snow lay thick in the forsaken streets, muffling the sound of her footsteps. Yet she fared bravely onwards, as if trusting her age as a sure talisman to shield her from all harm. When, however, she had passed the Rue des Morts, she heard, or thought she heard, the firm and heavy tread of a man following in her wake. Fancying that she had heard the sound before, and scared at the notion that some one was dogging her heels, she pressed on towards a spot where a fairly well-lighted shop promised her the chance of ascertaining whether her fears were well-grounded. There she suddenly halted, and, looking back, spied a human form looming through the mist. She now felt sure that the man had tracked her from the very threshold of her home; and she reeled beneath the shock. But panting to shake off this spy, and blind to the hopelessness of the attempt, she broke into a run which speedily brought her to a pastrycook's, into which she darted, and sank into a chair near the counter.

As the old lady entered, the shop mistress raised her eyes from her needlework, scowled, rummaged in a drawer for something not forthcoming, uttered a peevish "Bother!" and, tripping from her perch towards the back of the shop, called her husband.

[1] A story founded on facts supplied to Balzac by the chief actor in the episode. See *Memoir of H. de Balzac*, by his sister Mme. Surville.

"Where did you put——?" she began, and nodded in the direction of the customer, whose headgear—a huge black silk bonnet trimmed with violet ribbon—was just visible from where the worthy couple stood. With a glance that seemed to say, "Catch me leaving *that* about when there are so many hawks abroad!" the pastrycook dived into the depths of his back premises, and his wife trotted back to her perch, not a little puzzled by the old lady's corpse-like stillness and silence.

Pity blended with curiosity when she beheld the deadly pallor of the always wan and wasted features, with their air of high birth and breeding that savoured of the Old Court now for ever swept away. "My lady," she began with forced respect, forgetting that "My lady" was now a forbidden phrase.

But the old dame sat mute and motionless, staring at the window, as if she there discerned some hideous bugbear.

"What ails you, citizeness?" asked the pastrycook, hurrying into the shop and handing her a small cardboard box wrapped in blue paper, which she hastily slipped into her pocket.

"Nothing, my friend, nothing!" she quietly replied. Then, suddenly catching sight of his red "Cap of Liberty," she cried, "Ah! you have played me false!"

"Not we, indeed!" protested husband and wife in one breath. The old lady blushed either with shame or joy, or both; humbly craved their pardon, and handed the husband a louis d'or, saying, "The bargained price!"

There is a need which the needy can read at a glance. The old lady's hand trembled as she tendered the coin, and she eyed it, not greedily indeed, but wistfully. Hunger and want were stamped upon her brow in characters legible to all. Her very raiment—the gown of worn silk, the well-brushed but faded cloak, the carefully darned lace—the rags of opulence—spoke of pinching penury. The worthy shopkeepers exchanged a glance which meant, "'Tis her last louis," and straightway began to soothe their consciences, which pricked them for taking it, by accosting her with kindly words.

"Why, citizeness, you seem sadly feeble," said the husband.

"Can I offer your ladyship any refreshment?" chimed in the wife.

"We have some excellent broth," added the pastrycook.

"'Tis so bitterly cold I fear your ladyship may have caught a ch[illegible]u came along. But you can stay here awhile and warm [illegible]it," added his better half, while the good man clinched [illegible] with a "We're not quite so black as the devil."

[illegible] to the kindly spirit which breathed in these words, the

lady confessed that some strange man had tracked her to the shop, and that she dreaded going home alone.

"Oh! if that's all, just wait till I return," replied he of the red cap; and, handing the louis to his wife, he went and donned his national guardsman's uniform, and soon came back in full military rig. But meanwhile his wife had found time to reflect. And, as often happens, reflection closed the open hand of charity. Haunted by misgivings, and loth to see her husband entangled in some ugly scrape, she tried to stop him by tugging at his coat-tail. But, swayed by his better feelings, the worthy man forthwith volunteered to see the lady safe home.

Then up spoke the shrewd queen of the counter. "It seems, citizeness, that the man you're afraid of is still prowling about out yonder."

"I fear so," replied the lady, guilelessly.

"He may be a spy—this may be a 'plant'—don't you stir a stump, but get back that box!" These words, which his wife hissed into his ear, rather damped the pastrycook's new-born courage. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "I'll just tip him a word or two, and rid you of him in a trice."

So saying out he popped, but soon returned with every trace of colour driven from his peony cheeks, legs quaking, eyes dilated and bursting from their sockets.

"Ah! so you'd send us to the block, would you, you wretch of an *aristocrat*!" he roared. "Come, take yourself off, and beware how I catch you here again seeking the means of working out your infernal plots!"

With that he made a grab at the old lady's pocket. But scarce had his fingers touched her dress when, goaded by the dread of losing her treasure, up she sprang with the nimbleness of sixteen, and, darting to the door, vanished from the eyes of the stunned and trembling pair. Once in the street, she stepped out briskly; but her strength soon failed her when she heard the snow again crunching beneath the leaden foot of her ruthless pursuer. She felt that stop she must. Stop she did; and he stopped, too. Speak to him, or even look at him, she durst not. She walked slowly on; he slackened his pace so as to keep her well within view. Thus he stuck to her like her shadow. And on fared the silent couple till they repassed St. Lawrence's church, when the belfry clock tolled nine.

All emotion—like all motion—is rhythmic. In every mind calm alternates with storm; for though the feelings may be boundless in

themselves, our capacity for feeling is not. Hence the old lady, finding that the man she deemed a foe wrought her no harm, now gladly veered round and reckoned him a secret friend eager to protect her. All things considered, she found that they told in his favour; and, hugging this pleasing and comforting conclusion, she trudged steadily onwards towards the eastern end of the faubourg. Half an hour's walk brought her to the spot where the road to the Pantin toll-house branches off from the main street—then, and for fifty years afterwards, one of the loneliest parts of Paris. A keen east wind, rasping the heights of Chaumont and Belleville, shrilled round the hovels that dotted this then nearly uninhabited waste, which with its boundary fences of earth and dead men's bones, seemed the fittest of all refuges for despair and abject poverty. Here, as if struck by the sight that met his gaze, the old lady's "shadow" halted and stood wrapped in thought, his face dimly lighted by the rays of an oil-lamp that feebly battled with the mist. Fear now sharpened the old lady's eyes, and she fancied she discovered an evil look in the stranger's face. Her slumbering dread revived; and while he stood seemingly lost in moody thought, she glided through the gloom to the door of a low house within a stone's throw of where he stood, touched a spring, and flitted from his sight, swift as a ghost; leaving him with his eyes bent upon the dwelling—a fair type of those then scattered 'mid this wilderness. Its crazy walls of rough-hewn stone, zigzagged with yawning cracks, seemed at the mercy of every gust. The tiled roof threatened to sink beneath its unwonted burden of snow. The shrunken window frames invited the blast to enter. From the casements of the garret, which capped this sorry dwelling, a dim light glimmered, while all the lower windows remained dark as the tomb. With the aid of a rope which did duty for a handrail, the old lady toiled up the rickety wooden staircase leading to this garret, knocked stealthily at the door, and, entering, sank into a chair which an old man set for her.

"Hide yourself!" she said to him. "Hide yourself! We hardly ever stir abroad; but when we do, it seems that we are tracked by spies."

"Has anything fresh happened?" asked another old lady seated near the fire.

"The man who has been prowling round the house since yestermorn followed me to-night."

Here the three inmates of the squalid garret eyed one another 'umb terror. The old man betrayed least fear—perhaps because d most to dread—for beneath the weight of crushing calamity

or grinding persecution, a brave man begins by preparing for the worst, and deems each day of added life a victory over his evil fate. Meanwhile, it was easy to see from the way in which the eyes of the two ladies fixed themselves on the old man, that 'twas for him, and him alone, they trembled.

"Why distrust God's providential care, my sisters?" he said "We hymned His praise 'mid the butchery of Les Carmes.[1] He saved me then; reserving me, doubtless, for some fate which duty bids me cheerfully accept. 'Tis of your safety, not mine, that we should think."

"No," replied one of the ladies. "What is the worth of our lives compared with that of a priest?"

"Once driven from the Abbey of Chelles, I thenceforth reckoned myself as good as dead," said the old lady who had stayed at home.

"I have brought the wafers," said the one who had fared forth "But hark! I hear footsteps on the staircase."

All pricked up their ears; but the sound—if sound there were—died away.

"No need to quake even *should* some one seek us out," said the priest. "I'm expecting a trustworthy envoy, who has framed a scheme for crossing the frontier, will call here for letters I have written to the Duke of Langeois and the Marquis of Beauséant, beseeching them to devise some means of snatching you from this land of terror and from the death or destitution that here awaits you."

"But surely you will fly with us?" pleaded the two ladies in accents of dismay.

"My post is there, where are the victims," replied the priest with a noble simplicity which sealed the ladies' lips, though their eyes spoke volumes of heartfelt regret blended with admiration.

"Sister Martha," he said to the nun who had brought the sacramental wafers, "our trusty envoy may be known by his replying *Fiat voluntas* to the word *Hosannah*!"

"I hear a footstep on the stairs," cried the other nun, opening a kind of blind cupboard in the garret wall, scarce a yard in height, thanks to the sloping roof.

This time 'twas no false alarm. A man's footstep could be distinctly heard 'mid the deep stillness. The priest hastily squeezed himself into the hiding-hole, and the elder nun huddled a heap of clothes on him, and shut him in.

At that very moment a double knock at the door struck the poor nuns speechless and helpless with fright. They had both seen some

[1] Sept. 2, 1792. See for interesting narrative *Gibbon's Autobiography*.

sixty years or more ; and forty of these they had spent in a nunnery. Turned adrift when the convents were pillaged, they resembled hot-house plants to which the open air means death. Twice twenty years of cloister life had utterly unfitted them for any other. The morning that saw their cells burst open left them appalled at the thought of their recovered freedom. One may readily imagine the stupor into which the events of the Revolution plunged them. Powerless to bring their convent wisdom to bear on the thorny problems of life, they were like heedfully-tended children suddenly robbed of a mother's fostering care. Only, instead of weeping, they prayed. In the presence of the danger which now threatened them they stood dumb and passive, not even dreaming of any other buckler than Christian resignation. The man who knocked put his own construction on their silence, and entered without further ceremony. Judge of their feelings when they identified him as the man who for some time past had been prowling round their dwelling and prying into their secrets ! Still they stood as mice, eyeing him with a troubled curiosity, like a pair of half-wild children in the presence of an utter stranger.

But the intruder, though tall and stalwart, had nothing forbidding in his mien—certainly nothing of the brute or villain. He, too, stood stockstill, leisurely surveying the apartment. His eye first fell on two straw pallets, which served the nuns for beds. In the middle of the room stood a table, and on it a branch candlestick, a few plates, three knives, and a round loaf. A scanty fire burnt in the hearth. In one corner of the room a handful of lean faggots bore further witness to the poverty of its inmates. Both walls and ceiling plainly showed that the roof was anything but rainproof. Three chairs, a pair of coffers, and a clumsy chest of drawers, completed the furniture of this carpetless garret ; but a door hard by the chimney-piece seemed to betoken the existence of an adjoining garret.

The intruder's survey inspired him with a feeling of pity that showed itself in his face. He cast a kindly look at the two nuns, and seemed—truth to tell—full as ill at ease as they. But the awkward silence was soon broken by the stranger, who quickly gauged the mental plight of these poor children of sixty.

"Believe me, citizenesses, I come not as a foe," he said in a voice he strove his best to soften. "Should any mishap befall you, this hand will have had no share in it. Sisters, I come to beg a favour of you."

They spoke not, and he ran on : "If you find my presence irksome *tell me so plumply*, and away I go. But let me assure you that

I am wholly at your service, willing to render any help that lies in my power, and I am perhaps the only man in France who stands above the law, since she has lost her King."

His words rang so true that Sister Agatha—a daughter of the noble house of Langeois—invited him with a courtly gesture to sit down. He received the invitation with a somewhat sorrowful smile, but remained standing till he saw the ladies themselves seated.

"You have sheltered a venerable nonjuring priest who marvellously escaped scotfree from the butchery of Les Carmes, and——"

"Hosannah!" cried Sister Agatha, eyeing the stranger with feverish anxiety as she uttered the test word.

"No, that is not his name."

"I assure you, sir, there is no priest here," said Sister Martha promptly.

"Then you should be more wary," gently replied the stranger, stretching forth his hand and picking up a breviary that lay open on the table. "I question whether you know Latin, and——"

He stopped short; for the quivering lips and tearful eyes of the poor nuns warned him that he had overshot the mark.

"Cheer up!" he said in a hearty voice. "For the last three days I have known not only your own names but the priest's, your straits, and generous self-devotion to the Abbé de——"

"Hush!" cried Sister Agatha, laying a finger on her lips.

"You see, my sisters, that had I harboured the foul design of betraying you, I could easily have worked my will."

On hearing these words the priest sallied from his hiding-place and said to the stranger: "I cannot believe, sir, that you are in league with those who persecute us. What would you of me?"

"I come, Reverend Father, to beg you to celebrate a funeral Mass for the repose of the soul of—of a saintly person whose ashes will never rest in consecrated soil."

The priest shuddered in spite of himself; while the two nuns, not yet understanding of what person the stranger spoke, bent forwards and eyed the two men with lively curiosity.

Meantime the churchman studied the stranger's face, and, as there was no mistaking its honest look of heartfelt anxiety and earnest entreaty, he quickly replied: "Well, come back at midnight, you'll find everything ready for the celebration of the only service we can offer in atonement for the heinous crime to which you refer."

The stranger shuddered; but whatever the pang that pierced his breast, it yielded to a feeling of soothing though sombre satisfaction, to judge by the expression of his face as he turned to leave the room

after bowing respectfully to its three inmates. No need to voice his thanks! Those three generous souls *felt* them.

Some two hours later he returned, and, ushered into the inner garret, found all in readiness for the stolen service. The old-fashioned chest of drawers, moved from the outer room, and decked with a gorgeous altar-front of green mohair, served for an altar. Above it—conspicuous against the bare yellow wall—towered a lofty crucifix of ebony and ivory. Four slim little tapers fixed to the top of the chest of drawers with sealing-wax, shed their faint lustre on the makeshift altar, but left the rest of the garret in deepest gloom. Damp was the flooring, and through many a chink in the sloping ceiling the keen blast whistled. Naught could be less pompous, yet naught perhaps more solemn than this sad ceremony. A sepulchral silence, 'mid which the faintest cry from the neighbouring high road would have made itself heard, lent a sad and sombre majesty to this midnight scene; where the grandeur of the spiritual end, in such glaring contrast with the pettiness of the material means, could scarcely fail to beget a feeling of religious awe. One at each end of the makeshift altar, the two nuns knelt upon the bare brick flooring, reckless of its deadly dampness; and mingled their prayers with those of the priest, who, robed in cope and chasuble, held in his hands a gem-studded chalice of pure gold, snatched, no doubt, from the sack of the nunnery of Chelles. Near this sumptuous ciborium, fit for the table of a king, two tumblers that would have shamed a third-rate tavern held the water and the wine destined for the holy offering; while a bowl of coarsest earthenware contained the water wherewith the innocent might lave their hands unstained with blood.

Stepping to the altar the stranger sank upon his knees between the two nuns. But at sight of the black crape with which the priest—for lack of other means of indicating the nature of the Mass—had wreathed the chalice and the crucifix, some overpowering recollection rushed across his mind and dewed his broad brow with beads of sweat. This emotion, however, soon yielded to another, not less powerful, but wholly sweet and comforting, as he joined with the other actors in this solemn midnight scene, in pouring forth in one united flood their feelings of holy pity. It seemed to them as if they had conjured up in thought the spirit of the martyr king whose mortal frame the envious quicklime had devoured; and that his deathless soul was present with them in all its saintly majesty as they celebrated these funeral rites without the body of the dead. Surely, there, in the prayers of this priest and these two simple-minded nuns, the Monarchy itself was present. Yea, but perchance there also

prayed the Revolution, in the person of this mysterious stranger, whose face betrayed remorse too keen to leave room for doubt that he came thither to rid himself of a boundless debt of penitence.

Instead of using the Latin words *Introibo ad altare Dei*, the priest—as if suddenly inspired—glanced at the three representatives of Christian France, and said, "We are about to enter the House of God." At these magic words the beggarly surroundings faded from the eyes of his fellow worshippers. They felt full of holy awe; and not even beneath the dome of St. Peter's itself could God have revealed Himself in greater splendour than He now revealed Himself to these three worshippers. So true is it that 'twixt Him and man there needs no go-between, and that His grandeur belongs wholly to Himself.

The fervour of the stranger was unfeigned. Thus the feeling which breathed in the prayers of these three servants of God and king was all of one leaven. The hallowed words sounded like heavenly music 'mid the intense silence of all around. Presently came the Lord's Prayer. At the petition "Forgive us our trespasses even as we forgive them that trespass against us," a tear trickled down the stranger's cheek. The venerable priest observed this sign of deep emotion, and, interpreting it in his own way, forthwith added in Latin, "And forgive the king-slayers even as Louis XVI. himself forgave them."

The funeral service followed, and its "God save the King" wrung the hearts of these staunch Royalists as they thought of the child-king Louis XVII.—the subject of this prayer—a helpless captive in the hands of his foes. And again the stranger shuddered as if he foresaw another king-murder, and himself forced to play a part in it.[1]

The funeral service over, the two nuns withdrew at a sign from the priest, who, on finding himself alone with the stranger, said to him in tones of fatherly kindness: "My son, if you have stained your hands with the blood of the martyr-king, confess yourself to me. There is no sin, however black, but God will blot it out in favour of a repentance so heartfelt and sincere as yours seems to be."

As the first of the foregoing words fell from the priest's lips the stranger winced. But he quickly recovered himself, and looking him full in the face replied in a voice faltering with emotion, "Father, none can be more guiltless of that deed of blood than I."

"I am bound to believe your word," rejoined the priest. Here he paused, and once more scanned the penitent's features. Then,

[1] The murder never occurred—not, at least, on the scaffold. Louis XVII. died of ill-usage, June 9, 1797.

e left the phrase unfinished, bowed low to the inmates of the t, gave a parting glance at the tokens of their penury, and was .

For the two simple-minded nuns this adventure possessed the lling interest of a romance. Hence, when the venerable priest owed them the stranger's mysterious gift, they seized the box, set it the table, and eyed it with unspeakable curiosity which the good iest shared. Mlle. de Langeois hasted to open it, and drew forth cambric handkerchief of finest texture, slightly soiled, as with weat, and spotted with blood.

"'Tis marked with a royal crown!" cried Sister Martha. The nuns shuddered, and the handkerchief fell from their hands.

The mystery which shrouded the stranger seemed unfathomable to these two simple souls. As for the priest, from that day forth he never sought to fathom it.

Meanwhile the three prisoners soon perceived that—despite the Terror—a powerful hand was outstretched to protect them. First came a store of food and fuel; then—sure proof that their friend had a female ally—a stock of linen for the nuns, with outer garments of modern cut, in which they could fare forth without attracting dangerous attention by the old-world fashion of their attire. This useful gift Mucius Scævola backed by presenting each of them with a certificate of good citizenship. Often, a warning needful to the priest's safety, and so well-timed that none could doubt it flowed from someone familiar with State secrets, reached the prisoners' ears by a sidewind. And even when famine stalked the streets of Paris, unseen hands—those, no doubt, of Mucius Scævola—would lay rations of *white* bread outside the door of their den. Meanwhile the high-born tenants of the garret could not reasonably doubt that the mainspring of all this bounty and benevolence was the mysterious stranger who had bespoken the Mass of Atonement. Hence this source of all their hopes and comforts—this saviour of their lives—became an object of peculiar worship to them, and was specially remembered in their prayers. Night and morning these pious souls offered up vows for his happiness and welfare in this world, and in the world to come life everlasting. Their thankfulness being thus, so to speak, daily refreshed, naturally wedded itself to a feeling of curiosity, which daily waxed; and in talking over the incidents which led to his first appearance among them, and risking a thousand guesses concerning him, they found a world of amusement which was a sort of crowning boon from the same benefactor. No wonder they resolved to grapple him to their hearts when the mournful anni-

versary of Louis XVI.'s death should bring him once more within their doors.

The hour thus impatiently looked for came at last. At midnight the sound of his heavy tread again roused the echoes of the old wooden staircase. But this time, the nuns, instead of awaiting his advent in fear and trembling, hurried out on to the landing candle in hand to light him; nay, Sister Agatha—Mlle. de Langeois—thirsting to behold her benefactor's face, ran down to meet him ere he reached the stairhead.

"Come," she said in tones tremulous with fond emotion. "Come, that we may welcome our long-expected friend."

He raised his head, and in a moment his gloomy glance and chilling silence froze the genial current of her feelings and struck her dumb. There was a something in that face which seemed to murder thanks and stifle curiosity. Yet perchance he was not so icy cold, so stern, so taciturn and terrible, as he seemed to those warm hearts overflowing with friendly gratitude. But, be that as it might, when he entered the wretched garret—carefully swept and garnished in his honour—its poor inmates understood that he wished to remain unknown to them, and meekly bowed to his will. But what meant that sardonic smile which hovered for a moment on his lips when his eye lighted on the little cold collation prepared for his reception?

The altar stood ready decked; the stranger listened to the Mass, and joined in the prayers as before; then, courteously declining Mlle. de Langeois's invitation to sup with them, departed as he came—a stranger.

The fall of Robespierre in July 1794, and the counter-revolution which ensued, left the tenants of the garret free to show themselves in the streets without the slightest risk. One day the priest availed himself of his recovered liberty to visit a perfumer's shop in the Rue St. Honoré, kept by a worthy couple named Ragon, some time perfumers to Queen Marie Antoinette, and steady Royalists "under the rose." As the venerable priest stood on the doorstep of the shop, he suddenly found himself wedged there by a surging crowd which flooded the street.

"What's agate?" he said to Mme. Ragon.

"Only the death-cart and the headsman on their way to the Place Louis Quinze. A common sight, God knows!" she somewhat listlessly replied.

Impelled by curiosity, the priest raised himself a-tiptoe, and, glancing over the heads of the throng, beheld, upright in the gruesome vehicle, his benefactor—the penitent stranger.

"Who's that?" he asked.

"Sanson, the headsman!"

Down sank the priest in a dead swoon. They carried him into the shop. When at length he recovered consciousness, Mme. Ragon, standing near him salts-bottle in hand, heard him mutter: "He must have given me the handkerchief wherewith the King wiped his brow on his way to the scaffold. Poor man! To think that the blade of steel had a heart when France herself had none!"

Quoth Mme. Ragon, "His wits are wandering." But the abbé knew what he was saying. He further knew—what the world knows now—that the executioner of Louis XVI. was a fervent Royalist in his heart of hearts.

SIRIUS AND ITS SYSTEM.

SIRIUS, or the Dog Star, is the brightest star in the heavens, and from its superior brilliancy has been termed "the monarch of the skies." Measures of its light show that it is about two magnitudes, or over six times brighter than an average first magnitude star, like Altair or Spica, and about equal in lustre to three stars like Vega or Capella. Sir John Herschel found the light of Sirius equal to 324 times the light of a star of the sixth magnitude, about the faintest visible to average eyesight. But it is probably over 600 times brighter than a sixth magnitude star. It has been seen in daylight with a telescope of only half an inch in aperture. Some observers have even seen it with the naked eye in sunshine, and it has been observed to cast a shadow like Venus when at its brightest.

The origin of the name Sirius is somewhat doubtful. It may possibly be derived from the Sanscrit word *surya*, the sun. Professor Max Müller thinks that the Greek word *seirios* comes from the Sanscrit *svar* or *suonasirau*. Sirius is first mentioned as a star by Hesiod, who connects it with the dog days. These, according to Theon of Alexandria, commenced twenty days before Sirius rose with the sun, and ended twenty days after that date. These so-called dog days commence on July 3, and end on August 11; but, owing to the precession of the equinoxes, Sirius does not now rise with the sun—or heliacally, as it is termed—until August 25, or fourteen days after the dog days have ended. The fancied connection of Sirius with the forty days of summer heat has, therefore, no longer any existence, and must—like many such ideas—be consigned to "the myths of an uncritical period."

Sirius was worshipped by the ancient Egyptians under the names of Sothis (Horus), Anubis, and Thoth, and represented as a man with the head of a dog. Some identify it with the Mazzaroth of Job. It was also supposed to represent Orion's hound, and it may perhaps be identical with the Cerberus of the Greeks.

It seems to be a popular idea that Sirius, now of a brilliant white colour, was a red star in ancient times. But such a remarkable *change of hue is* not well established. It seems more probable that

the idea of change is due to the mistranslation of a word applied to the star by the ancient writers, a word which probably referred to its brightness rather than its colour. Mr. T. J. J. See has, however, recently collected strong evidence from the classical writers to show that Sirius was really a red star in ancient times. Such a change would, of course, be most interesting and remarkable, indicating, as it would, some wonderful change in the star's chemical constitution.

Like many other stars, Sirius has a considerable "proper motion" across the face of the sky, amounting to about 1·3 seconds of arc per annum. Some irregularities in this proper motion led the astronomers Bessel, Peters, and Safford to the conclusion that the motion of Sirius was disturbed by the attraction of an invisible close companion revolving round it. From the recorded observations Peters computed an orbit for the supposed companion, and found a period of about fifty years. Safford also investigated the problem, and announced in 1861 the probable position of the invisible companion. About four months after the publication of Safford's results, Mr. Alvan Clark, the famous American optician, observing with a telescope of 18½ inches aperture, detected a small star near Sirius, the position of which agreed closely with that of Safford's hypothetical companion. Here was a case somewhat similar to the discovery of the planet Neptune—the prediction, by mathematical analysis, of the existence of a celestial body previously unknown to astronomers. Numerous observations of this small star have been made since its discovery, and there is now no doubt that it is revolving round its brilliant primary. That the observed irregularities in the proper motion of Sirius are wholly due to the influence of this companion seems, however, to be still an open question. Several orbits have been computed, most of which assign a period of forty-nine or fifty years; but an orbit recently computed by the present writer gives a period of about 58½ years, and Howard finds a period of fifty-seven years. Burnham, however, thinks that fifty-three years is probably nearer the truth. As the companion has now approached Sirius so closely as to be invisible with even the giant telescope of the Lick Observatory, some years must elapse before the exact length of the period can be definitely settled.

The great brilliancy of Sirius has naturally suggested proximity to the earth, and modern measures of its distance have confirmed the accuracy of this idea. The most reliable determinations of its parallax (or the angle subtended by the radius of the earth's orbit at the place of the star) make it about four-tenths of a second of arc, and

fourth in order of distance from the earth.[1] Assuming
39 of a second (about a mean of the results found by
Gill), the distance of Sirius would be 528,884 times
nce from the earth, a distance which light would take
to traverse.

he distance of Sirius from the earth, and its annual
, it is easy to calculate its actual velocity in a direction
to the line of sight. This comes out about ten miles a
spectroscope shows that Sirius has also a motion in the
nd hence its real velocity through space must be greater
cated by its proper motion. In the year 1864 observa-
uggins showed that Sirius was receding from the earth at
nty-nine miles a second. Some years afterwards careful
e star's spectrum showed that this motion had ceased;
easures showed that the motion was reversed, and recent
y Dr. Vogel indicate unmistakably that the motion has
nged into a motion of approach! It seems difficult to
ow this curious change in the direction of the star's
e accounted for otherwise than by orbital movement; in
that the planet Venus is sometimes approaching the
metimes receding from it, owing to its orbital motion
n. The motion may possibly be due to the existence
ble close companion.

the distance of Sirius, the Sun would, I find, be reduced
ly the third magnitude, or about four magnitudes fainter
pears to us. This indicates that Sirius is about forty
r than the sun would be in the same position, and would
rius is a far more massive sun than ours. If we assume
insic brilliancy of surface and the same density for both
bove result would make the diameter of Sirius 6·32 times
meter, and its mass no less than 253 times the mass of
however, the intrinsic brightness of the surface of Sirius
y, or specific gravity, may differ widely from those of the
lculations are of course open to much uncertainty. The
, analysed by the spectroscope, differs considerably from
, and the strong development of the hydrogen lines in the
m denotes that Sirius is, in its chemical constitution, not
with our sun. It may possibly be very much hotter and

nearest stars are: α Centauri (parallax 0·76 of a second), 61 Cygni
lande 21,185, for which Kapteyn found a parallax of 0·434", and
". For the star η Herculis a parallax of 0·40" was found by
d Wagner; but this does not seem to have been confirmed by
omer.

therefore smaller in diameter and mass than the figures given above would indicate. Fortunately we can find the mass of a binary or revolving double star by another and more certain method. Knowing the orbit of the star and its distance from the earth, we can calculate the combined mass of the components in terms of the sun's mass. Making the necessary computations for Sirius, I find that the combined mass of Sirius and its companion is a little over three times the mass of the sun, and the mean distance between them twenty-two times the sun's distance from the earth, or a little more than the distance of the planet Uranus from the sun. This result—recently confirmed by Dr. Auwer's calculations—would imply that Sirius is intrinsically a much brighter sun—surface for surface—than ours, and that "the monarch of the skies" is a "giant" only in appearance; the greater brightness of its surface and its comparative proximity to the earth accounting for its great apparent brilliancy.

The companion of Sirius has been estimated as of the tenth magnitude. This would imply that the light of Sirius is about 25,000 times the light of the small star. If, therefore, the two bodies were of the same density and intrinsic brightness, the mass of Sirius would be about four million times as great as the mass of the companion. But Dr. Auwers concludes, from his researches on the proper motion of Sirius, that the companion is about one-half the mass of the primary, and equal in mass to our sun! It must, therefore, be nearly a dark body. It has been suggested that the companion may possibly shine by reflected light from Sirius in the same way that the planets of the solar system shine by reflected light from the sun. Some calculations which I have recently made show, however, that this hypothesis is wholly untenable.[1] Assuming, with Auwers, that the mass and diameter of the companion are equal to those of the sun, I find that the companion would, if illuminated solely by reflected light from Sirius, shine as a star of only 16½ magnitude. A star of this magnitude—about the faintest visible in the great Lick telescope—placed close to a brilliant star like Sirius would, even when most favourably situated, be utterly invisible in our largest telescopes. If its mass is much less than one-half that of Sirius—as its faintness would seem to suggest—it is possibly a comparatively small body, and the reflected light from its primary would be proportionately less. It seems clear, therefore, that the companion must shine with some inherent light of its own, otherwise it could not possibly be so bright as the tenth magnitude. It is probably a sun of small luminosity revolving round Sirius in the same way that

[1] *Journal of the British Astronomical Association, March* 1891.

the companions to other binary stars revolve round their primary. The disparity in brightness is, however, remarkable, no other binary star showing so great a difference in the brilliancy of the components.

As I have said above, the sun, if placed at the distance of Sirius, would shine as a star of the third magnitude. There is, therefore, a difference of seven stellar magnitudes between the light of the sun and that of the Sirian satellite. This implies that the light emitted by the sun is 631 times greater than that radiated by the companion of Sirius. If of the same intrinsic brightness of surface, the latter would, therefore, have a diameter about $\frac{1}{25}$th of the sun's diameter, or 34,000 miles. But if of the same mass as the sun, its density with this small diameter would be enormous—in fact, vastly greater than we can imagine possible for any body, large or small. Indeed, if we suppose its diameter to be one-half that of the sun, its density would be 11·52 (1·44 × 8), or about equal in density to lead, and it seems very improbable that a self-luminous body could have so high a density as this. We must conclude, therefore, that the satellite of Sirius is a comparatively large body having a small intrinsic brilliancy of surface—possibly a cooling body verging towards the utter extinction of its light. If this be so, it will probably, in the course of ages, disappear altogether from telescopic vision, and its continued existence will only be known by its influence on the motion of Sirius.

If there are any planets revolving round Sirius they will probably remain for ever unknown to us. A planet comparable with Jupiter in size would be utterly invisible in the giant telescope of the Lick Observatory, or even with an instrument very much larger. I am disposed, however, to think that these binary stars may perhaps form exceptions to the general rule of stellar systems, and that single stars, like our sun, more probably form the centres of planetary systems like our own. Or possibly the reverse of this may be true, the single stars forming the exceptions and binary stars the rule. In either case we may conclude, I think, judging from the analogy of our sun, that single stars are more likely to have planets revolving round them.

J. ELLARD GORE.

WHAT BECAME OF CHARLES II?

LANCASHIRE, of all the English counties, has the greatest rainfall. That is why I left it, exclaiming, like many another whom climate has exiled—

> Why a home deny
> To one who loves thee well as I?

Consequently, I sought a quiet nook in a sunny part of the Midlands, and became curate-in-charge of a sleepy country parish called L—— and N——, picturesquely situated on the winding bank of one of our best-known rivers.

The road between the two hamlets L—— and N——, of which the parish consisted, was really a lane, narrow, uneven and winding, bordered by closely-planted and very high elms, which met and interlaced at the top. It has been known for many generations as the King's Lane, and is so named in the most recent Ordnance Survey. This lane opened towards N—— upon a common which formed the entrance to that place, and on one side whereof was my abode.

The house in which I lodged had originally been a farmhouse, but the land had all been sold except a garden and a paddock. The lower portion was of hewn stone, taken from a monastic tithe-barn which had been pulled down in Henry VIII.'s time. The chimneys, also of stone, were built out, and high up one could see beautiful bits of mouldings. By the entrance-gate were horsing-steps made up of old carved stones, and, above them, fixed in the wall, was a quaintly-twisted iron hook.

The house stood endwise to the common, and faced southward into an old-fashioned garden, at the bottom of which ran the high-road from the county-town. Its occupants were three old maiden ladies and their old bachelor brother, who had all seen better days, when farming was profitable. On my first visit the three sisters stood in a row, and introduced themselves to me with a curtsey—"We be three old maids." "Sometimes very useful people," added the rheumatic member of the trio. Certainly they were very clean, very

much earlier, and there were signs of some unusual occurrence. I met Mr. Frederick in the hall, a very rare thing at that hour, and I suppose my looks must have shown curiosity, for he said, "E—— Fair," E—— being our nearest market-town.

The three ladies, it seems, were in the habit of going to E—— every year on the fair-day, under the time-honoured pretext of doing some necessary shopping, but really to visit an ancient cousin to whom they were under some obligation. By nine o'clock accordingly they had departed, and Mr. Frederick and I were left alone for the whole day.

After breakfast I strolled outside. I could see no trace of my horsemen. The road had been much trodden, but there were no fresh marks on the grass or among the furze-bushes on the common. Turning back to the house I saw that Mr. Frederick had been watching me. He met me at the gate. "Did you see him last night?"

"Well, I thought I saw nine horsemen last night, but I must have been dreaming."

Entering the house he fastened the front door, and followed me into the parlour. "The women-folk are away," he said. He then drew away from the wall a large sofa of the high-backed double-ended sort. The room was wainscotted all round to a height of three and a half feet from the floor. Taking from his pocket a small screw-driver, and going down upon his knees, he removed a few screws of the wainscot. This revealed the head of a long iron bolt, which he withdrew. He motioned me to follow him into the hall; then he turned upward in one piece two of the steps in the staircase, the removal of the bolt had thus set free. Lighting a lamp ed me to follow him down a steep flight of stone steps. At the , on our right hand, was a small heavy door, and as he unit I noticed that it had been strongly made and fitted with actness. I perceived a faint earthy smell, and found we were ll cellar about ten feet by five, in which we could just stand

ng on three rough oak trestles was a large coffin, covered et cloth much discoloured. Fastened to the lid by pins was paper, yellow with age. Mr. Frederick held the lamp, and a large antique hand:

"ye Body of His Most Sacred
Maiestie
K. Charles ye 2.
F. P."

I at this, *and then at my companion*, in utter amazement.

He only said "Come." We left the cellar, and he relocked the door, returned the movable steps, replaced the bolt, and put the parlour back into its usual state. Then he gave me the following relation :

On September 3, 1651, King Charles fled from Worcester with two faithful companions, and made his way due east, hoping to gain some place on the coast, and so escape over the sea. Riding in silence, and avoiding the great high roads, they judged at length that they were free from immediate pursuit. About half-way between Worcester and E—— they stopped at an inn to obtain food and information. Whether they had been careless, or too sanguine, certainly soon after leaving the inn they found they were being rapidly gained upon by six horsemen. On turning the corner at the bottom of our garden, the King, seeing on either side a stretch of common covered with tall dense furze-bushes, gave the word to "scatter." He took the left, by our garden-fence, one of his companions went straight forward, the other took to the right. In a few seconds the two foremost of the pursuers turned the corner and fired without drawing rein. This, it will be seen, was the subject of my vision of the preceding night, a vision faithfully reproduced every 3rd September since 1651.

Mr. Francis Purdy, the direct ancestor of my Mr. Frederick, was then the owner and occupier of the house and farm. He was a staunch Royalist, and one of his sons was fighting that very day at Worcester on the King's side. The father had feared all along that this attempt would end in disaster. Anxious for the earliest, or any intelligence, on one pretence or another he contrived to spend most of the night round about the premises. Thus it happened that he saw the three horsemen separate as they reached the common, saw the six pursuers, and heard the shots. What effect these last produced he did not then know, and was afraid to show himself too soon.

But with the first streak of daylight he was on the common, looking among the bushes. Behind a thick clump of furze, down at the bottom of a dry ditch, and close to his own fence, he found a horse and its rider, both dead. A hurried examination showed that the horse had been struck by a bullet sideways through the head, but there was no wound visible upon the dead man. The most likely thing was that the horse, on being struck, had pitched forward suddenly and thrown its rider over its head and broken his neck.

Meanwhile, Mr. Purdy's son, weary and hungry, had arrived at the house, a fugitive from the same luckless fight. The two together at once dragged the horse into the orchard and buried it there.

But the man? Even if Mr. Purdy's son had not known his features, his apparel and the things upon his person left no doubt as to his identity. It was indeed the King. What was to be done? The royal cause was completely lost. No Royalist returned to make inquiries. The Purdys had no acquaintances among persons of position, and they were themselves "suspects."

First, they gathered sufficient sheet-lead from the roofs and cisterns about the house, and having carefully replaced everything they had found upon the royal corpse, they soldered it up in a rough fashion, it is true, but effectively, in this improvised case. Then they caused a strong outer coffin of oak to be made by one of their labourers who had been brought up as a cartwright. The curtains of their best parlour furnished the scarlet cloth. Last of all, having prepared the cellar for its royal occupant, the body of the King they there entombed.

But not unceremoniously. The ejected vicar of the parish was in hiding, in humble quarters not far away. He was communicated with, and not without tears he read the burial-service of the Church of England over the deceased King, with none but the two Purdys for fellow-mourners.

The secret had been carefully kept, and was handed down from father to son, but to no other. Mr. Frederick, being the last male of his race, judged it proper to confide it to me as the parish-priest *pro tem.*

The reader, who, like myself, has been carefully trained in the faith of Messrs. Hume and Smollett and our other accepted historians, can easily judge of my breathless bewilderment.

Who could he be, then, whose return was so enthusiastically welcomed, who sat on the throne from 1660 to 1685, whose reign, after all, brightened English life as that of the Merry Monarch? Where were the watchful guardians of the royal succession?

I put these and many such questions to Mr. Frederick. But in reply he only referred me to the coffin in the cellar. Whether one of the King's fellow-fugitives saw him fall and passed himself off for his royal master, whether it suited the policy of the royal party at the time to conceal the irreparable loss they had sustained, he could not say. Neither can I.

But that the Purdys were all pledged to the truth of the statement he had made, he assured me in the most solemn manner.

C. T. W. ROUBLE.

MILLS AND MILLERS.

I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.—*As You Like It*, ii. 4.

A WIDE and far-extended landscape, lit up here and there by sunny gleams, resembles a retrospect of life. The mind passes over it with contentment, insensibly pleased with an occasional bright spot, dwelling on no one memory as prominent, but soothed with the peaceful effect of the whole. It is otherwise with the objects which present themselves in the foreground to the lover of rustic scenery. Some are at once repugnant to the artistic sense. No one can find beauty in a newly-built brick cottage or a muddy pond where cattle have trodden down the marsh plants by its rim, which would else have set it in a verdant flowery circlet. Neither of these objects possesses any associations with human needs or human joys and sorrows. On the other hand, let an ancient churchyard, an old half-timbered farm—even a milestone whose time-worn figures are almost obliterated by moss—suddenly meet a wayfarer, and they at once appeal powerfully to his attention. They do more, they keenly touch his heart. Sympathy with human life is the key to the beauty of the country. The poets who can invest rural objects with human interest are thus for ordinary men the best interpreters of nature. Painters, by virtue of their insight and the subtle genius which connects their pictures with man's emotions, appeal more strongly to the reflective and educated mind. Compare the effect, for instance, which a picture like Millet's "L'Angléus" has upon a well-read philosophic disposition and the few elements of beauty which it contains for the general stream of gazers. Ruins, deserted halls, dismantled castles, and the like, do not speak so powerfully to the emotions because they are old, although this is what attracts the mere painter or photographer to them; but because they have been inseparably connected with men who have long since worked and fought in life's battles, laid themselves down to rest in them, and risen again with the morrow, resolute and persevering unto the end. Such sights appeal at once to the brotherhood of the whole human race. They are a moral lesson—a hope, an aspiration.

Among the multitude of objects which, in an old and settled country like Great Britain, at once catch the eye and take the heart captive with these sentiments, mills, whether they work by wind or by water, are prominent. They possess every element which can give delight to the contemplative mind—the beauty which comes of a long course of usefulness, associations of many kinds—picturesqueness, swiftness of motion, giant power, diversity combined with monotony. Their might and velocity strongly impress the beholder. No object is so pleasing when viewed from a study window as a windmill on a distant eminence cheerfully spinning round against the sky. It is a perpetual Mentor. No encouragement is there to wait for inspiration, or to delay because the worker does not feel in the fitting mood—the mill shames such an excuse. According to the old motto, cut over its low door, "WIND BLOWES, MILN GOES." Every breeze is the same to it, it turns round and faces them all. So, too, with the water-mill. It runs whether the stream be low or flooded, pellucid, or red with the rains of winter. "All is grist that comes to the mill" in the way of water as well as grain. There are windmills indeed erected to perform different duties to the homely task of grinding meal, which is the end of the ordinary mill. Some are seen from afar in the Fens connected with modern machinery for drainage; and some, with peculiarly swift and fussy mill-sails, in brick-fields and such like places, revolve day and night with a rapidity which is both tiresome and unpleasing. These never commend themselves to the lover of the country. They remind him of the endless labours of Sisyphus and the Danaides, or of Tityus suffering eternal torments under the earth:

Nec fibris requies datur ulla renatis.

The water-mill is older than the wind-mill; but prehistoric corn —such wheat, for instance, as Pytheas, the first traveller from civilisation to Great Britain, saw the natives of Kent drying in large sheds on account of the absence of sun—was ground in handmills, as is still done in the East. Quernes, as these mills are called, are frequently found in the cyclopean underground dwellings of Scotland. Their simplest form consists of two thin circular stones, the upper of which is pierced in the centre and revolves on a wooden or metal pin inserted in the lower one. The grinder dropped the grain into the central hole with one hand, while the other caused the upper stone to revolve by means of a stick inserted in a small hole near the edge. The laboriousness of this operation is well illustrated by a story told of Columba. He *was studying under* St. Finnian, and every

r is smothered in verdure, grave, monotonous, always doing its and yet with a perpetual restful look as of Sunday about it, and sing accessory to the most beautiful river scenery. A windmill, e contrary, seeks the most elevated and gusty position in the y side, and is always whirring away with an obtrusive air of which puts a man quietly going about his own business, let a lazy man, into a resentful mood at once. The water-wheel, lowly revolves, every now and then almost stopping with a types the highest achievement of Keltic ingenuity, and shows wness of its thought; the active windmill, never able to fly fast enough to please its energy, manifestly came to us from ggedly industrious levels of Holland. The traveller through n Holland is struck by the numbers of these windmills on illock, each whizzing and flying round with indomitable per- nce. They belong to men who "scrat together" money, little e, ever intent on their work, never daunted, only miserable in l calm, as their ancestors, the old sea kings, were when the ell and their idle sails flapped against the masts. There is ing of immemorial leisure in the atmosphere round a water- hich has made it dear to poetry and artists, and to country

Near it the angler loves to linger awhile and dream by the rns. The boldest of saucy sparrows would think twice before g its nest in the timbers of a windmill. Beside the big water- and on the sheds beyond it, wagtails flirt their tails, and all all birds of the country may be seen fearless and contented, he dipper, season after season, plants its mossy nest near the g wheel, and flits from boulder to boulder in the stream

It may be noticed, too, that the owner of a water-mill has a gay garden and keeps bees. Such delights are denied to s on the airy mounds where windmills are built, but these possess spacious clean yards and trim offices, features which to commend themselves to all owners of windmills.

re is but one type of the water-mill, with its wheel, its ivy- l house, and the geese which haunt the dam. The windmill, contrary, presents two distinct forms, neither of which pretends an antiquity as belongs to many water-mills. These were tly an appanage of some well-known religious house, as was ll at Abbey Dore in the Golden Valley (which still does its of the Cistercian house of that name. Windmills are either ully new brick and of an imposing height and great sweep of they are of wood, twisted and warped with sun and shower, ered sails and broken arms, leaning to one side, grey and

' the miller, when he moutered twice" (*i.e.* twice took his custom-payment); and again, "The miller mouters best wi' his ain hand"; ile "to drown the miller"—a heinous sin in Scotland—implies tting too much water into a glass of spirits. "Every miller draws ter to his own mill," points to his selfishness. The miller's wife rtakes in her husband's failings. "Do," says another proverb, "as e miller's wife of Newlands did; she took what she had and she ver wanted." She probably gossips a good deal, for "mealy-ou'd maidens stand long at the mill." Even the miller's dog is arper than most of his kin, "the miller's dog licks his lips ere the ck be opened." It is worth remembering that "the lower mill-one grinds as well as the upper." "To be trusted with a house full f unbored millstones," implies considerable distrust. Proverbial ore is much struck with the noise of a mill; "to be born in a mill" s a synonym for being deaf; while "in vain doth the mill clack if he miller his hearing lack." It is not quite apparent to one who does not belong to the trade what can be the meaning of "The horse next the mill carries all the grist."

The windmill is on too exposed a situation to render it grateful to romance or sentiment. A tradition, indeed, at most mills tells of the adventurous person who for a wager undertook to clutch the mill-sails as they passed, and be swept round with them to alight safely whence he ascended, and of course a donkey was once killed by approaching them incautiously. Many a romantic story, on the contrary, attaches itself to the water-wheel, with its rushing pool below, the home of the big trout, and its deep dam above, where the finest perch may be taken. In one of these mill-pools St. Thomas of Canterbury was all but drowned by rashly leaping in to save the life of his favourite hawk; in another, a rusty bunch of keys was taken up in an eel-trap, and proved to have been flung in when the Abbey two fields above was dissolved. At a third, a burglar, trying o enter the mill when the wheel was stationary, accidentally caused t to revolve, and was taken off his treadmill in the morning half rozen by the constant stream which poured over him. Shakespeare peaks of two most prominent rural objects being "grange or mill," nd the wandering angler rejoices at the appearance of the latter on s stream. At times, however, the miller can be provokingly ill-tured to the fly-fisher when he has once passed the water-mill. A luge of weeds comes down one day: on the next, wisps of hay at onwards to entangle the flies; but the most aggravating of any ller's misdoings is when he lets off the water with a full head of bbles, dead leaves, cabbage stumps, and the like one while, and er a little *shuts his sluices again, and speedily* leaves the wretched

LADY DOCTOR. I quite agree with you that evening work at home is an evil, and that mothers do not, and very often cannot, prevent their girls from working later at preparation than is wholesome. It is certainly one of the defects of the day-school system, that the girls escape a certain amount of discipline by the division of authority between the mothers and the mistresses.

KNIGHT. So far, then, we are at one. It is a remarkable fact that during the school age, girls are attacked in much larger proportion than boys by disorders which, at all other ages, are far more prevalent among the male than among the female sex. Especially is this the case with nervous disease, the most frequent cause of which, undoubtedly, is mental over-pressure.

MEDICAL LADY. Is it not a fact that functional nervous disease is on the decrease among educated women, and that the "vapours" of our grandmothers have disappeared?

KNIGHT. It is not a fact, madam, that nervous disease is on the decrease among women, but the contrary; and the "vapours" of our grandmothers still haunt our households under new names and fashionable disguises. But I wish to offer you some anatomical evidence of my assertion that, as regards the brain, there are certain physical differences between the sexes; that there is, in short, a female type and a male type of brain; and that these types are sufficiently distinct to warrant the conclusion that both may not be equally fitted for the same kind, or for the same amount, of work. The first, though by no means the most important difference, is that of weight. Among the most varied races, both savage and civilised, it has been found that the male is heavier than the female brain. To put this matter of general observation upon a firm basis, I have examined and weighed the brains of one thousand six hundred male and female lunatics, dying at ages ranging from ten to eighty years, and have found the average weight of the male to exceed the average weight of the female brain by four and a half ounces.

SURGEON. Of course you are aware that there is a relation between the stature of the body and the weight of the brain, and that men, being taller, naturally have heavier brains than women.

KNIGHT. Very true, sir, and bearing that fact in mind, I have made a correction for the difference between the average heights in the sexes. The average height of males in this country being five feet seven inches, while that of females is five feet two inches, average difference is evidently five inches. On correcting the lute difference in brain weight by these figures, I find that there ins a relative difference of one ounce in favour of the male.

MEDICAL LADY. But it may be argued with reason, that the deviations from the normal brain are so marked among lunatics that the deductions drawn from experimental observation of such brains can scarcely be applied to the normally healthy population.

KNIGHT (*blandly*). You seem to suggest, madam, that it is the big-headed men and the small-headed women that are liable to insanity. The theory is, at least, ingenious. Without pausing to examine it, I may say that observations upon lunatics tend to strengthen my case, and not to weaken it, because, as every tyro knows, men are more liable than women to diseases of the brain which involve loss of substance, and, therefore, diminution in weight.

LADY DOCTOR. Assuming that men's brains are heavier than women's, I should say that this arises from the fact that men have had a better school education than women, and that, in addition, they have had the education of responsible work and independent life.

KNIGHT. I have already said that the same difference in brain weight has been observed among savage races. I may add that my cases were drawn mainly from the labouring and artisan classes of the West Riding of Yorkshire, among whom there is no great difference in the education of boys and girls.

SURGEON. Permit me, sir, to point out an error into which you have fallen. In order to correct your observations upon the brain weights of lunatics you have taken the average stature of healthy people.

KNIGHT. Your view is, apparently, that lunatics are constructed upon a different scale from that of the general population from which they are drawn ; no doubt you have some ground for such an opinion.

SURGEON. Very good ground indeed, for I have myself measured 341 male and 51 female lunatics, and have found the average height of the males to be 5 feet $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and that of the females to be 5 feet $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches. So that the average difference is four, not five, inches, as you assume.

KNIGHT (*repressing a smile*). I shall be glad to know what inference you draw, unfavourable to my argument, from your measurements.

SURGEON (*busily figuring out decimals in a large note-book*). As soon as I have finished the necessary calculations, which are rather intricate, I shall give you my answer.

KNIGHT. In the meantime, I go on to say that there are other

differences besides that of weight. For instance, I find, from the examination of the brains of three healthy persons, two men and a woman, that the specific gravity of the grey matter in the female brain is inferior to that of the same tissue in the male.

MEDICAL LADY. But the examination of the brains of these three persons does not entitle you to say that the brain substance of the female is structurally and irreparably of an inferior quality to that of the male.

KNIGHT. Certainly not, madam. It entitles neither me nor any one else to say so. I have been careful to avoid saying so, because I do not hold such an opinion. If I did hold it, I would certainly not bring forward such a fact in support of it, because there is good ground for believing that, with regard to the tissue in question, inferior specific gravity means a higher degree of development. The third brain difference to which I wish to direct your attention is one of convolutional arrangement. The brains of women, like their bodies generally, are more symmetrical than those of men, this superior symmetry being due to a comparative poverty in secondary convolutions.

SURGEON (*with an air of triumph*). I have now worked out my calculations, and find that they quite overturn your conclusions. Using my own measurements, and applying them to your brain weights, I divide the average brain weight in the male by the—let me see—by the average number of inches in stature, and the product gives the average brain weight per inch; then I go through the same process with the figures belonging to the female sex, and on deducting the one from the other, I find the difference to be so small that it may be neglected as an error of observation. In this way, the alleged superiority of brain weight in the male totally disappears.

KNIGHT (*aside*). What a ridiculous statement! (*Aloud and severely*) In kindly undertaking to set me right, sir, you have fallen into blunders which I can only call—egregious. You divide that which is already small by one, and are so astonished to find it smaller, that you call it an error of observation. It is quite unnecessary to follow you in your abstruse manipulation of the rule of three. I took the average difference in height to be five inches. You assert that it is only four inches. Agreed. It requires no mathematician to perceive at once that the smaller the average difference in height, the smaller must be the necessary correction in brain weight. If your measurements are correct (though I am at liberty to doubt it, [illegible] by them my case is so far the stronger.

PHYSICIAN. In your calculations, it seems to be assumed that every inch of stature should carry with it the same proportionate quantity in brain weight. Analogy shows us that this assumption may be incorrect. For instance, with regard to breathing capacity, it has been found that about three cubic inches go to every inch of stature in the adult, so long as the height does not exceed about 5 feet 4 inches. Above this height, every additional inch of stature carries with it eight additional inches of breathing capacity. On a similar principle, the co-relation between stature and body weight is maintained. Thus, an additional inch in a young man of about an average height carries with it an additional weight of about 5 lbs. But if this held good for the total stature, a man of six feet would weigh 72 inches × 5 lbs. = 360 lbs., or nearly 26 stones. The same principle may apply to the relation between brain weight and bodily stature.

KNIGHT (*aside*). Ah! here is a masculine intellect at last. (*Aloud.*) I at once admit the justice of your criticism, sir. I can see clearly that there may be a fallacy in the compârison instituted between brain weight and body height in the sexes. This comparison has been made more to supply an answer to those who have alleged that the sex difference in favour of the male could thus be explained, than with the intention of insisting that these results are of intrinsic importance. My own view is that the absolute excess of brain weight in the male over the female, without reference to stature, is the best criterion which we yet possess of the respective mental energy of the sexes. To proceed: The fourth brain difference has reference to the balance of parts in the male and female brains respectively. The hinder lobes, which are certainly sensory in their functions, are more voluminous in the female than in the male, while the reverse holds true of the middle lobes, which have a motor function.

LADY DOCTOR (*impatiently*). We all recognise that there are very great differences between the sexes, and, as women, we are thankful, and indeed frequently rejoice, in being able to do so.

KNIGHT (*bowing*). The fifth and last difference to which I shall allude is a very momentous one, and relates to blood supply. From observations made during the last four years by a medical friend and myself, we find that the arteries supplying the fore brain are relatively larger in men than in women, while the arteries which supply the hinder brain are relatively larger in women than in men. In other words, the region concerned in volition, cognitions, and ideo-motor processes is most richly flushed with blood in men; in women, the

same remark applies to the region which is mainly concerned in sensory functions; and thus, with regard to the intellectual and emotional differences between the sexes, anatomical research confirms the teaching of general observation.

MEDICAL LADY. But observations upon such minutiæ as the comparative calibre of arteries will require confirmation before we can adopt conclusions drawn from them.

KNIGHT. I am satisfied that the results of these observations will stand any test that can be applied to them. They have been arrived at after the expenditure of much labour and care, and are corroborated by other results secured by different methods.

LADY DOCTOR. If the formative influences of life can develop the higher nerve centres, increase the specific gravity of the grey matter, and enlarge the arteries in the case of men, why should not a similar set of influences do as much for women?

KNIGHT. Your estimate, madam, of the influence of education in determining sexual differences is evidently very high. I am curious to know whether, in your opinion, it also explains the fact that, in the male, the blood is richer in red corpuscles than in the female.

LADY DOCTOR. As to that, I say nothing. But I do say, that to take the brains of two adults who have been leading widely different lives since six or seven years of age, and to say, "See how different one is from the other; does it not show that the smaller one should never be treated in the way that has led the larger one to grow?" seems to me to be bad logic.

KNIGHT. To say so, madam, would be worse than bad logic, for it would qualify the speaker for admission into an asylum as a hopeless, confirmed imbecile. My line of argument, however, is slightly different. It is that these differences which I have described are fundamental, of deep physiological import, and no more the result of education than a woman's mammary glands are, or a man's beard. Further, that to disregard these differences, and to insist on male and female brains working alike, is to incur immediate dangers to health; that the tendency to disease is particularly strong in the female at the time when womanhood is being approached, and when education is being pushed forward with most vigour; and that functional nervous disorders result at once, and nervous degenerations more remotely, from the attempt to educate girls like boys at this period of life.

LADY DOCTOR. I think, sir, that instead of conjuring up such horrors, you should try to understand women better, and rid yourself of *the habit* of being frightened about nothing. You have had

much to do with lunatics. Quiet people, acquainted with what is essentially womanly, refuse to be terrified by such scarecrows.

KNIGHT (*a little warmly*). Scarecrows, madam! Terrors! In such terms you describe my predictions as to what will follow the misdirection of education, which, at the same time, you regard as an agent of almost necromantic power. You believe that education can add an ounce to the weight of the brain, modify its structure, alter the balance of its blood supply, and, in short, convert female into male brains, all in the course of one generation; while you refuse to admit that it can have any influence whatever in causing degenerative changes. Is your view of education, not a little—pardon me, just a little—inconsistent? You hint that my mind has been disturbed by association with lunatics; is it not also possible that your judgment may have been prejudiced by your somewhat exceptional experience of your own sex?

LADY DOCTOR. My opinion, sound or unsound, is based upon what I have seen in medical practice as to the general effect of modern changes in educational methods upon the health of women.

OBSTETRICIAN. In so wide a question as that before us, the personal experience of one individual cannot count for very much; my own, however, points to the conclusion that over-pressure in the education of girls is a real, and a very grave danger, frequently followed by serious results. Several cases of nervous break-down in young women, distinctly traceable to this cause, have occurred in my practice during the last few years; while I have never come across or even heard of an analogous break-down in a boy.

MEDICAL LADY. Is it not a fact, sir, that nature has absolute limitations, and that women can best find out what these are by the experience of life? They will certainly not be prevented from making the experiment by observations upon the brains of lunatics.

KNIGHT (*aside*). What an admirable example of the female intellect, educated after modern methods. (*Aloud.*) You combine the Socratic method of interrogation, madam, with a fine, feminine contempt for logic, which, though charming, is not a little perplexing. Although the limitations of nature are absolute, they are also comprehensive, and embrace good and evil, health and disease, idiots and philosophers. To leave women to find out these limitations for themselves by their experience of life is to squander their energy, and to expose them to risk.

MEDICAL LADY. Is it not a fact, sir, that nature, however forced, will always reassert herself, and that the female brain will safely direct the course women will take, and can only take, in life?

KNIGHT (*aside*). Another fact—and still harping upon nature—which, no doubt, she spells with a capital N. (*Aloud.*) If I understand your plea, it is that science and history are to be cast aside, and that we are to give license to every whim and folly that it may enter into the brains of women to conceive. Such a doctrine will find few adherents. Forced nature does reassert herself, as you say; but, alas! too often in that disordered mind which is a living death.

SURGEON. You have calculated the average brain weight of the sexes from observations made upon the bodies of persons dying at ages ranging from ten to eighty years; you ought to have confined your observations to adult brain weights for purposes of comparison with adult stature.

KNIGHT. If sex were confined to adults, your objection would have some weight; but I need scarcely remind you, that sex extends to both extremities of life. Practically, my observations were confined to adults, and you would have seen this, had you considered the early age at which maturity as to brain mass is attained, and had you remembered that the mortality in asylums among lunatics under twenty is very small.

SURGEON (*shutting up his note-book*). I still hold that it is impossible to draw conclusions from a combination of lunatics' brains and sane persons' bodies.

KNIGHT (*aside*). What nondescript type of brain is this? (*Aloud.*) From no such extraordinary hotch-potch, sir, have I attempted logical deduction. I used the best materials available. You have still to prove that the stature of lunatics (excluding, of course, idiots and imbeciles) is different from that of sane men and women; and when you have done so, you will only have strengthened my position.

LADY DOCTOR. With regard to over-pressure, what are the immediate results to which you have alluded?

KNIGHT. Perhaps the most common is sleeplessness, a symptom which is often of evil import; but girls not unfrequently suffer from the opposite condition, or a soporific sleep, very deep and difficult to break. In either case, the appetite suffers, solid food is declined or trifled with at breakfast, but the stimulating cup of tea is not refused. At school in the forenoon, such girls find that their power of acquisition is impaired, and that they cannot remember what they have learned; while to the observer, they look languid, irresolute and drowsy.

LADY DOCTOR. As for drowsiness, a little drill or gymnastic exercise soon sets that right.

KNIGHT. A much better plan would be to put the girls to bed

and give them caudle ; cerebral exhaustion cannot be rectified by muscular fatigue. Indeed, I hold that no girl who suffers from broken rest, or who shirks breakfast, should be allowed to go to school at all, or to engage in brain work of any kind.

OBSTETRICIAN. While maintaining that a high education is, in the main, a good thing for both sexes, I believe that the managers of high grade schools for girls are much to blame for their want of due attention to one cardinal point, viz. that the sexual functions of a growing girl dominate her entire life in an altogether different way from those of a boy. There ought to be more provision, too, I think, in these girls' schools for outdoor games than is common, and by this I mean to advocate a radical alteration in the time-bill of studies, as well as the addition of a playground.

LADY DOCTOR. In this, I heartily agree with my obstetrical friend. But, in London at least, the cost of land is enormous ; and to add an adequate playground to each high school would necessitate a very considerable rise in fees. Many of the girls, however, get a good walk twice daily to and from school. As for the time-bill, I would shorten the morning by at least one hour.

MEDICAL LADY. What evidence in life is there that the improved education of women during the last twenty years has resulted in the nervous degenerations of which you speak ?

KNIGHT (*impressively*). In life, 'tis yet soon to look for witness on the large and startling scale, but you will find it, if you look for it, in the grave.

LADY DOCTOR. You referred to the shirking of solid food at breakfast ; I should like to condemn the forenoon bun as a wretched substitute for that meal. Unsuitable food is a contributing cause of some of the evils to which you have alluded.

KNIGHT. Undoubtedly, combined with the mal-nutrition caused by the withdrawal of nerve energy from the digestive organs, where it is wanted—to the brain, where it might be dispensed with. Indeed, the gastric disorder thus caused is now so common that it might receive the distinctive name of *anorexia scholastica*, or high-school debility. Unfortunately, the ailments of girlhood do not always come to an end when the girl leaves school ; the headachy girl is not unlikely to grow up into the invalid woman ; sleeplessness lays the foundation of insanity ; somnambulism leads to hysteria ; and mal-nutrition in adolescence gives rise to life-long debility.

MEDICAL LADY. Is it not a fact that during the last forty years the average life of women has been lengthened by three and a half years ?

In beauty's palace there are many mansions, but the pathway thither lies not through midnight vigils and tripos examinations. If you wish your girls to grow as pretty as they can, see that they have no work at night with which to fag their weary brains; see that the drudgery is done in school, when the brain is in prime vigour; and see that all competition, emulation, marks, prizes, and examinations are abolished. Strive after beauty, and with it there will come health both of body and of mind. For beauty is health, and is not health "in some sense the net total of whatever worth is in us"? To conclude in the words of M. Guyau: "In the education of woman we have to conciliate two opposing principles. On the one hand, having at her disposal less strength than man, woman cannot restore her energy after an equal expenditure of mental work; on the other hand, being destined to be man's companion and the educator of his children, she ought not to be a stranger to any of his occupations or sentiments."

(*Exeunt omnes.*)

GEORGE MILLER.

AFTER ELK.

CHASE:

It sounds in one's sleep-ears like a falling house, but it is only Charles; Charles, our valet, interpreter, courier, hunter, pack mule, and game carrier; Charles—and his boot. He always finds my bedroom door in that fashion, and then, stepping back stealthily into the big bare room which separates my quarters from the rest of the house, approaches again with two timid taps which would not rouse a butterfly. His daily advent expresses him; he has gone through the world foot first, rousing everything with his boot—including other boots.

He laughs when I expostulate; an extraordinary laugh, as invariable as his boots, and always at command; the horse laugh in a foal. With it he clears his mind as a consumptive his chest, to be able to speak; it is a tribute to everything he does not understand, but which looks like humour.

Silence follows when I demand my walking gear, and then our henchman sets about discovering if either brogues or gaiters can by a foolish freak have made their own way upstairs.

He stumbles over everything in the empty room, and comes down at last, amid a chaos of trunks and broken cartridge boxes, with a rifle between his legs, before giving up the search. I hear him crashing through the room beyond, in which the "Sunfish" sleeps, like an exhausted bombshell.

Three o'clock though it be of an autumn morning in latitude north of Petersburg, that worthy has his word to sling at the intruder; for though he has "tinned no tongues" during a life of travel, the "Sunfish" has always certain expressions handy which need no interpreter.

Then all is still again. The daughters of the house are below preparing breakfast; the "Don" is, no doubt, taking a tub in his [illegible] way fashion; Charles is hunting down those boots to the [illegible] where, in his phrase, he forgot to remember he had left them; [illegible] is in the dark cow-shed looking for something to "oversee"

(he seems pervaded with that notion); but in the wing where I am lodged one hears nothing. Apples, yellow and red, bob on windy nights against the casements, and from the windows on three sides one can crawl out into their mossy forks. What a sweetness soaks out from them after the rain! Apples, soft as Eden's, and dyed with rosy streaks into their core.

The "Sunfish" begins to sing; that means he is half through dressing; he indulges every morning in little pæans like a bird, when, as it were, he sees the light through the other end of his clothes. His song is a plain melancholy chant, like a Welsh hymn, in which any note seems equally distant from either end; and it always stops in the middle of a word, in a tragical throat-cut style, but only, I fancy, because the "fish" has forgotten the rest of it, or remembered that he cannot sing.

The "Sunfish" is a sportsman; that is, he shoots straight, and talks learnedly on whisky and "patterns." He is fat, and short, and yellow, has a little light hair, and a little light moustache, and little round indefinite eyes which might, from the look of them, have been an heirloom in his family for generations. He has a lordly air and walk, much money and condescension (we have seen the end of neither), is easily flurried and soothed; supports a pompous wrath, like an old retainer, and desires, above all things, a bubble reputation at the breech-loader's butt.

He has a generous disposition, and will give away almost everything which does not belong to him, including his friends; is the eldest of our party, and has seen the world; that is, has carried his shaving glass through either hemisphere. We named him so because he is flabby, and fat, and yellow, talks of his "flapper," and has a "ray" (not Stiva's, but another). We do not call him the "Sunfish" to his face.

He, the "Don," myself, and another make up our party; the other is still asleep. He has come to kill nothing but time, does not carry a gun, and will not be down to breakfast; we must leave him in bed. A mild summons from our host, announcing in Norse that our early meal is waiting, is followed by a stentorian "Wee, ah, wee!" from the "Sunfish." It is a curious way of his always to shout at the inhabitants of an alien country, because they are deaf to his English, and, where he can, to shout in French; he seems to think that what is foreign to him must be current with foreigners; though it may be sometimes, I think, the desire to use a strange tongue with security, or merely an imitative effect.

The "Don," when we arrive downstairs, is at work upon a plate

followed with poached eggs; it looks like a platter of gold when the meagre lamplight from the walls falls over it, and we gather, from his air of mingled content and consideration, that he has devoured the best half-dozen on the dish. His record (unbroken) is ten.

The "Don" is the show piece of the party, he can wear the national deerstalker with effect; it makes the rest of us look like third-rate clowns. He is "in the City," strong in the arm, soft at heart, fond of a laugh and a lady, and means to kill his elk, if it comes to clubbing a baby asleep. We are all his friends, but he gets the start of us, when possible—with poached eggs and other things. The "Sunfish" resents it, but then he is fat and small.

Esther waits on us; she is the eldest daughter, not the fairest; they so seldom are. Kriemhilda is the other, at least, she is to be so while we are here. We have explained that to her through Charles, because she has cheeks like peach apples, and two thick braids of flaxen hair, as if just come forth from some old Saga; she laughed, but answers to it. The "man in bed" makes jokes about our christening, because she has charge of the dairy. What he does while we are away, Heaven knows! he cannot satisfactorily account (to us) for a tenth of his time; luckily he can only ask for beer in Swedish, and doesn't seem to be getting much further; but then the eyes speak all tongues, and Kriemhilda's were proficient talkers.

At four we start; muster in the porch, sling arms, and defile in single rank through the orchard, down the spinny of flaunting maples, and across the grey soaking meadows to the lake.

It is still dark. Over the pine-spiked cliffs, pitch black, north of the lake, the faint white aurora of early winter sweeps in sheeted gusts to the zenith, blowing out the stars; there is a pale mysterious beauty in its fitful pulse, unlike anything else in nature, and almost terribly enhanced by the silent unpeopled land. We are apt to make our eyes patrons of beauty, to fancy it made for us; this waste of splendour on ice and polar bears reduces that theory, and us with it.

The air is clear and cool, the trees and fields are dripping with a week's rain, and the light above us is faintly reflected in the lake. At its edge two boats become suddenly visible as the r grows white about them with reflected light, silhouetting ly their dark prows and the grim boatmen in them, waiting nless for us as they might for doom. Gaunt hungry-looking ith nothing on but what one sees, and that little thin and

or Englishmen to think that out in Sweden.
x, the additions being Charles, who, in his capacity of
irries the knapsack, and Lars Eric (called "Clusium"),
ced hunter, with a long tubular tow-coloured beard, and
og's name is forgotten ; we called it Thor, in opposition
ish's" angrily reiterated statement that it was a complete
was one of his phrases ; if he meant by it an inability
is correct. The pun was a poor one, but had a local
if it had not suggested some still poorer to the "man in
ld have been content. That was more than one could
dog ; it formed a distracting and wholly unnecessary
our expeditions. I think it used to pull Herr Starsson
ver after elk.
ur host ; Charles called him "Storrshon," and though
a Dane, and probably wrong, we copied him—nearly
—for in the Danish style "Storrshon," with many r's
as difficult a mouthful to negotiate as a piece of
-beef." In face and figure he was the typical British
e successful one ; but his appearance libelled him.
over, the "Don" pointed silently to a ball of grey mist
he water like the severed head of a ghost ; but on the
ghost, it was gone. While discussing it, a dozen more
if through chinks in the surface, and in a minute the
hundred, all shapes, and soon all sizes, for they grew
e distracted wraiths, all tangled angles, and others soft
. The boat slides through one, and for a second we are
wet fog, the next in clear air, with the fog ball breaking

together through a mile and more of fog, straight hither, without even a sound to steer by. A word is snapped between the boatmen and our host, a nod from the hunter, and they go; cold, grim, sad figures; they drive their boats back slowly into the grey air and are gone.

Niels Pétersen joins us here, a merry-eyed cousin of Lars, short, tough as a tiger, a clinking good shot with his long snider, and as sharp to see an English joke as to make a Norse one. He also has a dog, something in appearance between a Russian wolf-hound and a Bedlington; not pretty, but good, though next to useless late in the day. His name is Klinga—in English, Clingya; we adopt it out of respect for his qualities. The "man in bed" is fond of repeating it, it is about the high-water mark of his Swedish.

The trail goes uphill from the lake, a steep stony path, sometimes a gully noisy with water, always dark and slippery, and zigzagging in a fashion to please a snipe, but provoking to a man, and perfectly odious to the "Sunfish." The "Don" offers him his pocket-book to swear into, silence being signalled; and, considering that Charles is falling pretty steadily, and the "Sunfish" frequently in trouble, we make but little noise. It is single file all the way, and "thread" file often, the whole line being extended ventrally to negotiate a tight place; further, as we ascend, the mist thickens and quickens into rain.

I have a notion that the man who brings up the rear, and who seems to stumble naturally into trouble, is the most remarkable of the party. Poor Charles! he wears always a startled look, as if a curse had greeted his birth, and he had never recovered the shock. He has the air of a hanger-on in Nature, of a limb that lingers though its use is gone; as the blind eyes of earth-born fish—there, though useless; Nature does not show much of the sort, she cannot afford to. The "Sunfish" called him a parasite, but the "Sunfish" was wrong; parasites have distinct functions. One had only to look at Charles crossing a bog, stepping into every bog-hole he could reach and dumping the knapsack into the others, to see he was no parasite. The "Sunfish" might have contrasted such behaviour with that of some true forms of the family which he tried to capture one night, and have become wiser, instead of swearing.

We picked him up in Göteburg, on our way up country, engaging him as he stood, at five minutes' warning, on his looks.

We were to see him at the station, and we saw him, and took his ticket. Had he a character? "You needn't ask the man that," said the "Don," "you can see he hasn't."

He also said, No, he had not, with a perplexed smile, as if

wondering whether he should apply for one to the cabin-boy he had served with as mate, or to the captain he had served as cabin-boy; for he seemed on his own showing to take his trades in any alternation, not progressively. He had been a valet, courier, scene-shifter, waiter, street scavenger, commercial traveller, and, between them all, a sailor, any sort of one; he had a mate's certificate, but he shipped last as a steward. He had been in perils more abundant than Paul the tent-maker, wrecked four times, lashed two days and a night to the mast of a sunken brig, washed ashore on three continents, picking up little from them but the speech of their peoples, and a certain placid endurance almost tragic.

One had only his word for these things, but that was pathetically sufficient; he had not even learnt from his travels how to lie. He took to us eagerly, as a child to a new toy, jumping out at every station to see if we were still in the train, perhaps from a keen experience of things transient; and we called him, from that and his general attitude of protection, the "Body-guard."

Drawbacks to "buying a man in his boots" became apparent later. The "Body-guard" was soft, very soft; and after a week's hard walking (rain and sun had the same effect), we began to grow anxious for the arrival of his trunk, and fitted his thin bent legs into a pair of gigantic waders at the village store, trusting their rich odour of tan and grease would have an absorbent effect.

Poor Charles! sweeter he might have been in everything but temper, for his horse laugh never failed, and he neither tired nor sulked, wading with us through bog and burn, dropping naturally into the softest places as far as his pack could let him, and drawn out black with mire; always soaking, sleeping in a seamy cloud before the stove, and waking with the same frightened suspense in his eyes, a horrible cough, and an insatiable keenness for month-old cow-spoor.

He was a very faggot bundle of virtues of no value; a fool could have seen the pathos in him, yet he kept us in laughter for a month. I never asked him if he had been in love.

We were to meet Carl Pétersen, *the* jäger hereabouts, this morning, and impossible though it seemed in this fog-filled tangle of birch-wood to meet anything but wet branches in one's face, Niels keeps confidently on, giving from time to time a low soft whistle, the inexact minor third of the cuckoo's call; one could drown it, close at hand, in a sneeze, and hear it through a mile of the thickest scrub. Once he turns, grins at our host, whose weight is beginning to tell, and points ahead, whence, five minutes later, his whistle is echoed,

apparently close at hand; but only after a half hour's steady plodding is it repeated, and then just overhead. We scramble up a rocky knoll, and find ourselves free of the mist and in front of five long-limbed hunters lying picturesquely round the summit.

There is no mistaking the leader, though there is nothing to distinguish him. Time and blood have darkened the dull greens of his dress, and soiled the red sash he wears; he lies passively on the mossy slope, looking down into the fog, the leash of a great deer-hound knotted at his wrist.

One meets soldiers, merchants, lawyers—here was a *man*. The friction of their trades had worn and rounded his comrades' faces, but his was keen and sharp and hard with ceaseless pitting of himself against Nature and her beasts; the cunning, the inveterate patience, the savageness even of the claw and the horn had consumed his features; the edge of his brows was like a broken flint.

The "Sunfish" has since spoken in disrespectful terms of Carl Pétersen's manners and hunting; of the latter we saw very little, of manners one could see he had none. He turned his head slowly round when we were introduced, and his eyes said, "Three fools!" It was worse than being rowed by those shivering boors; even the "Sunfish" lost his ray.

Herr Starsson, evidently vexed, explains our prowess (so Charles, who was boiling with rage, informed us later), but the long grey eyes only look fixedly down into the fog, and a grunt explains with sufficient clearness that they know men and beasts at sight. The worst of it was, one felt they did.

Presently the mist floats down the hillside, and the listless jägers become alert; for this hump commands three narrow gulches which meet in a lake, and in any of them the deer may lie. Of the lake we can see now merely a fir-bound bay, shaped like a Moorish arch; its feet, buried in the fog, seeming to be the furthest limit of the world, only an open void beyond them.

Then suddenly the sky is coloured with the sun, the white veil opens, and the water, like a sheet of yellow glass, streaked and mottled with rags of vapour, is stretched out slowly into the air.

Carl Pétersen is on his feet, signs to Charles and the "Sunfish" to remain where they are, and, fallen into single file, the rest of us descend the hill.

Then begins a dreary dislocated march through forests of fir and larch, and over red and quaking bogs; everything looks alike, and when posted one has not the haziest notion where the game or the *other guns are* supposed to be. What is left of the line files on, and

leaves one looking down across some wide green valley, deep in bracken and bilberry, and in a silence which seems too profound to last. It is as if all Nature were watching on tiptoe the wrong we contemplate to this great uncouth kindly sort of cow, so stupid and timid and harmless. Two tiny blue-tits toss themselves, like bewitched balls of flame, to and fro in the branches of a birch tree ; but the click of their tongues alone punctuates the long silent hours. Not a living thing beside is to be seen or heard, though the sun is now high overhead, and is sucking the rain-water from one's back.

Why, in England, on such a day, in such a place, there would be a perpetual bubble of life ; martens above, trying their wings for the long flight south ; larks down there by the brook, leaping over each other in little jets of song, playing at lovers after the honeymoon ; robins running through their winter's carol in the reddening thorns ; rabbits sitting by the coppice ditches, with the sun like long rubies in their ears ; one could not cover any corner of it with a handkerchief and catch nothing, but here the falling sky would trap but these two tits.

A strange oppressive muteness, the silence of night at noon, of things buried rather than of things unborn, is what impresses one here : the monotony of endless forest and bog and lake, all alike and dark and silent. The great deer move noiselessly ; the king of game birds rises unheard at dawn from the thicket, and his gleaming breast floats through the evening air like a green lamp carried by a ghost ; the great crimson-headed woodpecker cannot laugh as his cousins at home, and no sounds come from the clouds of the hooded crow ; even the magpies do not chatter. Once, indeed, a stream of goldfinches went by me, twittering ceaselessly, between a double row of pines which formed a curious lane for them across the bog ; their bright bodies looking, as they leapt from bough to bough, like the mimic suns upon a river's ripple, flowing south for three full hours. But, for the most part, as to-day, these long monotonous beats are only broken by the succession of sun and shower, and an occasional necessary raid on the great purple bilberries, dim with bloom and dew.

At last, however, Herr Starsson appears over the end of the valley, and signs me mysteriously to follow. Mystery is his strong point, he makes the elk his model, and hopes, homœopathically perhaps, for good results ; but however successful his treatment might prove in the long run, the fortnight during which elk may lawfully be shot only tests its capacities for universal entanglement and confusion. Suddenly he pinches my arm as if the quarry were at

he was hilarious when "mid-däg" was announced, and we sat
n to a lunch of cold eggs, white cheese and rye cake, peach
les, and gallons of milk, food for gods when breakfast seems
a reminiscence of some previous existence, which, at nine hours'
rval, it does.

The beaters took little but milk, and less of that than did the
s, and, after a pipe, we started for fresh ground, to repeat the
ning's method and failure, with the difference only of degrees of
ness in one's post, which was either a bog, a lake, or a stream.
illusion of being the one living creature in the world was always
ect, while that of expecting elk, or of keeping a dry stitch on
's body, passed off early in the day.

It was dark when Carl's whistle called me from my post, and we
ged together uphill to the herdsman's hut in which we were to
. The "Don" was there already, with coffee before him and a
of sweet cakes, over which we agreed that such a day as we
spent was the best thing to look back on in the world.

The "Sunfish" did not arrive till much later; he had been for-
n, and, in some secluded hollow, kept the echoes awake for many
s after nightfall, till his pouch was emptied. It was, I believe, the
st big-game shoot he ever had, and though it only brought down
earch party, gave him, with a cleaning-rod and a mouthful of
hema, occupation until bed-time.

That was the first of many like days of hard walking and harder
ng; long lonely silent days, consuming more patience than
der, and merry nights spent in every sort of habitable eccentri-
foresters' lodges, leans-to of the cowherd, charcoal burners' huts,
dmen's booths, fallen rick-sheds, decaying barns. With any roof
would withhold the rain we learnt to be abundantly content, for
r it there was always a leaping fire, the best of coffee, and the
test of country cakes.

One account may serve for all, of hours too similar and too
e, but the ending of our first elk might be told for the sake of
cturesque surroundings.

t had been brought down from the woods on a sled, with much
cessary vigour and shouting, and after supper we went out to
illage green, a slope of grass slanting down to the shadow of the
woods and the bubble of racing waters, where, on a wooden
e and amid many torches, the elk was wedged, his legs sticking
upidly at the sky. The air was clear, but cold with the coming
and the circle of flaming pine knots threw aloft a shifting and
y brightness. The deer was already split open and part skinned;

an old dame was dragging his digestive apparatus into her apron, chanting a dirge like melody; others, with their gleaming knives, were stripping the skin or flowing at the joints, adding a plaintive cadence here and there to her lay. Their faces and arms were smeared with red from the smoky flame, unpleasantly suggestive; and the keen blades flashed in and out of the denser redness below like silver needles. We decided it was pleasanter to slay your elk than to flay him, and walked down to the smelting-house of the district, which stood, with the forge, where the road and river passed again into the impenetrable darkness of the pines. A lurid ray stretched upwards through the open door, and the rough-made windows glowed like fiery eyes in the long black wall. Within, the liquid metal hissed and spluttered, almost drowning at times the din of clashing hammers from the forge; the smelters, naked but for a leather frontlet, gaunt and shrivelled, with sinews like a panther, and wet with heat, moved weirdly about, transformed by the chance springing of a furnace door, or sudden volley of molten sparks, from dusky shadows into scarlet fiends.

At the entrance, within sound of the Runic chant, rising and falling under the fitful torchlight on the hill, the bubbling water, the uncommunicable moan of the forest, the hiss of melting and the clang of hammered metal, it was easy to fancy oneself in the land of old Norse fable at some window to the under world.

As we walked back, after many pipes, up the sloping meadow to our hut, the withered moon rose, a mere thread of silver in the sky, and a cool air floated up from the lake; it would be mist by morning. The north was growing pale with shapeless gusts of light, and, as we crossed the green, the last smoking pine knot fell down on the deserted trestle. It was so still, one could hear the sound of those scattered ashes, and, from some far away hamlet in the black woods, the sleepy baying of a hound.

FRANCIS PREVOST.

PRISONS AND PRISONERS.

MOST people know the meaning of the word "Prisons," at least it conveys a greater or less idea of something not very sant, not to be sought after, but to be avoided, as a place of m and penance. Let us give a definition of what a prison really It is a building for the safe custody of three great classes of viduals, and they are (1) convicted prisoners ; (2) unconvicted or and prisoners ; (3) surety, debtor, and contempt of court oners.

The first two classes are very commonly met with by those visit- prisons ; the third, more seldom, and, in some local prisons, not I. Having opened the case with these few general remarks, let now proceed to describe the general outlines of one of Her esty's prisons, taking, as a type, Pentonville prison, London, h is a *hard labour* establishment, in contradistinction to a *penal tude* prison, in which those under sentences of penal servitude confined. The general differences between local and convict ns will be dealt with later on.

Now, the great mainstay and keystone of all penal establishments at they have doors and gates, and these are always inaccessible, oth free and bound, without the necessary passes ; for the er, an order to view the prison is requisite, for the latter, com- n or commutation of sentence, or remission of some kind or .

o far as the facility of *leaving* a prison is in question, the difficul- re no greater than that of getting *into* the same, one being as d to both persons, with this distinction, that neither parties are e same side of the doors. Having demonstrated your right to ssion, then, you enjoy the rights of both entering and subse- tly leaving the establishment without being a slave of time, or, her words, a prisoner.

A sternly frowning mass of stone guards the large gates, on the hand of which is the lodge, in which there is always a gate- er, who enters the arrival (with the exact minute of the same)

of every person ringing the gate bell, noting the nature and purport of the call in a book or on a slate; you will be inspected through an inspection grating in most cases, and then admitted through a small door, so that you are now locked in the prison, for the present, while your order is being read, subsequently being handed on to an official who emerges from the interior of the prison, for the visitor is not yet inside the building, there being two more carefully locked doors to get through before reaching the interior. You then are asked to follow the official, who is usually of a very military exterior, and for a good reason too, from his previous career, in nearly all cases; and, after walking a small distance, you will enter through the first door leading directly into the passage containing the offices, waiting-rooms, &c., where you are asked to be seated, whilst the order is taken to the governor's office for inspection. If the visitor is inexperienced to such places, a feeling of impending doom may steal over him for a short time, but the recollection of his own inherent merits may soothe him, so much so, that he may act upon the polite request of the warder and take a seat. Most persons in our experience, and we have accompanied not a few, fidget about the room and stare at the walls, or look out of inaccessible windows at nothing in particular, and exhibit an ill-defined restlessness in ill-accordance with the monotonous silence not far off, and the distant roar of the traffic in the busy thoroughfare outside. After a few minutes the official will return, either alone or with a superior officer, who, after salutation, will conduct you through another door, also carefully locked (in case the governor is not visible, and therefore you do not see him), straight into the interior of the prison. The visitor now has the whole of the large building before him, with one or two exceptions. The halls, for so they are called, stretch away in a branching fashion, each hall having its various tiers of landings, all open from below, the cell doors being visible from the point of sight of the spectator, to the extent of many hundreds. Here and there will be seen a prisoner accompanied by a warder, either entering or leaving a cell, or possibly a number of men just returning from exercise in the yards. Observe the prison dress, a sort of drab costume, with badges on the arm, and a cap matching the dress. Each man enters his cell, and the sound of clanking of doors echoes throughout the building; voices are seldom heard, all talking, unless on matters concerning labour, being strictly forbidden, and a prison crime. After taking a general look round, the spirits of the inexperienced visitor will begin to improve, as the shadows fade away from a mind unaccustomed to doors and locks, and he will then wish to enter a cell. He will probably be shown a

ıpty for the inspecting gaze of chance visitors, with
ly for use. There is the plank bed, the tin pot or
, the washing apparatus, three walls, very clean
or with a trap to take in food by, also a little hole
which inspection of a prisoner takes place, as
ecessary, according to circumstances. This place
een classically termed the "Judas hole."
ıe cell he visits the cook-house, the bakehouse,
ıer offices of like functions, and then comes to
y, in which are to be found the sick, and,
those under observation for malingering, or
of which there are not a few, the "insane con-
ımon feature of prison malingering. A man in
the balmy" when feigning insanity, and to
ıen he gets into the hospital. Malingerers are
ith in our large convict prisons than in short
ing to the temptation to avoid labour being so
proportion to the length of the sentence. The
he padded-room for violent cases, and the
ing apparatus (anthropometrical) for the prison
passes on to see the chapel, which is a large
contains a piece of art work, executed by a
erly well known in the domains of sculpture, and
prisoner in this establishment. The yards are
round the paved circles may be seen many
, all walking with a certain air of nonchalance,
s from the visits of a stranger. All sorts and
ıay be seen here in great variety—the regular
d of being one; and the fallen gentleman, who
; thought one; and the prisoner here on a
ow apprehensive of being recognised by detec-
ıal Investigation Department, and thus relegated
of the professional law-breaker. It is in the
son that the greatest diversities of the criminal
ith, and we shall soon describe the appearance
se yards and the motley crowd.
ow getting tired of Pentonville, so let us de-
varied interest to be found in a modern convict
ption will be applicable to any large first-
in point of general architectural display and
crubbs certainly holds the laurel, but it is not
entirely, but only partially so. This enormous

building, or other work of buildings, has been entirely constructed by convict labour, and is a monument of the skill and profitable labour which can be obtained from enforced employment. The whole prison was designed by the Surveyor-General of Prisons, Colonel Sir Edmund Du Cane, K.C.B., R.E., and will afford to future generations a type of what a penal establishment should represent. The chapel is constructed of white stone, and is very handsome, worthy of a better congregation than assemble therein day by day, and knows the seasons as they come and go, and yet know nothing of the outer world, beyond the varying hour of evening parade and the church festivals in the Prayer-book. It is morning, and the convicts having dressed on their cells, breakfasted, and prayers being over, morning parade commences. Each man joins his party in the various yards, and the process of what is called "cribbing down" on morning parade commences. The prisoners all stand in a line, some hundreds perhaps, and taking off their caps, hold them out for inspection; their handkerchiefs are shaken out and the body, from the highest to the lowest portions, carefully felt downwards, the warder using both hands in this practice. The dress is of a drab colour, with knickerbockers or short breeches, and long stockings, visible as high as the knee, and on the arm is the sentence "P. S. 7 or 10," as the case may be; or, perhaps, "P. S. Tr. (life)," the letter of the year in which he was convicted, so that a glance will tell a good deal about the prisoner and his antecedents. The cap somewhat resembles an ordinary Scotch cap, minus the tail. Here and there will be noticed men wearing a blue dress; these are in their last year of confinement, and have attained the highest grade of convict life by good conduct. Possibly a convict with a parti-coloured yellow and drab dress will be observed. This man has attempted to escape, and if he has leg-irons fastened to the waist, it is not his first attempt. You notice a sullen looking prisoner with a black and drab costume and leg-irons, and you find that this is an "assault man," who may have been flogged, presumably for an attack on an official or a fellow convict. Observe the dead silence, the orderly behaviour of these men, many of whom are most dangerous criminals, and notice how they are handled by a few warders, immeasurably inferior numerically, though physically their superiors in many instances, for the average convict is not a fine looking man, being usually short, though squarely built, and, in some cases, very powerful. The order is now given to fall in, and the various parties proceed to labour on the public works, some digging, others bricklaying, carving stone, and so on. To each

party is assigned a titular number, and as the principal warders periodically visit the parties under their care, the warder in charge announces to his superior official somewhat as follows, with the usual military salute: "Eighteen party, forty-eight in number, all correct;" or, "one report," in which case the reported convict is marched off to the cells to await his appearance before the governor the next morning for punishment. It may here be asked, how are the officials armed. The principal warders wear swords of military type, and the warders cutlasses, when engaged on outdoor supervision, though these weapons are rarely required, practically, prevention and stern repression being the secret of prison discipline. Thus the morning passes on, and the bell rings to recall from labour, and each man falls into his appointed place in the various parties, and a further parade takes place to insure that nothing is secreted in the shape of chisels, stones, or anything undesirable. Then dinner is served out, the prisoners being employed as "orderlies," and then afternoon parade commences and work proceeds as in the morning, when the evening "recall from labour bell" rings, and the men again fall in; and as each party passes, the chief warder and principal warder check in their books the numbers, &c. as they pass, the warders in charge announce the number and strength of their parties, and rubbing down ended, the cells are reached and supper is served out. Before this last meal is actually served, a bell rings in each hall, and at the sound of the warning, every man turns his indicator, thus showing that he is in his cell. It is astonishing how simultaneously the click of the indicators occurs, almost synchronously, so that in one second some three hundred men have indicated that they are safely lodged. Then various small duties are performed, such as the visit of the schoolmaster, or a surprise search may be made in various quarters, usually unpremeditated very long beforehand by the minor officials, and consequently unknown to them prior to orders. Then comes "turning in" and sleep, *possibly* to all, but not *probably*. So the days and months pass on in the same monotonous routine, broken by a very occasional visit from friends or a periodical letter, for the number of visits and letters permitted to be written are strictly limited, and in accordance with the good conduct, or the reverse, of the prisoner, who may be deprived of these privileges for violation of prison rules.

That the life must be one of intense monotony is evinced beyond all doubt by the eagerness with which a prisoner will grasp at invitations to give evidence in public courts, and in many cases to say things which irretrievably prove his guilt, or add to

al restraint—leg-irons, and the triangle to which prisoners ned for corporal punishment. When the violation of all icipline is the chief end, aim, and glory of a convict, then be truly said that all this repression (coupled with ex- and ingenuity) has to be brought into action.

etermined and desperate prisoner will, strange to say, sacrifice onal comfort and health, and submit to wearying hours and restraint, lying on the floor of his cell, pinioned in a "figure ," unable to move, and yet unwilling to move if allowed to. fter days or perhaps weeks of futile warfare against superior capitulation will ensue, and good behaviour may continue out the sentence, which will be practically lengthened by of this misconduct, a large number of marks insuring a -leave being lost, and thus the entire sentence will, most ave to be served in the lowest stage of prison life, affecting onal dietary of the desperado. It is astonishing how much convict will take to be thought insane, and be sent to an Men will spend days, if not weeks, standing against the with an expression of vacancy or extreme melancholy, hop- to be certified as lunatics. Nothing seems to tire them ler observation, nothing too arduous in their decep- empts at such. Such *generally overdo* their part, and, on ected, are sent back to work with a promise of some t, at no distant epoch, if not very careful, of a summary le nature. There is thus "an energy of idleness" in , strongly at variance with the preconceived wishes of To act a long, tedious, and wearisome part for many oof that these men are idle and lazy *viciously*, to give and thus reap a few scattered grains of revenge, and this ve, we believe, actuating most prisoners who studiously cholia or mania. Some men in the world outside of ve solace from the sorrows, backslidings, and downfalls of creatures. So it is in prison. A, B, and C are burglars, call each other in their vernacular, and C is captured n a joint burglary, and is sent to penal servitude. C is n officer of the Criminal Investigation Department, who tain from C the names of his pals in the "crack" for now undergoing punishment. C is only too glad not ive the desired information, but also to obtain a day or om his cell, cherishing besides the feeling of satisfaction and B in a party. Why should C be clad in drab, and own bread and water, when A and B are enjoying them-

prison, for many years respected and relied on, risen from the ranks by his own industry and perseverance under obstacles that would have daunted many a man, starting in life as a county police constable, appointed a prison governor, and ending, at the age of fifty, in finding himself a convict, under a sentence of ten years' penal servitude. Truly, startling facts may be found inside a convict prison, and fact is often stranger than fiction ; and here we have before us a real example, to be found in the annals of crime, a painful, crushing instance of the instability of man, and the errors into which he may lapse, bringing him with a swiftness, perfectly appalling, to the lowest human pitch, socially and morally. Let the reader picture to himself the agony of this unfortunate man, unfortunate in his infatuation for a woman, led off to penal servitude by perhaps his own warders, to learn what the difference consists in being a governor and serving as a convict. Here is the bank clerk, once a promising young man, and advanced to a position of honoured trust, the confidential right-hand of the firm, now past his maturity, thinking of his speculations on 'Change, of the turf which has ruined him, of the favourite which he had backed so heavily and which failed to win, of the attempt to wipe off his debt by speculation, and the crash.

Look at the dark, sullen-looking young man, just passing near you. Observe him well, as you will never again have the opportunity of seeing a man with a similar history, for he was sentenced to be hanged for a most diabolical murder, placed on the drop with the rope round his neck, the lever was pulled, not once or twice, but several times, but he fell not, and on being removed, almost snatched from the jaws of death, his sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life. Here, again, we see that fact is sometimes stranger than fiction. What would any one have given for this man's life at eight o'clock that morning, and what were the probabilities that, by a quarter-past eight, all would be over? Yet you see this man before you, alive and well. Observe this gentlemanly looking-man, who seems to shrink from our gaze ; this man once moved in the best society, frequented his two high-class clubs, was well known at Epsom, drank the pleasures of life too freely, to end where you now see him, the last place in which you would expect to find him. To how many a man, as he turns into his bed at night, would not these lines apply?

> Pain, that has crawled from the corpse of pleasure,
> A worm that writhes all day, and at night
> Stirs up again in the heart of the sleeper,
> And stings him back to the curse of the light.

And now we must, before bringing these sketches of prison life

A MAN'S THOUGHTS ON MARRIAGE.

ıgland again in the idle season—the House is down, and ugh the cholera scare is a godsend, it hardly suffices to fill olumns of the daily papers.

e were no papers in the solitude of those lofty mountain ve have lately left, no news, no worry of life, nothing but a ace and a wide vast view over the kingdoms of the world, glory of them ; but here in the crowded Strand, under our lish skies the news-boys are clamorous.

Daily News, sir ; a *Standard* ; a *Globe* ; cholera in England ; ırder in Liverpool ; men and why they don't marry."

boy grins as we shake our head ; he would willingly solve em, and, if we ask him, will tell us that he does not enrage the community in the same manner ; has he not et himself up with a cane and a blue necktie, and begun ' at sixteen, with a girl who has just left the elementary

ape from his lynx eyes to the quiet of our pipe and fire- ıere, like other old bachelors, try to think the question out. wspaper letters about higher education, and cookery, and sh mean very little. What man who wanted to marry a ıld be restrained by the fact that the object of his ıld not make a pie or knew more of political economy ? A man in love is not so easily daunted, but a man who e and does not intend to marry will be prolific in his

men shudder and turn back instead of taking that ? " Is it that on looking round at the married life of they see little to attract and much to dismay? are the time which Shelley thought well to weep over when t wail over the departure of tenderness and truth ?—

When passion's trance is over-past.

ot because the flaring gaslight of passion had given

place to the calm light of day. Natures such as Shelley's have cause to weep. They weep for

> The light, light love that will not stay,

for the mad passion which, running its course like delirium in fever, leaves the patient weak, sometimes, indeed, only just alive, but sane once more.

But though the poet Shelley was one of our sweetest singers, we should hardly turn to him for help in this question.

Marriage is supposed to put the last extinguisher on passion's flame, but if love did not survive it, what can we make of the lines that Wordsworth, Robert Browning, and Tennyson have written to their wives?

Read Wordsworth, in the conclusion of the "Prelude."

> She came no more a phantom to adorn
> A moment, but an inmate of the heart,
> And yet a spirit, there for me enshrined
> To penetrate the lofty and the low;
> Even as one essence of pervading light
> Shines in the brightest of ten thousand stars,
> And the meek worm that feeds her lowly lamp
> Couched in the dewy grass.

See also the beautiful poem, "And dearer far than light and life are dear," with the last stanza,

> Peace settles where the intellect is meek,
> And love is dutiful in thought and deed;
> Through thee communion with that love I seek,
> The faith Heaven strengthens where he moulds the creed.

Robert Browning gives us the same idea. He watches his wife reading by firelight when,

> If I think but deep enough,
> You are wont to answer, prompt as rhyme,

and asks her to—

> Think when our one soul understands
> The great word which makes all things new,
> When earth breaks up and Heaven expands,
> How will the change strike me and you
> In the house not made with hands?
>
> Oh! I must feel your brain prompt mine,
> Your heart anticipate my heart,
> You must be just before in fine,
> See and make me see, for your part,
> New depths of the Divine.

The most perfect lyric ever written by a poet to his wife is that Procter, beginning

> How many summers, love,
> Have I been thine?

le the late Poet-Laureate could look back to a long married and sing—

> Rose, on this Terrace fifty years ago,
> When I was in my June, you in your May,
> Two words, "My rose," set all your face aglow,
> And now that I am white and you are gray,
> That blush of fifty years ago, my dear,
> Blooms in the past; but close to me to-day
> As this red rose, which on our terrace here
> Grows in the blue of fifty miles away.

Are not these poems, each by the pen of a great and brilliant , satiated with the warm, strong, tested love of the husband, by side of which the early passion of the lover may be compared to faint dawn of an April morning and the bright sunshine of a noon?

These poets certainly believe most thoroughly in the love that s. For confirmation of this let us turn to their works and compare pure, protecting love of King Arthur with the selfish passion of Lancelot. We find the king, when all is lost, bending over the strate figure of his wife, the woman who has betrayed his honour, ished his pure name, pulled down the glory of his throne, and hear his whisper, "My vast pity almost makes me die." We Enoch Arden, content to efface himself for the sake of his wife's d name, while Geraint, who loved his wife "as he loved the t of heaven," would, rather than a breath should harm her, e forfeited his princedom and its cares, his glory and his name.

There are countless examples, a whole host of them rise at our , men who have sacrificed everything for the sake of the women m they have taught to trust them. They expect something from e women in return, it is true, and well it is for them when asking d they are not given a stone.

Men are what women make them, as all the world knows, and, in of other advanced views on the subject, I hold that there is no on earth so noble or so elevating to a woman as that of g her part in the work of turning a commonplace man into a

ook at the Holy Grail. The only Knight who saw the vision ly was Sir Galahad, upon whom Saint Agnes had bound her urs and sent

> The [illegible] in her eyes
> That [illegible] him here, and hold her mind
> [illegible] he believed in her belief.

Look again at Sir Lancelot; had Elaine been a stronger character, might she not have saved him from himself? and so made this and that other world another world for that morally sick man.

Men sacrifice a great deal when they marry. In giving up their cosy bachelor establishments for the exigencies of modern housekeeping, comfort is apt to fly, and discomfort more than apt to take its place. A married man is no longer one of the idols of society, pretty girls cease to save him dances, and eyes no longer brighten at his approach; he begins a life of taking dowagers into supper, and he finds them much more difficult to talk to than in the days when he was an eligible bachelor.

When a woman becomes engaged, she feels that she has fulfilled her destiny and satisfied her public. She at once becomes the favourite of her relations, who regard her through the rose-coloured glasses of her *fiancé*. Men cease to be afraid of her and become very friendly, her old-maid friends adulate her, and unengaged girls treat her with veneration. The members of her immediate family, perhaps, pray that the days of her engagement may be shortened, but this is in secret, in the privacy of their chamber. They, probably as much for their own sakes as for hers, leave the lovers a great deal alone, and it is in these long *tête-à-tête* that the work of degeneration begins.

Soon, sooner perhaps than we like to hear, the old, old story becomes somewhat monotonous; exactly how much better these two love than the rest of the world ceases to have the vivid interest with which it used to inspire them. The time has not yet arrived for those tussles for the mastery which invariably take place over Maple or Liberty's furnishing catalogues, duels in which the man is always defeated because he does not understand some little technical phrase, or shows gross ignorance over the price of blankets. So far this has not begun, and they are thrown on their own resources for entertainment, and now often for the first time does the young fellow see life from a woman's point of view. Well for him, indeed, if her standard is high, for if hers be a pure and good soul, she will have more influence over him than a score of priests. He will [illegible]n to know the workings of her mind, and as she reveals herself [illegible]m, he will wonder, with awe in his boyish heart, that women [illegible]d be so good.

[illegible]en we think what women can do for men, and see how con-

which all her happiness depends.
engagement is not inevitable it is to be greatly deplored
ıe, a furnace in which hearts are tried and constantly
ıg.
ng the engagement days that a foolish woman builds the
ıich will presently stand between her husband and
ary of her own love affairs, she interests herself in those
s, and her *fiancé* learns from her confidences how low a
honour prevails among those sweet low-voiced angels of
. He finds that some girls think nothing of intriguing for
ıan's lover, and he hears his darling, his "Pearl of pearls,"
ly of "So-and-so, who was engaged to a stupid, plain,

him?" "Oh, I dare say she did; he was rich, and she
e been glad to get a husband at all." "Was she engaged
long?" "Why, of course, they were engaged for years,
ıer for Maggie O'Brien, and quite rightly; she was pretty
ırn a man's head, and they are married now."
e dowdy girl?"
ool that she was! she went out of her mind; she ought not
ed to marry a handsome man like that." And then there
e else. Clara Pounceney engaged to Arthur Wollett.
ve him up, and no wonder, when the eldest son of a
ıosed. Arthur had only a thousand a year, and he must
a most unsatisfactory young fellow, for though Clara's
thought very well of him, and there had never been a
him, they say now that he has gone to the dogs."

I call it unfair in the extreme, for while we can look round on our neighbours' lives, and by the superiority of our own conduct point a moral and adorn a tale, what living man could compete with this prodigy? And yet, in ninety cases out of a hundred our wives require it of us.

A man, however hard he may try, and that they do try is the truth, cannot come up to his wife's ideal because, as all men could tell her, it is totally against his nature. He will do all he can to make her happy, he will be her best and most loving friend, but it is impossible to talk sentiment all day for this very reason, he is a man.

And as to his will? He may have knocked under during his engagement, but he cannot go on for ever wearing the yoke, especially when the reins are pulled so tight and the yoke is heavy. It is unkind to the woman to let her have the mastery, for women are hard taskmasters, and were never intended to rule. In her heart of hearts a woman despises the man who obeys her, and reverences in spite of her complaints and wailing, the wise husband, who, seeing how nearly their love is being jeopardised, strikes for the pre-eminence.

Passion may be dead—it is short-lived, but the love that lives for ever is alive. Poets weep because passion has passed, let them weep rather for the women who have inspired it; women with natures unable to grasp the signification of love. Weep, if you will, for the men who marry such women, and live in daily contact with a petty, mean mind, till their whole tone is lowered by the association. If they make bad husbands and heartless fathers, is it wonderful? They have already been shown the way in their engagement days, and know how little their wife expects from them, what low motives she imputed to every great or disinterested action, how she wooed passion and laughed at truth.

Weep for the men who ruin their lives by marrying their own echo, the modern equivalent for a squaw; a woman to whom her husband's yea is yea, and nay, nay, be it right or wrong. This class are like poison to the minds of the men they marry, they are without ideas, and people with no sense of responsibility. They probably make a touching ending, and after their death their bereaved husbands erect wonderful tombstones to their memory, upon which they record in loving words their sterling virtues.

Another inch of stone would be amply sufficient for a category of their good deeds, but as for the evil they have wrought it is still rampant, and beyond doubt will follow them into the silent land.

Yes, if in this hard, dry-eyed age, tears are to be shed, let them

QUASHIE.

THOMAS and the Virgin Islands were behind us, and the
Eider was steaming over a placid and azure sea towards
rat. We had assembled for dinner in the saloon. Then,
rst time, it was borne in upon those of us, to whom the
were new, that henceforth Quashie was to be a reality
erely a name; the all-pervading human fact of the
al life we were to lead. The dress-coated, white-tied,
g persons of the male sex, who, on that memorable
d us soup, fish, entrées, joints, and what not, were
the ants, who persistently promenaded the table
a fresh sensation for us, the new-comers to the
mpressed us vividly. I almost doubt whether the
cluster," the glorious glens of the Guadeloupe and
affected the imagination more. And it might
this moment onward over the long years, Quashie
eds, cook our dinners, wash our clothes, sweep our
bs, preserve order, light lamps, and be the most
eature in the streets. He had ceased to be a
we had known him at Missionary meetings, for
t home, of the soil, his foot on his native heath, so
e of his flavour and fragrance lost in journeying

we see "white" men performing menial offices.
nas," and "Mary Jane" have all turned sable,
the servile function are dissociated. I call to
ance of creole inability to connect the dominant
condition implying some sort of prior servitude.
paper for a form made up of Portuguese, negroes,
ns, octaroons, coolies, and whites. One of my
erence to the peasant troubles in the reign of
little Scotch creole of fourteen, in answering,
s came into the city and killed all the white men

they met." I was for a time puzzled to understand how he arrived at "white men." He showed me his Collier's "History of England" in proof of his correctness, and there I saw that the word used was "gentlemen," and understood at once my pupil's mistake. Yes, the ground-work of the community in which our lot was cast, was black. It was Quashie, Quashie everywhere.

One of the first new and strange things about Quashie, our Quashie, studied in his habitat, was that he was an Englishman. The matutinal jam at the Kaieteur Hotel was encased in a somewhat original pot, so I asked the black waiter where it came from. "It come from home, sah," said he suavely and ingenuously. And then I learnt that by "home" he meant England, which, moreover, is referred to as "home" by dusky myriads, who have never seen her cliffs rise above the waves. A few weeks later, I went on a boating excursion up the Camoonie Creek, an affluent of our river, and the rowers were negro creoles of the colony. The sun beat down hotly upon them, and therefore, to stimulate themselves to exertion, they sang in chorus. Here is the refrain they were never weary of repeating, for it celebrated their imagined prowess at Waterloo:

> We bully dogs of Jargetown blazed away,
> Fanderanderango.
> We made the Frenchman run that day,
> Fanderanderango.

They sang with delighted emphasis, appropriating to themselves a full share of the national triumph. I am afraid I strove to encourage a jingo spirit among my coloured fellow-subjects. At any rate one of them, soon after I acquired his acquaintance, made it plain to me that the flame of an Imperial patriotism glowed within his breast. His hue was very much that of Lord Beaconsfield's statue which stands opposite St. Margaret's Church, Westminster. I regarded him, I hope, with a proper composure of countenance, when he assured me that he never felt so proud of being an Englishman as when he travelled in the islands of the Antilles, whither he had fled for his health's sake, and because of business complexities. Everywhere, he said, his nationality caused him to be treated with respect and consideration, whereas Frenchmen of his own colour, I presume, were of much less account. But, after all, Paul, who was a Jew, could say with good effect, *Civis Romanus sum*, and why should not Quashie proudly utter the modern equivalent of the Latin phrase? Still, he does allow his imagination to run a long way with him, where his northern "home" is concerned.

In personal reverence for our Royal family he is not outdone by

any Englishman. I recall an interesting incident, which well illustrates this point. It occurred during the visit—now many years ago—of the Duke of Edinburgh to the West Indies. Prince Alfred had just departed in the early morning from a house, where he had been enjoying the delightful hospitality of a tropical host. This gentleman was a planter, and when the Prince had been gone an hour or two, it occurred to him and his family that the water, which had served for the Royal tubbing, was too precious to be poured away. He hurried to give orders for its being left untouched till a domestic council decided whether it should be bottled or not. He was too, too late. He had been anticipated by Quashie. The loyal black servants of the family had drunk every drop of the precious fluid. Possibly they thought it might work a charm; but, in any case, it was only a vast profundity of regard for the son of the Queen which could have led to such an emptying of the bath.

As I have mentioned the bath, it may be as well to observe in this lace that Quashie at the equator is clean. Ablutions are a luxury the tropics, never a hardship. No memory of the sunlands is to be called with more delight than the tub at six in the morning, when e never wearied of pouring the contents of the full calabash over e's head. And after it, the coffee and buttered toast were so very, y good. And as Quashie has a keen eye for luxuries approved by e white man, and as there was no lack of water in our colony, he as almost amphibious. Often, when the frequent deluge of our rest lands came down, he revelled in a shower bath. He merely, o do this, took off his clothes and walked about in the downpour, and when the clouds rolled by, he had small need of a towel to dry himself.

Possibly it was owing to this popularity of water that the calling most followed by the dark-skinned ladies of our city was that of "washer." In fact, if the census returns are to be accepted as affording trustworthy data on this point, there must be more "washers" than shirts and collars in Demerara. As at cards there is the axiom, "When in doubt, play trumps," so the sable Demerarian, uncertain as to her status, makes it a rule to put herself down a "washer." And when she is a "washer," she despatches wristbands, and fronts, and collars with a destructive energy scarcely exceeded by the London laundress. Naturally, linen has a shorter life at the tropics than at home. It is seldom worn more than an hour or two before it is drenched with perspiration, and collars and cuffs are not so much soiled by dinner time, as so many flabby, clammy pieces of damp cloth. In this condition they are sent to the "washer," who returns them admirable

specimens of laundry work, but, after frequent intervals of too brief brilliance, in rags.

As a cook also, Quashie merits respectful mention. In excursions into the forest, if you have him with you, you need, beside the kettle, take no other kitchen utensil than the iron pot, similar to the one in vogue among the peasantry of France. He will always manage to extract something toothsome from it for you, when you come in to eat, after watching the fly-catchers darting about the "benabs"[1] in the twilight, or the insect-like humming birds swarming in the low bush by the creek side. There is an immense amount of culinary resource in a tropical Crown colony. I am inclined to attribute this undeniable circumstance to slavery. "Massa" was in the old times a man to be humoured at all costs. The liver doubtless gave him much trouble, as it does his descendants to-day. His appetite often failed him, even when whetted with gin swizzles, and sherries and bitters. Quashie felt that life would not be for him worth living, if he did not conquer the squeamishness of massa's refractory stomach. So he strove strenuously to attain this object, and became a *chef* of the first order. If Mirobolant had been privileged to partake of the hospitality of our Government House of ten years ago, he would not have hesitated to embrace the Quashie, responsible for the general excellence of the dishes, as a brother artist.

As everybody knows, however, it is not in every department of industrious activity that the West Indian negro can be depended upon as a worker. He is entirely of the mind of the man who coined the proverb that "All work and no play make Jack a dull boy." He has probably never heard that phrase of such unholy import in the Ibsenite drama, *La Joie de Vivre*, but he enjoys existence. He, now he is free, declines absolutely to become a merely wealth-producing animal, with fitful intervals of unquiet rest. And, surely, there is nothing in this to shock any philanthropically minded person. For him healthy and happy Quashies will be a pleasanter subject to contemplate than merely wealthy and wise ones would be. And the West Indian negro's sense of humour, his capacity for hearty laughter, his quick appreciation of a joke, of the very faintest scintilla of wit, made a deep and agreeable impression upon me. How thoroughly well off he was in mind and body came home to me when first I realised that between me and him once more rolled some four thousand odd miles of Atlantic Ocean. We had arrived at the docks in the Thames, and again, after two years, I saw white men in dismal clothing. But it was not that which was so depressing. It was the

[1] "Benab" = Indian dwelling.

faces of these white men. Black care seemed on every shoulder, and, indeed, murkily enthroned all along the Imperial river. I instinctively contrasted them with the jovial crowd far away beneath the palm-trees, and knew too late that I had come back to a region where life was a grimmer matter than it had been, and felt regret. That mood was not entirely of the moment. It lingered long, and there are some traces of it yet. For that queer form of *Heimweh*, I found a melancholy reflection in those charming lines of Heine:

"Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam
Im Norden auf kahler Höh'.
Ihn schläfert; mit weisser Decke
Umhüllen ihn Eis und Schnee.
"Er träumt von einer Palme,
Die fern im Morgenland
Einsam und schweigend trauert
Auf brennender Felsenwand."

At any rate, man looked infinitely more joyous, more free from carking conjectures about to-morrow, where the palm-tree's plumes are ever tossing in the trade-winds, than he does in the shadow of St. Paul's.

And yet Quashie is not all frivolous. He is rarely a rogue, which is more than can safely be said of his relative of the mixed blood. I remember more than one West Indian negro who, for honesty, kindliness, and thorough good nature, would compare with the best "buccra." Though, when he is serious, he is so right down to the ground. He has all, and more than all, the dreadful dignity of the man, who neither smokes nor jokes. In this connection dear old Peter, our janitor—"we" were a Government institution—occurs to me. He wore a dark blue uniform, ornamented with brass buttons, and he lived up to it. Decorous, demure, of unimpeachable gravity and solemnity, he did not even lose his balance when Mrs. Peter had her first baby. As soon, however, as the child and Mrs. Peter were able to receive visitors, Peter sent to each of us, his superiors in the Service, a card, on which was written: "Peter presents his compliments to you, and requests the pleasure of your company on Monday next, to see the little stranger." I shall never forget that visit. It was the first time in my life that I had ever gone in company with four full grown men to inspect a recently born infant. A sense of ludicrous gravity made us preternaturally solemn, for an instant's relaxation of the facial muscles, the tiniest ripple of a smile, would have been fatal, destroying the spirit of the function and wounding Peter's feelings. The janitor knew what was due to himself and his heir, and that we might worthily welcome "the little stranger" to our midst, uncorked a bottle of champagne.

Having filled all our glasses, he waited for us to raise them aloft. This we did, but to no one came the inspiration of appropriate utterance. So, something having to be done, we shook our heads at Peterkin and drank off the champagne. I ventured to observe, "How like he is to Peter," intending a delicate compliment; but it was wasting sweetness on the desert air. I had lightly anticipated a possibly coming resemblance, and a general silence, almost unbroken, convicted me of flippancy. Then we all filed out in dignified dumbness, leaving Peter, his wife, and his heir placidly and gravely content with the honour done them. To make amends for my unlucky remark, I presented to "the little stranger" a copy of Martin Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy," with an appropriate inscription.

Here and there in our colony there were other sable domestic interiors, equally respectable and proper, where everything was on a satisfactory legal basis. As a rule, the hymeneal ministrations of "the Reverend," as Quashie dubs his spiritual pastor, are somewhat at a discount. Illegitimate births enormously exceed the legitimate ones. Nor is Quashie of the masculine gender too rashly to be burdened with all the responsibility for this state of things. I know an excellent lady who has pleaded over and over again, and in vain, with her cook, that the latter would seek the sanction of the Church for her union with Pompey. Cesarina has always sturdily resisted this entreaty, though not on the ground that a union of hearts was preferable to a mere paper union. As things were, she got on very comfortably with Pompey; and she pointed out that, if the services of "the Reverend" were called in, and an indissoluble knot tied, her spouse might give himself airs. He might take a perverse view of his legal rights, and beat Cesarina. Now, if he misbehaved himself, he could be sent about his business, and, until he gave signs of satisfactory repentance, could be kept away from the place which he had regarded as his home.

Of course Quashie does marry from time to time, and such marriage legitimates any previous offspring of a couple. Into the wedding festivities he crowds all the materials, that he can lay his hands on, for "a single hour of glorious life." The pair of lovers will not only spend all their available cash, but mortgage their future, that the day of marriage may be one of éclat. At a little distance off, the untechnical eye, during those auspicious hours, would find the bride as splendid in point of dress as a society beauty at her first drawing-room. How she tortures herself to get those large, honest hands of hers into white kid gloves, and the liberal expanse of each *foot into a* satin shoe. Her bridal wreath is a wonder of orange *blossoms and* gauze. And her manners rise at once to the level of

this butterfly brilliance of a day. The bridegroom also encases himself in broadcloth, adorns his woolly head with a silk hat, and his feet with patent leather boots. He, too, moulds his deportment so that it may harmonise with his sartorial self. The male and female friends are bidden formally to the feast, and a card of invitation may run much in this wise:

"Mr. Cæsar Barkay and Miss Georgiana Van Groningen present their compliments to you, and request the pleasure of your company at the solemnities of their marriage. Wedding breakfast, dancing, and supper." That is indeed a happy time. There are fowls and boiled ham galore, and crab-backs, and cakes, and fruit, and lemonade, and ginger beer—both admirably made in our colony—and some cheap wines and rum. The delightful gravity with which each individual of the party sets himself to mirror his favourite "buccra," the speeches, the jokes, and the nervousness and bashfulness of the bride, must be seen and heard before the humour of the whole can be appreciated. And as the gathering breaks up, the company and charming bridesmaids chant in chorus:

> Mistah Bride and Mistress Bride,
> You know what you have to do—
> Bring fof childun
> Into dis yer world.

A week after all this gaiety, joy, and pomp, Cæsar will be lounging about, barefooted, in a very indifferent shirt and trousers, with a fragmentary straw hat, perhaps, for head covering; while, as for Georgiana, you will scarcely recognise her if you meet her, when the nuptials are seven days old, in the Brick Dam, the upper part of her head enveloped in a turban, which supports a heavily laden tray, her wide-spreading feet both stockingless and shoeless. She and Cæsar are not one whit disconcerted, however, because of the contrast between now and then. It is the way of their world. Besides, that hymeneal attire will all be donned again on Sunday, when Cæsar, with a portly prayer-book under his arm, and Georgiana, blushing and toying with a fan, will move up the aisle of the cathedral, and take their places, the bride the happy cynosure of the eyes of most worshippers. They outshine then even some buccra couples. "It too troo, sah," once observed an ebon verger to me, when this has happened; "it too troo wha' de Bible say, 'Dey are like de lilies, and Sol'mon'"—indicating the pews of the whites—"'in all his glory, not arrayed like dey are.'"

We are not all obliged to marry, but we must all die. Perhaps the cruellest thing about death for Quashie is, that he cannot share in his own *funeral festivities*. He may derive a certain amount of

anticipatory delight, nevertheless, from the confident assurance that he will have a good funeral; but, as with the father of a posthumous child, his gratification is much mitigated. In the first place there is the "wake" kept up round his body. Many a time have I listened to the hymn-melodies lustily sung in some neighbouring cottage, where Quashie was passing his last night above ground. The hoarse croakings of the billion billion frogs of the trenches of our city were drowned in the full tide of devotional music, though they asserted themselves when the singers snatched an interval for potations. From dusk to dawn there is eating and drinking, and Quashie's watchful friends give no evil spirit a chance of doing him a mischief. Next day he is borne in a hearse to Le Repentir, and he must have been very poor in this world's goods if he is not followed to that cemetery of the palm trees by a dozen open cabs at least, in which his friends in broadcloth, hat-bands, and black gloves, recline in sad and sable dignity, models of deportment even for one so high and mighty as the "gubnah self." And there is nothing ungainly or ridiculous in the attitudes of those mourners. If it were not for their faces you might imagine them to be Caucasians. Ham hits off Japhet's little ways to perfection. It is his superior brother's colouring matter which is beyond his reach.

Quashie is sensitive on the point of his physical qualifications, and does not like them to be laughed at. Well do I remember the expression of speechless indignation on our cook Mephisbah's frank and open countenance, as she contemplated some coarse coloured American caricatures of the negro citizens of the United States. At last she could contain herself no longer, but burst out, "Me Gawd! White people make black people too ugly; black people no like dat." She required a good deal of soothing before she regained her usual smiling equanimity, and, half an hour later, when she was busy with the concoction of the foo-foo soup, I heard her muttering indignantly about the pictorial insult to her name and race. And, of a truth, Quashiedom can stand upon its dignity, often in absurd fashion enough. For instance, a negro cook has been overheard by her mistress, who had sent her to bring a passing fruit-vendor to the house, addressing the dame thus: "Black lady wid de plantains, de white woman dat lib heh want fo' speak wid you a little." A lady of English ancestry informed me that during the Anti-Portuguese riots of three or four years ago she was listening [illegible] her bedroom window to a negress, who indulged in mutterings [illegible]tly meant to catch her ear: "Ah!" said this unamiable black [illegible] "we beat de Portuguese too bad. P'raps we beat dese

white women too bime-by." Racial animosities are something like the earth's inner fires. A surface crust hides them, and renders us partially unconscious of their existence or else indifferent to it. They have potency possibly to blow that and us sky-high. Occasional volcanic action reminds one of unpleasant possibilities.

Quashie, by the way, is not partial to Irishmen, and a dusky friend of mine not only used the term "Pat" with an air of amused superiority, but he was very successful in mimicking the brogue. This accomplishment is not uncommon among negroes, and, anent it, a good story, dating from the old slavery days, is still current. As everybody is aware, rebel prisoners were shipped to the plantations, and, in later years, these unfortunate persons were mostly Irishmen. On one occasion, when the human consignments were coming out, shipload after shipload, Hibernian labourers for the planters were accosted just as they entered a tropical port by a negro crowd, and in the accents of their native land. Glad at the greetings, their cheeriness changed to stark horror as they scanned the swart group. "What!" they shouted, "black already!" The gathering on the pier did not assent with tears and groans; it was overcome with laughter, and, from its strange antics, the poor exiles of Erin at length arrived at the conclusion that things were not quite so bad as they had, for a moment, thought.

The hue of his skin does not affect Quashie's mind so much as it does people in whose veins Ham and Japhet commingle. It is on the paternal side they go back to the Caucasus, on the maternal to the Niger. Naturally enough, they ignore the African forbears, preferring to dwell on the ancestral home in Yorkshire, or it may be, in Cornwall. This, after all, is natural enough. Well-connected folk in this country talk rather of great-grandpapa the earl, than of great-grandpapa the pork-butcher. "What makes me angry," said a lady of colour in my presence, "is the touch of the tar brush in me." This is worse than the taint of trade, which does not count for much in this commercial age, because it is ineradicable and not easily hid. It breeds much inner bitterness and social heart-burnings from which Quashie is, in large measure, free. He is a "nigger," and he is fairly content to be one here below, for his faith is firm that when he "rolls de clouds along," there will have been a rearrangement of complexions, which will leave the "buccras" no occasion for arrogance.

On his religious side Quashie is often most emotional. It is also true that he holds "the Reverend" in much honour. A scout at Oxford once said to me with reference to a drawing-room meeting:

"It was beautiful, sir. One young lord 'e preached, another young lord 'e prayed, and another young lord 'e sang; it were trewly 'eavingly." Quashie would, I think, have been more impressed by three "Reverends." He invests the lowest of low clerics, whether that gentleman will or no, with mysterious attributes. He has inherited from his African ancestors an intense conviction of the existence of malignant demons, who take an uncanny interest in the affairs of individuals. He is never sorry to obtain assistance from any quarter in combating them. But neither "the Reverend" nor the "gubnah self" can keep Quashie out of the grip of the Obeahman. The witch-doctor, despite the cat-o'-nine tails, still plies his unpleasant trade. The basis of his power is the negro tendency to ascribe every indisposition to the evil eye. "Somebody put a wish upon me," says Cesarina, if ever so slightly afflicted. Pompey suffers from a bad swelling, and he sneaks away to the Obeahman, who makes his incantations over the sufferer, and to the latter's horrified amazement extracts, apparently from the inflamed spot, a frog or an old tooth, and then gravely assures his patient that he will soon be all right now. But Pompey does not doubt that the evil was done him by an enemy.

Grave scandal arose during one portion of my term of residence in our sunland city, because of riotous proceedings that went on nightly round a certain cottage. A Mapushi woman had left her friends in their "benabs" in a lonely forest glade of the Essequibo, to live in the colonial capital with a negro. He was not a good specimen of his name and race. He ill-used and beat the slender and shapely daughter of the woods and streams. She endured it all for awhile and then fled to the "bush" and her friends. But when once more in her father's home, she bethought her of revenge. Perhaps she went to the Quiaha, the nymph of the creek source. At any rate, she secured the assistance of some spook of power. Almost immediately Quashie, generally, in our city was aware of the fact. It came about in this wise. Cries, ear-piercing, and in other respects terrible began to issue in the evening from the cottage of the bad black man. No believer in Obeah ever fails to put two and two together pretty quickly in such a case. That a diabolic spectre was in that humble dwelling was clear, and the spiritually weatherwise hastened to make it votive offerings. They brought it, therefore, gifts of rum and of schiedam, of whisky and of beer. They laid vessels full of more or less generous liquor on the window-sills, and then respectfully retired. The curious thing was that the spirit from the backwoods consumed these gifts as rapidly as they were presented to

him, his shrieks growing distinctly more appalling with every act of homage, till, at last, a dead silence within the cottage proclaimed the fact that for that night, at least, he was appeased. This dramatic performance was kept up for some time. The nuisance, however, became so great that the police were at last obliged to interfere, with this result, that the bad black man was ignominiously carried off to durance vile.

Above all, as I have in some sort indicated, Quashie is imitative. If you walked behind the sable bucks of our city, when they were taking their walks abroad on Sunday, dressed as smartly as any London tradesman on his way to meeting, you would find no variety of "side" wanting, from the strictly dignified gait to the more self-assertive swagger. You will feel sure that you have met those young people before farther north, that is to say, before you note their faces. My black servant Pluto mimicked myself to perfection. I was for a long while unaware of this *lèse-majesté*, till one day a friend pointed him out to me with the remark: "There *you* go," and then I had an answer to the Burnsian prayer as far as the outer man was concerned:

> O wad some Power the giftie gie us
> To see ourselves as others see us.

It was exquisitely comic, the more so that Pluto appeared most blissfully unconscious of holding the mirror up to nature. It was a very close likeness, with just a *soupçon* of the caricature about it.

Quashie, by the way, is by no means so indisposed for activity as he is for steady continuous work. The latter he is inclined to regard as no very great advance on old-time slavery; but he is ready enough to bestir himself in games. He is addicted to cricket, and revels in football; he does not grow easily wearied in the dance. Cook going for a holiday in the country, will beg her mistress to make her a cap that she may worthily disport herself at lawn tennis. With a cheery refrain, such as "Fanderanderango," making vocal the river reaches, and waking distant echoes in the recesses of the forest, Quashie will bend right lustily to the labouring oar, and send the boat spinning along.

Then our sable friend of the sunlands is not without pluck. See him in the handsome and striking uniform of the West India regiments, and you will think him fit to go anywhere. Heaven alone knows what would become of the Portuguese of our city were it not for the *Pax Britannica*; they would be smitten hip and thigh. Quashie in his wrath is too much for the immigrants from Madeira. As to the coolies, that is another matter. They come to the Crown

colony from Madras, humble and fawning before a white man; but a short stay there seems to put independence and backbone into them, and when they have their hackia sticks handy, it is *gare à qui me touche*. A negro mob but recently repented of its intention of making an onslaught on the coolie quarter of Bourda, in face of the determined and bèlligerent attitude of the "mild" Hindoo; for the head of Quashie, thick though it is, has been known to crack in response to the smartly administered rap of the coolie cudgel. Still, take him all in all, he is the most warlike human animal of the sun-lands. Drilled, and disciplined, and with his blood fairly up, he would be a formidable foe for the best troops in the world. After all, it is matter for congratulation that Quashie is an Englishman, that he has not the faintest desire to be a Russian, or a Prussian, or an Italian. As for the outwandered Lusitanians, why Quashie would prefer to remain a "nigger." "You call me nigger!" I heard him say on one occasion to one of the race he hates, "wha' den you think yo'self, you only a Portuguee!" This incident, by the way, reminds that west country boys at the beginning of the century, when playing a "rough and tumble" game, used to shout to each other:

> One Frenchman beat two Portuguee,
> One jolly Englishman lick 'em all three.

With Quashie frequently in my thoughts, I saw him once again in the winter of my year of home coming, and under sad circumstances. A night of wildest storm had enveloped the Isles of Lyonnesse. When morning broke, all the shores of that bay, which stretches round from Bloomy Hill to Peninnis, were strewn with wreckage. Some forlorn argosy of the seas had been dashed against the granite rocks, rolled and tumbled, and splintered into matchwood. I was on the beach of Porthcressa, when a pilot said to me, "One of 'em's come ashore." "Where is he?" I asked, and he indicated a wooden shed at the topmost verge of the sand. I went up and entered. There, stretched in death across the thwarts of one of those long slim "gigs" Scillonian boatmen affect, was a stalwart young negro of some twenty summers. He had made a strenuous struggle for life. At home in the water almost as much as on the land, he had possibly cherished the hope that he would breast the surges and reach the safe shore. He had reckoned without those long lines of breakers, those myriad cruel rock-crags of Porthcressa Bay. He had left the palm trees and those isles of beauty for this. It seemed such a pity, for, whatever Quashie's faults, the denizens of Quashiedom may be well content to stay at home.

FRANK BANFIELD.

OLD CHURCH STEEPLES.

IF we bear in mind the fact that our French neighbours use the word *cloche* for a bell, and *clocher* for a steeple, it may help to arrange the difference of opinion that prevails as to the application of the term steeple. Many persons consider that a steeple is a spire, whereas it is thus evident that it is the part of a church that contains the bells, whether it is capped with a spire or not. We have some further testimony on this subject in old accounts kept by church-wardens. In those that have been preserved at Ludlow, from the days of the Tudors, there are several entries that relate to the steeple of the church there. One states that an item of two-pence was paid for a key to the door that led up to the steeple, in 1545; another mentions twelve-pence paid for mending the "payne of glasse in the stiple"; another records that Thomas Season was paid ten-pence for going up into the steeple on two windy nights to save the glass in the windows there; again, there is an entry of twenty-pence paid for mending the "glasen wyndowis in the steple"; and there is another of six shillings paid for nine feet of new glass to the west window of the steeple. All of them show that a steeple was not a spire in those days. In the Welsh language a steeple is, literally, a bell-house, just as in the Italian it is *campanile*, or place for a *campana*, or bell. At the beginning of the last century Bailey describes a steeple as that part of a church where the bells are, and the belfry as that part of a steeple where the bells hang. By the time of the publication of Walker's dictionary, or the end of the last century, a much looser meaning was current. Walker gives the explanation that it was "a turret of a church generally furnished with bells." From this period of departure further confusion has crept in, and the term has been applied to towers and spires without distinction, and without any reference to bells.

Let us look at Cheddar, in Somersetshire, world-famous for its pure pale cheese. Here are high cliffs, with their stratification so marked as to look like the work of some gigantic masons; here are sloping hills, winding roads, green ferns scattered broadcast, as it

were growing in every available chink in the wayside walls, and in every moist breadth of shadow; here are placid waters as well as dashing waterfalls; and in the centre of all, ever ripening, is the pleasant village with its open-arcaded and canopied market cross, and its fine old church. The noble steeple of the latter rises in four stages above the doorway, whereof the highest contains the bells. There are two buttresses at each angle, which die into it at this uppermost stage to give place for the finials and turret with which the summit is finished. Throughout this part of the country we may see the counterpart of this steeple in nearly every village, for Somerset towers are all tall and square, with delicate open-work parapets, and with four finials at the angles, except when a tiny turret takes the place of one of them. And from them all, over the radiant country, Hannah More's country, floats out the mellow ring of the bells, "calling, calling." Even the superb tower of St. Mary Magdalene, Taunton, is like them, too, only size, grandeur, and sumptuousness are quadrupled; and, instead of finials at the angles, there are lofty pinnacles carrying crocketted spirelets, surmounted by vanes. The great wide west window of this magnificent edifice, and the large double-lighted windows of the four stages above it, are full of elegant open-work, which rises also into the parapet, and above that into the pinnacles, and then still rises up the spirelets till the narrowing space becomes too contracted to admit of more. At the base of the parapet project gargoyles in the likeness of animals. Three angels with folded wings guard the west doorway, and midway across the openings of the two uppermost stages of the tower pass lines of angels bearing shields, transom-fashion. Niches, rich with tabernacular work, and bands of quatrefoil ornament in every well-considered position, still further enrich this stately pile. Many steeples in Gloucestershire present similar characteristics. In Wiltshire village churches, as at Westbury and Edington, octagonal stair turrets frequently rise from the ground to the summits of the steeples, which are generally finished with plain embrasured parapets.

In the eastern counties steeples are built of flint, like the churches to which they belong. Sometimes they have bands of stonework at intervals of their height, and always the "dressings" or outlines of the openings for windows and doorways, as well as the angles, are of stone. Cromer Church has a representative steeple. It is tall and square, and has buttresses at the angles, and four finials at the summit; and there are large window-openings at the topmost stage to the sound of the bells to pass out freely; but there the general

resemblance to the West-country steeples ends, for it is built of flint, and midway in its height is a square opening called a sound-hole that is filled with tracery that is charmingly graceful; and it has not the open-traceried parapets that make the Somersetshire spires so alluring. The winds from the German ocean bleach and sweep this structure, and the waves keep up a constant psalm, effacing all remembrance of the deep repose of the inland districts. Some of the Norfolk and Suffolk flint churches are in ruins, and their steeples, clad with ivy, ornament the grounds of the wealthier residents. These counties have, however, almost a monopoly of steeples of a still more distinct character. Out of the 175 (more or less) examples to be found of round steeples in the breadth of the land, more than 160 are to be seen in Norfolk, Suffolk, and the adjoining counties; and the rest are to be met with at no great distance from them. They vary in diameter from seven feet to nearly twenty feet; but are all alike in so far as they are built with walls that are at least four feet thick, and have the entrance into them on the east side, which is only accessible from the nave. Several of them have been altered in the course of the centuries that have passed since their erection, and larger windows opened out in them than were at first inserted; nevertheless, looking at them as part of the works left us by those who have gone before us, they are still fraught with intrinsic charms and much venerable beauty.

Yorkshire steeples are built of freestone. Many of them are of great magnificence, not crumbling and hoary, and full of appeal like these old round towers, but erect, superb, proudly massive, and richly wrought, as at Beverley, Selby, Howden, Leeds, and Scarborough. Some humbler village examples are ornamented with four figures, probably intended for the four evangelists, instead of finials, at the termination of their height. Spennythorne steeple, for instance, is thus embellished.

Many of the old churches in the lake district have simple, grave, venerable steeples. Bowness, Grasmere, and Keswick owe much of their charm to this circumstance. The laminated stone of which they are built, and its earthy-grey tint, accord with the greenery and mountain scenery harmoniously; and their staid stalwartness agrees with the traditions of the district. The steeples of the churches at Great Salkeld, Dearham, Newton Arlosh and Burgh-by-Sands are still more interesting, for these have been used as fortresses in old times. They are low, square, and sturdy, with walls of massive thickness, and with fenestration of precautionary dimensions. They

are similar in character to the numerous fortified church towers in Northumberland, and have a strong upper chamber, in which there is generally a place for a fire. They are built of sandstone.

Northumbrian church towers are of special interest, on account of the double duty exacted from them. It has been said, pithily, that they were "half house of God, half castle 'gainst the Scot." They stand like sentinels in the villages along the border, and in those island districts subject to visitation from enemies. Sometimes the vicarage house has also a strong tower, and sometimes it has one and the church is without one. The oldest church steeples, built in Saxon times, are about twelve feet square; those of Plantagenet times are larger, and measure about twenty feet either way. As in the case of the round towers of Norfolk and Suffolk, many of the narrow, slit-like windows first placed in them have been enlarged; occasionally they have been filled in, and new ones pierced by the side of them, and the original ancient fenestration left for the archæologist of to-day to uncover. These warlike steeples may be seen at *Ancroft*, Ingram, Ponteland, Ilderton, Eglingham, Edlingham, Long Houghton, Lesbury, Bolam, Whittingham, Embleton, and Warkworth, as well as other places. According to the ancient laws of church tenure, in the case of Durham and its possessions, the steeple of a church was the fortress of a parish, and was kept in repair as such. The celebrated steeple of St. Nicholas's Church, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, though absolutely used as a place of detention for the Scottish prisoners in 1694, is of a different character from these strong, square towers. It has three lofty stages, and is a hundred and ninety-three feet high. The lowermost stage, which measures thirty-six feet nine by thirty-five feet, is vaulted, and forms the main entrance into the church. The storey above it is occupied by the clock, and the third by the bells, of which there are nine. (One is called Pancake bell, and is rung every Shrove Tuesday evening. Another is the thief and reiver bell, and is rung before the annual fair, by way of notification that moss-troopers and other law-breakers may come into the town without danger of molestation.) Above these three stages is raised a square lantern on flying buttresses. There is a perforated battlement round the top of the tower, strengthened with eight turrets. And from a dozen crocketted pinnacles flash a dozen banner vanes, whilst above them all glitters another on the crown of the lantern.

On the other side of the Tweed there are steeples as strong and [illegible] those in Northumberland. They are lighted by openings [illegible] larger than loopholes, and have corbelled out parapets [illegible] ing manned for their protection. Whitekirk Church,

near Tyninghame, is a fine example. This ancient edifice has massive buttresses, corbie-stepped gables, a vaulted and seated porch, also corbie-gabled, and a very strong sombre square tower, with a great corbelled parapet. In the records relating to this legacy from former generations, it is written against the date, January 6, 1697: "Cam forth from Edinburgh a bell with a gilded cock and globe for the steeple of White Kirk, all the free gift of Sir John Baird."

Here is a little low-lying ruddy town in the Midlands, with the houses built of red bricks, with red-tiled roofs, set in the deep green foliage of the heart of England—Nuneaton, in Warwickshire. There is a long street in it, called Abbey Street, which leads up to the remains of the old abbey or nunnery, and departing at right angles from this central way is Church Street, which leads to the mellow church and the antique vicarage. As you pass you are reminded that this is George Eliot's country; and past the school where she was once a little scholar, among the greenery at the end of the road, you will see the church steeple. It is a "Late" Church—that is to say, it was not built by Norman masons, or Plantagenet masons, but rather in those troubled times when the Red and White roses were contending for the crown; and it has been much altered in more recent days. It is full of large, wide, lofty windows. At the west end rises the steeple in three high stages. At the south-east angle of it is a staircase-turret from which the belfry is approached, and at the other angles are small pinnacles. The summit is finished with a plain embrasured parapet. There is a trembling rumbling of looms in most of the latticed upper-rooms of the red-walled and red-roofed cottages in this neighbourhood, and there is a factory here and there, with a stir of coming and going; nevertheless, when the bells are not calling, there is a deep peace in the grassy, daisied churchyard in which the fabric stands, and the staid, composed, self-reliant steeple seems the centre from which it emanates.

Here and there, steeples are built at a little distance from the church, sometimes within half a dozen feet of them, and sometimes separated from them by a wide space of the churchyard. These departures from the general rule occur in various parts of the country. There are examples in Norfolk, as at East Dereham and West Walton; several in Herefordshire, some simple, as at Holmer, some superb, as at Ledbury; and several in the adjoining counties; and at least half a dozen in Cornwall, of which those at Gwennap and Illogan are of much interest. Standing so pathetically apart, they seem to have a special attraction for us.

Mention has been made of square and round towers. We have

the most beautiful creepers are cruel tyrants, doing their very best to smother anything weaker than themselves.

I once left home for four months, leaving the house in charge of people who could not be trusted to interfere with the garden; the time included April to July, the heavy rainy season of Guiana. On my return, what a change! The climbing white-rose had extended itself in every direction, choking up the entrance to the garden-house entirely, while the walks were so choked that access could hardly be obtained in any direction. As for the weaker plants, some were dead, while others were so weak and sickly that the greatest care had to be taken to assist in their recovery.

What an example of the survival of the fittest is here before me! This, my garden, was planted a few years ago with a pretty arrangement of palms, casuarinas, and other foliage plants. How pretty they looked when only two or three feet high! But where are they now? The weakest, and of course the prettiest, are gone, while the others have grown and grown until they now overtop the house, and have become part of the landscape, instead of being confined to my flower-bed. When planted their foliage was delicate and their colours brilliant, as seen by any one walking on the paths. Now we have to look up, and then only to see the under surfaces of the leaves, and their stems like bare sticks. Once there was a pretty show of zinnias, dahlias, African marigolds, and even China pinks; but this was before the plants grew to be shrubs, and the shrubs trees. Now these little beauties hardly grow at all, and if they come up do not flower. What a lot of trouble we have with delicate plants!—those hardy and half-hardy flowers which make such a fine show in English gardens. Here we cannot lower the temperature without interfering with the light, or producing such a damp atmosphere that the foliage grows rank, while no flowers are produced. And then the rains! How the young seedlings and low plants suffer from even a single tropical downpour! It actually bruises them so much that when the sun comes out they wither and die. Some of us long to see a daisy, but it is useless even to hope for such a thing. Pots of violets have been brought here, and flowers gathered from them, but these have been the result of a last dying effort.

What then shall we say of our gardens? We have a grand assemblage of showy flowers, for which we care little, but which to people in England would be priceless treasures. Of course we are not content with these, any more than you are with your delicate little beauties, the daisies and buttercups. They are common and almost despised, while any little English garden-flower is petted, and

as it dies our hearts feel sore at the loss. But tropical foliage plants are grand, while the flowers are showy and very beautiful. The arum family contains some of the most magnificent decorative plants. There are tree-like montrichardias, twenty feet high, climbing monsteras with perforated leaves, great epiphytal anthuriums, and caladiums of most beautiful patterns. Bananas and marantas are also very beautiful, but being so common are hardly noticed, while palms in their different forms supply elegance and beauty of another type. What a variety of foliage is here!—which, filled in with the more delicate ferns, would alone make a beautiful garden, and one very refreshing to the eye when the mid-day sun pours down his fervent rays on the parched earth.

Now for the flowers. For brilliancy of colour nothing can equal the flamboyant, the royal poinciana—whose spreading canopy is a mass of crimson, almost dazzling to look upon. Then there are the various species of hibiscus, ixoras, plumerias, and a hundred others, all shrubs or trees, generally beautiful in leaf as well as flower. To crown all we have the creeping, twining, and scrambling vines, the genus bignonia alone giving enough variety to stock a fair-sized garden, while the species of convolvulus, allamanda, clerodendron, antigonon, and bougainvillea, make the choice very difficult in a moderate-sized garden.

Here lies the great trouble with our gardens. We want this, that, and the other, and fill every square foot of space with something, but it will not do for long. As the plants commence to grow we find that double or treble the space is necessary—and then begins what spoils almost every Demerara garden : injudicious pruning, hacking and chopping are carried out in every direction, until hardly a tree, shrub, or plant grows in its natural shape. Every tree has a characteristic manner of growth, and to deform it by cutting here and there is a sin against good taste. Rather entirely destroy half a dozen others, and let the first grow to perfection. Beauty consists not only in the shape of the leaves and colours of the flowers, but in the arrangement of the branches and the general effect of the whole tree; but how very rarely is this considered. However large the garden may be, the number of specimens must be comparatively few. An English cottager will have more species in his flower-bed of a few yards square than the Demerarian in his large garden. A few arums of six or eight feet across and palms of double that diameter soon fill up all the space at his disposal. Then they are too large to be seen to perfection from the ground level, and when the royal palms and tall trees attain maturity they are only useful

for shade, although they give the city of Georgetown its character as an assemblage of country houses embowered in foliage.

With all its drawbacks as a parterre of flowers, however, the tropical garden is not only beautiful, but full of interest. What with the humming-birds and the variety of gaily-decked insects, there is always something to attract attention. Here the beautiful green lizards are sunning themselves on the path, while ants of many different species go on with their work, and prove a never-ending source of interest. But the most wonderful of all is the inter-dependence of the flowers and trees. Sitting under the shade of a mango-tree, whose pendulous fruit hangs so invitingly overhead, you may watch the bees flying from flower to flower and note their manner of operation. Here comes a great hairy black fellow, with his abdomen yellow with pollen from the pea-like flowers of a crotalaria. Another, with yellow bars across the body, has a curious appendage between the shoulders, which close inspection shows to be the pollen-masses of an orchid. Others again are dusty at the base of the proboscis, this being the more common way in which the fertilising dust is carried from flower to flower. On a branch of the tree, apparently in the act of praying, is a mantis, its stick-like body as motionless as if really a dry twig. But watch carefully when a fly comes within reach: like a flash, too quick to be followed, the mantis darts out the pair of arms which have been held in such a devotional manner, and at once the poor fly is being drained of its life-blood.

In the pond the water-lilies are flourishing—only the nelumbium, however, being open during the day. Its green shield-like leaves and rosy flower rise above the surface of the water, affording shade for the pretty little fishes which disport themselves in the water. To the microscopist what a wonderful field of investigation is here! Its interest is inexhaustible; there is work for a lifetime. Here live the larvæ of flies and mosquitoes, water-mites, and all that great variety of living creatures whose habits are so little known, and therefore afford all the more scope for investigation. To the ordinary observer it is simply a pond for water-lilies, but to me it is something more—a world filled with animal and vegetable life.

On the surface of the water rest the immense leaves of the Victoria Regia, here and there diversified with the smaller water-lilies—white, red, and blue. Immediately after sunset the lilies will turn back one petal after another, until their clusters of yellow stamens are exposed to the nocturnal insects which are so necessary to their propagation. In the moonlight they glisten like stars and perfume

the air with fragrance ; but soon after sunrise all close for the day and lay themselves down to rest, until evening comes to rouse them again.

In the garden at night the light zephyrs bring to our notice a number of perfumes of which we know nothing. Some probably emanate from those tall trees above us ; but as we cannot reach the flowers it is impossible to verify the origin of the fragrance.

In the morning they will suspend work for the day, so that unless the flowers are gathered and kept until the following night nothing can be discovered. Even if this be done, however, disappointment often follows, as many flowers only develop their perfume for an hour or so, and never repeat the operation. Thus it may happen that if we are walking at a particular time a striking perfume may be perceived, and perhaps never again, as time and circumstances may never again combine to bring it to our notice.

To an ordinary observer it may perhaps appear as if this opening of the flower and distilling of its perfume is erratic, but such is not the case. The operations are generally as regular as the sun, being only interfered with a little by heavy showers. A convolvulus will open at dawn, ten in the morning or four in the afternoon, according to the species, under almost any circumstances ; but its closing will generally be delayed a little by cloudy or rainy weather. The marvel-of-Peru is called "four o'clock" by the negroes in British Guiana, from its opening so near that time, while one kind of convolvulus has been named the "Civil Service flower," from its opening from ten till three.

No doubt if careful observations were made it would be found that under favourable circumstances—that is, where there is nothing out of the common—every flower has its own time to open and close. In some cases, where the texture is thick, the corollas wither or fall off, and these of course cannot be so easily tabulated ; but the time when their work is over can still be estimated without much difficulty. What makes this the more wonderful is the fact that a flower which opens and closes at regular times must receive the visits of the insects necessary for its fertilisation within that time, otherwise the object of its very existence would be frustrated. Some flowers are enabled to keep open for several days until fertilisation has taken place, but a very large number of tropical species close exactly to time. As you wake the climber is brilliant with flowers—a glorious sight—and two hours after nothing but a wreck.

Experience shows that insects do come forward when needed, which brings us to the question whether the flowers have chosen

their own time, or whether, as it were, knowing that a particular bee will be on the wing at a certain hour, they accommodate themselves to it. Whatever may be the answer, it can only be gained by a careful study and tabulation of results. Here is grand work for a naturalist in the tropics. Hitherto, hardly any one has done more than pay flying visits to South America, and although much has been gleaned from these, it cannot be expected that the close observation necessary for establishing the connection between plants and insects could be made. In temperate climates the weather makes great differences in the times of opening and closing of flowers, and, correspondingly, of the excursions of insects. Here, on the contrary, the changes are slight, and consequently there is greater regularity.

This is only one of the problems which await solution. There are many others, some of which are quite as interesting; the most important of all being the question whether plants have a germ of consciousness. Everywhere in the tropical garden are signs of something beyond what is called vegetating. There is the struggle for life, the fight, where the weakest goes to the wall—the taking advantage of others to gain their own ends, and the various contrivances by which insects are attracted and utilised. Selfishness is everywhere so obvious, that it is hardly possible to conceive that these things can be done without a faculty similar to instinct, or even intelligence. Even if in some there is nothing more than a blind impulse towards light and moisture, in others, especially in regard to their fertilisation and everything connected with the dispersion of the seed, we can come to hardly any other conclusion than that certain contrivances have been developed to a particular end.

JAMES RODWAY.

PAGES ON PLAYS.

"Liberty Hall."

"LIBERTY HALL" might be said to be a play written according to a formula. It is not at all the formula of the New Men, not the formula that has influenced most of our important and most of our unimportant dramatists, from Mr. Pinero and Mr. Jones to the mildest adventurer of a morning performance. It has breathed no inspiration from the North. Ibsen and Strindberg might never have written for any trace of their influence that is to be found in its lines. Monsieur Antoine of the Théâtre Libre, Mr. Grein of the Independent Theatre, would scarcely offer it a welcome. It might be called, in contrast to the methods which prevail for the moment, an old-fashioned play. It is conceived and created entirely in the Dickens manner. The influence of the master is evident from the rising to the falling of the curtain. When it is said that it belongs more nearly to the school of Dickens than even some of Mr. Pinero's early pieces, enough is said to show how little "Liberty Hall" has in common with what the whimsical are pleased to call the New Movement.

But I, for one, am not going to complain of Mr. Carton for this. Because Ibsen is virtuous, shall there be no more cakes and ale? Because I am interested in the realism, say, of Mathilde Serao, shall I cease to be pleased with the Pentamerone? Shall the study of Zola interfere with the study of the "Thousand and One Nights"? In the kingdom of the drama, as in the kingdom of fiction, there is space for all forms, license for all fancies, and "Liberty Hall" shall be just as welcome, because the literary idol of its author is Charles Dickens, as if his literary idol were the author of "Hedda Gabler" or the author of "Fröken Julie." Just as welcome, so long as it is well done. Perhaps, even, there is something captivating about the courage of Mr. Carton. There is surely something courageous in the action of a dramatist who, at a moment when realism and heredity and the influences of environment are the shibboleths of the students of the stage, when life is held to be,

as Novalis held it to be, a disease, and dramatists are expected t approach it in what may be called a clinical spirit—there is, I sa surely something courageous in the action of a dramatist who pr ceeds in the good old way to treat life as if it were a fairy tale, a to treat the drama as if its mission were to attract and even to amu Mr. Carton's courage has succeeded, for he has attracted a amused many, and some amongst them whose artistic sympath are not habitually in accord with the method which has promp and guided Mr. Carton's work.

The Dickens-ism of "Liberty Hall" is not a feature that need insisted upon, because it is so obvious, so unquestionable, so deliber The old Bloomsbury bookseller, William Todman, keeps a b of Dickens on his parlour mantelpiece, and reads "Pickwick" console him in times of trial. The admiration that Mr. Ca offers to Dickens is as complete as that of his own bookseller. central idea of the story is that a young lady of great pride is stu by a disguised lover, who, in the end, overcomes her pride and w her for himself, under the belief that she is marrying a poor m and dedicating herself to a life of almost squalid poverty. If we with this central idea as students of Folk-lore act with the cer ideas of fairy tales, we shall find that it corresponds very clo with the adventures of Rokesmith and Bella Wilfer in "Our Mu Friend." Mr. Carton is neither to be blamed nor praised for t All the stories have been told; we can but continue to make moves with the old pieces. The only question is, Has Mr. Ca made an old story interesting; has he invested his people w sufficient humanity to make them seem possible while they live t little life? And the answer to both these questions must emphatically, Yes.

"Liberty Hall" is a pleasant play to see; it leaves a plea memory behind it. If its people act on simple lines of conduct, move in simple spheres of thought, we must remember that eve this waning age all lives are not necessarily complex, nor all i viduals morbid or self-analytical. Mr. Carton's people are plea people to meet with, good-hearted when you reach the core of t hearts, anxious to do what is right, willing to make the best world in which courage and truth, and high affection and duty h not been blotted out. There are a great many people in the w who resemble Mr. Carton's people—straightforward, honest ge folk, untouched by pessimism, heedless of the doctrines of here or the theory that they are automata, indifferent to the forma "Cult of the Ego," but who go through the world with an un

ious gallantry, making the best of it, and doing their best under the mitations of existence to live a decent life. Such folk are good to neet in fact; they are no less good to meet in fancy; and Mr. Carton presents them to us very delightfully. For Mr. Carton is a delightful writer. His creatures talk in a way that is good to hear—brilliant English, keen and witty, yet not impossibly keen and witty. The great critic, Grimm, who should be and is not largely read, censured very justly Fontenelle for his almost insane passion for epigram. The simple, the natural, the sublime appealed in vain to him. In everything that was said or written he sought only the epigram. Wholly insensible to any other form of beauty, everything that did not finish epigrammatically did not exist for him. There are writers of plays who have inherited Fontenelle's weakness, but Mr. Carton is not of their number. He is epigrammatic where epigram is apt, but he does not labour to be epigrammatic. People do not habitually talk in real life quite as wittily as Mr. Carton makes his people talk; but, if they did, conversation would only become more salt; it would not weary as the professional epigrammatist wearies.

Mr. Carton was fortunate in his players. It might be justly said that all the parts were well played, and that applause might be liberally accorded to every name on the play-bill. But the two most important parts were also the parts that were the most conspicuously well interpreted. Miss Marion Terry gave a living grace to Blanche Chilworth, which made it perfectly possible to understand how much the cousin from the Himalayas was wisely willing to endure in the hope of winning so sweet a woman at the last. The way in which the fanatical family pride gradually dissolved in the embic of unselfish love was presented with exquisite truth, with exquisite touches of pain and passion, with exquisite womanliness. As for Mr. Alexander, in the cousin from the Himalayas, he has done his finest work so far. In some respects, if not in all respects, Mr. Owen is the most difficult part that Mr. Alexander has yet essayed. A shade less of truth to life, of equilibrium, and Mr. Owen might have seemed a meddler, even a prig. In Mr. Alexander's hands he never for a moment seems to be either. He seems and is the humorous, honourable, chivalrous, and courageous gentleman that Mr. Carton intended him to be. The result is quite a triumph for the actor.

"INCOGNITA."

IT has of late become a fashion, when a musical piece has run a certain course, to remould it largely and woo the suffrages of the public for a second edition. *This* has been done, and wisely

done, with the latest comic opera at the Lyric Theatre. "Incognit in its first form had many faults of construction. These have n been in a great degree remedied, to the advantage of the sto though it has not been found possible to get over the original def of the book, the last act, which has no cohesion with its predecesso and which introduces, too late, new figures and a new sphere of even But the most important change in "Incognita" is a change of cas Miss Jenoure, who in the character of the waiting-maid, Josefa, h a part far too small for her ability, now plays the principal part of t Princess Micaela, and plays it very well. Miss Jenoure's acting l in it the true quality of comedy, and in adapting it to the conditic of comic opera it remains refined, while it amuses. There is an e ment in acting, an almost indefinable element, which corresponds wit in conversation, and that element in Miss Jenoure's acting giv it its chief charm. Miss Jenoure dances a bolero gracefully, witl southern enjoyment of its motion, and sings the music well and sy pathetically.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree on Acting.

IT is one of Mr. Beerbohm Tree's great merits that he is enthusiast. His enthusiasm does not always lead him in t right direction ; it has caused him now and again to admire thin that were little deserving of admiration ; it has caused him occasio ally to fight against the light. But without enthusiasm no artist work was ever well done ; and Mr. Tree is an artist to whom his a —the actor's art—owes much. It may owe him more for th recent utterances which his enthusiasm for his art has prompted. Society of British Dramatic Art is in course of formation, and M Tree has taken it in a measure under his protection ; and has bee telling it a number of truths, and giving it a quantity of very excellen advice. "My idea," said Mr. Tree, "is that an important departmen of this Society might be a school—shall I call it a conservatoire?—i which the young actor and the young actress could acquire those im plements of their art, the want of which the playgoers of to-da cannot but sometimes deplore in watching the performances presente in our theatres. I mean a school of fencing, dancing, and elocution As for acting, that is an affair of the imagination and cannot be taught but if it cannot be taught it can be practised. It would be a fallacy I think, to maintain that acting is so precise a science as are the art of music and painting. Witness the fact that most children ar natural actors, and often astonish one with the appropriateness o their gestures, the genius of their exuberance. They are, in fact, un trammelled by self-consciousness. We start from the garden o

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childish confidence, and have to pass through the desert of self-consciousness, before we emerge into the promised land of artistic maturity. Nowadays there is practically no recruiting ground for the young actor, save that provided by amateur clubs—and of these the full-fledged actor cannot avail himself. The system of long runs which prevails in our theatres renders it out of the question that young actors and actresses can obtain, in the theatres to which they are attached, that practice which is absolutely essential to their artistic development. Such performances as the projectors of the present scheme have in view would, of course, afford those opportunities of which the rising generation stands sorely in need—those opportunities which in former days were afforded by stock companies throughout the kingdom. But to return to the question of a conservatoire, or dramatic academy. Efforts have been made before now to establish such an institution ; those efforts, however, have hitherto not been successful. But many things are possible to-day which were not possible ten years ago. I am confident that there is a large contingent of young actors and young actresses who would avail themselves of the opportunity of acquiring, as it were, the tools of their craft, if they could be purchased at a reasonable rate. There are, of course, many teachers of elocution ; there are many fencing masters ; there are numberless dancing academies ; but it would be a considerable boon if a recognised school, at which the various teachable branches of theatrical art were taught, could be established. From the ranks of the students of the Society would be drafted the sociétaires. These might well be required to pass a certain examination of competence ; thus excluding from the stage those who possessed no aptitude for the calling. Notwithstanding the drawbacks inseparable from all academic institutions, the fact remains that the Comédie Française has to this day upheld its dignity, and preserved its hold upon the public mind. The English people, rightly or wrongly, care less than do their French brethren for the sanctity—or shall I say the utility?—of tradition. This freedom from the trammels of convention has not only the advantage of inducing greater originality, but is more in consonance with our national spirit ; but there is another side. The day has passed, it is true, for glorifying the French stage at the expense of the English ; and if it be permitted an artist to express an opinion, I venture to think that the average of English acting to-day registers an infinitely higher water-mark than does the average of French acting."

It is very satisfactory to find an actor of Mr. Tree's rank standing up for our practice of his art *in this manner*. It has been too

long a kind of axiom among us that English acting is inferior
French acting. The statement is no longer true. There are seve
theatres now in London where the standard of acting—not t
acting of one actor, but of the company as a whole—is as high
the Parisian standard. This can be said of the Garrick, under M
Hare; of the St. James's, under Mr. Alexander; of the Haymark
under Mr. Tree. But, if Mr. Tree is patriotic, he is not petulan
resolved to see nothing but good in the methods and the conditio
of English acting.

"While we have reason, I hope, not to be pessimistic as to
condition of the stage, there remains this fact, that there we
doubtedly lack those advantages which tradition confers. We ha
in fact, no recognised standard of elocution. In Paris the spe
which is considered the 'best form' in society is that wh
approaches most nearly to the standard of the Théâtre Franç
It would be idle to pretend that the stage in England can boas
similar emulation on the part of well-bred people. Indeed, w
us it is that which fashion dictates—and fashion, we know, is
always free from vulgarity. Fashion has its slang and its twang, j
as less favoured classes have theirs. And being exempt from
trammels of an unrelenting standard has probably done more
corrupt the well of colloquial English undefiled than the humbl
coster in the realm. In the course of time a school or acaden
such as has been hinted at, might be an inestimable and lasti
boon, not only to the profession which we follow, but to the nati
at large. Such an institution would certainly tend to correct in t
young those faults of style and those mannerisms of person whi
are apt to grow on us if unchecked. 'This,' as an eminent crit
remarked, in condemning a performance of the individual who no
addresses you, 'is no way to behave.' A distinguished comedi
recently declared that every eminent actor must have mannerism
Such a remarkable fallacy might, if taken seriously, lead to ve
mischievous results. I will go so far as to say that exactly the rever
of this doctrine is true. We look in vain for mannerisms (as d
tinguished from individuality) in the great works which have be
bequeathed to the world. Indeed, it may be said that the great
artists, from Shakespeare downwards, have been distinguished by
individuality which is unrecognisable in the characters they ha
portrayed, whether on canvas, on paper, or on the stage. Gr
actors have succeeded, not in virtue of, but in spite of, th
mannerisms. If we accepted the distinguished comedian's dictu
as true, it might be argued with equal truth that, because Cromw

had a wart on his nose, every great statesman should cultivate a similar nasal eccentricity. Let us remember it was the man, not the wart, that was great—it was the personality, not the pimple. I have heard it argued that the young actor and the young actress of to-day will be entirely indifferent to any combination which may be formed for the purpose of giving increased opportunities for the exercise of their art: I have been told that they will ignore all aspects but the commercial. I am so sanguine as to hope that this is another fallacy; and I believe that any scheme which is formulated with earnestness, and conducted with tact and a practical sense, will not be looked upon askance by those whose support is most worth having."

I have myself no data upon which to form any anticipations as to the work that the Society of British Dramatic Art may accomplish or the influence that it may exert. But I am convinced—indeed, the conviction is forced upon any observer—that acting in England is making great progress; and not merely acting alone, but everything connected with the art of acting. We have every reason to be proud of the progress we have made; every reason to be hopeful of the progress yet to be made. JUSTIN HUNTLY McCARTHY.

"EIGHTEENTH CENTURY VIGNETTES."

Here, as we read, the present is forgot,
And all the sorrows of our later lot:
Back we are borne, a hundred years or so,
To times of "link and lustre," belle and beau,
Of "paint and patch," of "proud alcove" and grot.

And soon to Gough Square—still a sacred spot—
We guide our steps; or "the great earthen pot,"
That Selwyn gave, to us doth Walpole show—
Here, as we read.

Or "Prior's Kitty" charmeth us, I wot;
Or mourn we Hogarth's Sigismundan blot;
With Hanway on an "Eight Days' Journey" go;
"In Cowper's Arbour" find repose; or know
With Steele the strictures of the nuptial knot—
Here, as we read.

THOMAS HUTCHINSON.

TABLE TALK.

Thomas Fuller.

TO the general reader Fuller is chiefly known by the quaint epitaph designed for him, "Here lies Fuller's earth," and by a more than apocryphal story, that I do not very well recall, of some ecclesiastic with the name of a bird, say Rook, being asked by Fuller what was the difference between a rook and an owl, and answering: "An owl is fuller in the head, fuller in the body, and Fuller all over." Those men intimate with Jacobean and Carolinian times know Fuller as the greatest and most original humorist of his times; a man who, writing principally in prose, outdid poets such as Donne in quaintness and Herrick in conceits. Two or three of Fuller's works have supplied such familiar illustrations as a negro being "The image of God cut in ebony," or the advice concerning anger: "Be not mortally angry with any for a venial fault. He will make a strange combustion in the state of his soul, who at the landing of every cock-boat sets the beacons on fire. To be angry for every toy debases the worth of thy anger: for he who will be angry for anything will be angry for nothing." Fuller's more ambitious works, his "Worthies" and his "Church History," are meanwhile known to comparatively few. So long are they, moreover, that to rummage among them for the innumerable gems they contain is only possible to one with inexhaustible leisure. Very welcome is the book now before me, edited by Dr. Augustus Jessopp, a well-known scholar, issued at Oxford from the Clarendon Press, and entitled, "Wise Words and Quaint Counsels of Thomas Fuller."

Fuller's Gossip.

IN his descriptions of characters, those even of the gravest personages, archbishops and cardinals, Fuller is always waggish. Speaking thus of William Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury, he writes: "It may be said, that England then had ten Archbishops, *if a figure and cipher amount to so many.*" He rises to genuine eloquence in telling how, by the order of the Council of Constance, the bones of Wickliffe were by Richard Fleming, Bishop of Lincoln, his "Sumner, Commissary, Official, Chancellor, Proctors, Doctors," and servants

disentombed, burnt into ashes, and cast into the Swift. Of this he says: "Thus this brook hath conveyed his ashes into the Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, they into the main ocean. And thus the ashes of Wickliffe are the emblem of his doctrine which now is dispersed all the world over." Under the heading "Faults" he supplies a capital story. "When a gentleman was told that he would be much ashamed if all his faults were written on his forehead, he (in my mind) modestly and worthily replied that he should be right glad that his face could hold them all!" One more admirable narrative, historically instructive, shall close my quotations. "Once King James in an afternoon was praising the plentiful provision of England, especially for flesh and fowl, adding, the like was not to be had in all Spain what our country here did afford, 'Yea, but my master,' quoth Gondemar, then present, 'hath the gold and silver in the East and West Indies.' 'And I, by my soul,' said the king, 'have much ado to keep my men from taking it away from him.' To which the don's Spanish gravity returned silence."

Walling Alive in Foundations.

ARE all our famous ghost stories myths? I am not now asking concerning the possibility of supernatural manifestations, nor in any way trespassing on the province of the Society for the Prosecution of Psychical Research. I am only inquiring, in a condition of curiosity not unmixed with dismay, whether the origin of all our ghosts, white ladies, and the like, is wholly different from what has been supposed. No more ingenious or indefatigable antiquary is there than the Rev. S. Baring-Gould. In his recently-published very interesting and equally suggestive volume, "Curious Survivals: Some Chapters in the History of Man,"[1] he seems inclined to class the

> Stubborn, unlaid ghost
> That breaks his magic chains at curfew-time

with the kirk-grims. Does my reader know what is a kirk-grim? In old times a terrible superstition, which still lingers, prevailed that the walls of no public building would last firm unless some live animal were buried under the foundation. Not seldom, if stories are to be believed, the live animal was a child—occasionally it was a woman. Kirk-grims are the goblin apparitions of the creatures that were buried underneath the foundation-stones of the churches. To show how this degraded and horrible practice took its rise in ancient forms of sacrifice I must refer my reader to the book, the perusal

[1] *Methuen & Co.*

dislodge, wringing from it in so doing the avowal that been assigned it by the Frau in question. An action s this was not to be hidden ; the father told of his vhich the district rang, and Frau Herz found herself r neighbours as a witch. Some sense of importance t by those poor creatures in whom malignity of nature their neighbours foster the delusion that they are the iabolic powers. In this case, however, a woman inno- lest gifts, and sensible only of the inconveniences of l as their possessor, resented the imputation and ion against her accuser, the somewhat commonplace ult of the trial being that the priest—who arrogated ability to cast out unclean or violent spirits—found lled, by way of amends, to pay the not very extravagant arks, or shillings. I will hope that the soul of Frau ed by this award, and that her character was vindicated her neighbours.

Modern Ecclesiastical Pretensions.

however, strikes us most in this somewhat trivial affair, e extent of darkness and superstition it reveals in a h the sway of one form of Christianity is paramount. n maintained the validity of his claim to have worked asserted that the obnoxious spirit was only expelled ssle. Here we have the Ingoldsby Ballads forgotten, hich it was supposed had long been foregone, once asserted. Witnesses to the act of exorcism were pro-

ped out on the roof. The scene which met his view was
: remembered. What wonder that, with his profound sense
eautiful in nature, our Professor should forget the flight of
is contemplation of it !
long his oblivion might have lasted it is difficult to say, had
eye chanced on certain moving objects far below, on the
. A familiar pink mushroom bobbed in and out amongst

avens ! It was the English people ! They were almost at
of the hill !"
ıe stumbled hastily down the worn steps of the corkscrew
he wondered that he did not hear the cracked voice of the
calling to him ; he felt that he deserved a reprimand for
her waiting.
reason of the silence was explained when, on reaching the
he found that the portal was shut against him. They had
ɔrgotten him, or taken it for granted that he had left the
:fore them, it mattered not which. He was locked in ! Now
ıary person in such a situation would have at once begun
a row to be released. Not so Professor Sonnenschein. In
ı dilemma the philosophy of his great nature asserted itself.
tried the door to make quite sure that it was locked, and,
hat it was so, he calmly stroked his moustache, a droll smile
ıbout his features. His sense of the ridiculous was touched.
d travels far on a still evening. A few hardy blows against

nile. "No wonder that such talented ladies spoil their eyes
ve to wear spectacles."

esently he halted at the doorway and gazed down into the
abyss.

The witching time of night," he muttered. "Thou must
y thy heart, Gottlieb, and descend to make acquaintance with
hosts of the castle."

uiting the action to the word, he groped his way down the
ling stairs, which seemed interminable. At the foot black dark-
enveloped him, and he was glad to avail himself of a few
ches to light him along the passage.

As vulgar superstitious fear can scarcely exist in a mind of high
ral culture, nor could his imagination admit of the supernatural,
Professor wandered from room to room; impressed, it is true, yet
ene and composed in spirit. The effect of the half-revelations in-
ced by the moonbeams falling through the window-holes was weird
the extreme. He made mental notes of what he saw, for the
stic hour and the sense of isolation made his mind receptive and
alytic.

If suddenly a fantastic winged creature flitted across the glimpses
the moon, his cool judgment pronounced it a bat; if unearthly
stillness, he told himself that they proceeded

ll inspire him with admiration. The
y window-holes stirred the banners

choes, seemed to fill the old place with waves of sound that wailed nd moaned like legions of lost souls.

Instinctively he crouched down and put up his arms, under the impression that something was about to tumble on his head. However, the noise ceasing, and finding himself unhurt, he sat up and looked about him.

Professor Sonnenschein, as we have stated, had no belief in the supernatural, but how was he to account for what he saw? He had heard of optical delusions—was he the victim of one?

He strained his eyes and stared with all his might. Yes, it was there, and he was in perfect possession of all his faculties.

A female figure was gliding noiselessly along the far end of the hall. She held a lamp aloft in her hand; its rays illuminated her features, they were transcendently lovely. Her large and lustrous eyes moved awfully from side to side as she advanced. She was dressed in a long white robe that swept the ground behind her. Her thick flaxen braids hung down from her shapely head to her waist. "She is the personification of Faust's Gretchen," thought Sonnenschein, beginning to glow with admiration. The lighted cigar that he had held between his fingers smouldered forgotten at his feet on the floor.

All at once she stopped short, and her face seemed to assume an expression of astonishment which was wonderfully human. She sniffed the air.

"Tabac!" she murmured in German, "I could be sworn. How very odd!"

After gazing about her for a few moments, yet, ghost like, seeing not the mortal that crouched in the chimney, she turned and entered the passage that led to other of the apartments, placed the lamp on the ground and retraced her airy steps back to the moon-lit hall.

Remarkable it was that, although this was the Professor's first acquaintance with a ghost, he was not in the least degree appalled. His only anxiety was that he might not, by inadvertent cough or sneeze scare it away. He remained motionless, and scarcely daring to breathe.

She had gone over to one of the windows, where she leaned looking so fair, so sweet, so spiritual, that had she unfolded a pair of silvery wings and flown away he would have grieved but scarcely have wondered.

Now she heaved a gentle sigh, ah! such a human sigh, that Sonnenschein had almost forgotten himself and sighed too in very sympathy. At length she moved away, re-entered the passage took up the lamp, then, gradually receding, was lost to his sight.

The next moment he had left his hiding-place and was following her. Whilst he groped his way in the dark his heart beat as tumultuously as that of the most ardent lover hastening to the presence of his mistress. At a bend in the passage he perceived a stream of light proceeding from the doorway of one of the apartments. He stole up to it, and cautiously advanced an eye.

She was there. With her back towards him she was bending over something in her hand; the lamp stood beside her on the stone table.

What was she so intent on? Could it be the likeness of some ghostly lover? What a paragon must he have been to have won the heart of this exquisite flower of maidenhood. Incredible as it may seem, the Professor experienced a pang of jealousy, his curiosity waxing so great that it got the better of his discretion. He deliberately crept up behind and peeped over her shoulder.

With an absurd feeling of relief he discovered that it was an open note-book that she held, in which she was diligently writing with a pencil.

His curiosity was not yet satisfied—he must learn what she was writing; and eagerly leaning forward to read, his long beard accidentally swept her neck.

She gave a violent start, which brought her head into contact with his. To be a ghost's head it was a hard one, and the water rushed to his eyes from the blow. The book fell from her fingers. She turned and saw him. A cry that was strangely human escaped her lips, and her dilated eyes remained fixed, as though in awful fascination, on the intruder.

Aghast at the consequences of his temerity, Sonnenschein retreated to the doorway. He vainly strove to form words of apology, but his tongue refused utterance; he could only bow repeatedly, accompanying each inclination with gesticulations intended to convey the abject state of his feelings.

To his dismay he saw the beautiful eyes set like two stars; the small hands clutched the air as though seeking support, and had he not rushed forward and caught her she would have fallen on the hard stone.

Awful dilemma! What was he to do? He held the body—ah! no mistake about it, a real, natural body—and gazed wildly into the pale face. There was no water, no restorative, no assistance to be had. He lowered his burden to the ground, and fell to chafing the cold hands.

Presently she stirred. The fringed eyelids parted, and her eyes rested vaguely on the bearded face close to her own.

Sonnenschein's was a countenance calculated to win the confidence of the most timid of her sex. In its gentleness and strength it encouraged the weak to seek protection of its owner, and now it was eloquent with tenderest solicitude. As, half unconscious, she gazed into it, she gathered courage, but soon the singularity of her situation seemed to dawn on her. She moved uneasily.

"Do you feel better, madam?" he faltered.

"Better? What—what is the matter? Where am I?"

She raised herself to a sitting posture, and looked about her in bewilderment.

"In the castle, my lady—Rheineck."

"But—but who are you?" she stammered.

"My name, madam, is Sonnenschein—Professor Sonnenschein. A most unhappy man—wretch—to have been the cause of distress to you. I—I find myself unable to convey to you in words my remorse."

"But I do not understand," she interrupted. "How do you come to be here?"

"An unlucky accident—locked in, madam—last evening."

"Oh-h!" Her puzzled brain seemed to clear, a cloud of perplexity to leave her brow.

"But why you did not knock, I cannot conceive," she resumed. "Had you knocked at our door we would have let you through our dwelling. You have martyrised yourself unnecessarily, Herr Professor."

And now she grasped the edge of the table to pull herself to her feet, but Sonnenschein sprang forward to her aid. With a boldness and an agility which surprised himself he raised her in his arms.

"Are you sure, my dear lady, that you are able to stand alone?" he inquired, still retaining his hold of her, yet in a manner so delicate and reverential that the veriest prude could not have been offended.

"I am somewhat dizzy," she murmured, closing her eyes, and in a moment her flaxen head leaned on his breast.

Ah, how his heart bounded! He feared that its wild throbbings might alarm her.

Already she withdrew herself. Her eyes sought his, and a pair of the most bewitching dimples began to show in her fair cheeks. Her *sweet lips* parted, displaying a row of pearly teeth, and all at once she *broke into a silvery* laugh.

her dimples still playing at hide and seek.
ess that you are the talented lady who resides in the left
e castle," he replied ; "but how you entered the hall I can-
ne."
on a broom-stick, I assure you!" she cried gleefully. "And
ame like any other mortal. Do you know it?"
e not the happiness, dear lady."
Gretchen von Morgenstern."
chen, after all!" exclaimed Sonnenschein, forgetting him-
surprise and delight. The next moment he was covered
sion, for a deep blush suffused her face.
ousand pardons, madam!" he implored. "Think not, I
that I could presume to address you by that familiar name.
o my lips involuntarily, because, when first I saw you, I was
of the Gretchen in Goethe's 'Faust.' You seemed the
nt of the poet's divine conception. Will you forgive

he was speaking, her looks sought the ground in shy em-
nt, which, however, were entirely free from displeasure.
ed. "I have nothing to forgive," she responded. "It is
am a blonde that you thought me like Gretchen. Besides,
a very common name."
of all names the sweetest," insisted the Professor, with so
mth that she was fain to laugh again, and her white teeth
r under lip. Presently she exclaimed :
a bad hostess. You, poor prisoner, have had no supper,
ong past midnight. Come, Herr Professor, and I will see

"Tante Hildegard will open her eyes when she sees you," observed Gretchen as they traversed the hall.

"Ah! you have an aunt who lives with you?"

"My good aunt Hildegard keeps house for me. I am an orphan."

At this sad announcement the tender-hearted Professor involuntarily pressed the little hand to his side. He echoed his companion's sigh, yet it gave him satisfaction to learn that she was alone in the world.

Now she left his side, and, going over to the west wall, she raised a piece of tapestry, discovering a low postern.

"You did not know of this door?" she asked smiling.

"No; it is a surprise to me, dear lady," he replied.

When she had taken him through, and was turning the grating key, he observed:

"That is the sound which made me think that the place was tumbling about me."

"You got a fright?"

"I was certainly startled, and still more so on seeing you. Had I seen you enter, I might have guessed that you were the lady resident in the castle, however much I might have wondered to behold a beautiful young lady in such a place at such an hour."

She blushed rosy red. "I had a fancy to see the grand old hall by moonlight," she explained. "Auntie thinks me in bed; she will scold when she finds out what I have been doing."

Meanwhile they had threaded a gallery, passed through a quaint old dining-room, and entered an inner apartment. On the wide hearth a wood fire still smouldered. The room was furnished with oak of ancient manufacture, the walls were covered with tapestry.

"I will leave you to replenish the fire," she said, "whilst I go and fetch Tantchen. You will find logs in that basket," and she flitted away.

Like one in a blissful dream, Sonnenschein obeyed. The dry fuel was soon in a blaze, making the gigantic figures on the tapestry dance in the darting flames. Gods were they, and right merry ones. He felt like one of them, but already he heard voices and a girlish laugh, which brought him down from Olympus to a world of equal delight.

She stood before him, and was presenting a little old lady in mysterious head-gear and flowered dressing-gown, who threw up her hands and exclaimed, as she scanned the unexpected guest:

"I beg most humbly to apologise, madam," he was beginning when she cut him short.

"Bless the man! how could you help it? It is the strangest thing! But why you did not knock and make them let you out, I cannot understand. Well, sit down, Herr—Herr—what was the name, Gretchen?"

"Herr Professor Sonnenschein, auntie."

"Sit down, Herr Professor, you are starving of hunger, I am sure. Gretchen, my child——"

But Gretchen was gone; and soon, to the Professor's delight and confusion, was placing food and wine before him with her own hands.

Eager to do justice to the fare, he partook plentifully of both, and as though the innocent "Drachensblut" had been nectar, it inspired him to eloquence. How he talked! Even Tante Hildegard forgot the lateness of the hour while she listened.

At length he recollected himself, and sprang to his feet with many apologies. The ladies would have persuaded him to stay in the castle, but this he declined, only begging permission to pay his respects to them on the morrow.

On taking his leave, so great was his exhilaration that he ventured to give Gretchen's hand a fervent squeeze, and even to carry it to his lips.

What more need be said? A straw will show how the wind blows. Not only the next day, but many subsequent ones saw our Professor mounting the private path to the castle, bearing with him offerings of flowers; until one memorable evening—he was due in Bonn on the morrow—he ascended the familiar steep with empty hands, his genial face clouded with anxiety; for in his waistcoat pocket lay a shining symbol that was destined either to consummate his happiness or plunge him in the depths of woe. A couple of hours later, when the setting sun was gilding the west, a pair of lovers might have been seen lingering on a certain balcony of the castle. The fair head of the lady rested confidingly on the broad shoulder of the bearded man, whose arm encircled her waist.

Since the startling news has got abroad that Sonnenschein is about to become a Benedict, and that his fair captor is endowed with the divine gift of poesy, we have no hesitation in identifying the lovers on the balcony.

ROUND THE TOWN WITH DR. JOHNSON.[1]

WHETHER London be a pleasant place to live in, no man shall decide for another. Love of London, or dislike of London, is a question of temperament and not a matter of argument, except amongst those dreadful people who dispute their way through life. Many great men would not willingly have dwelt elsewhere, and of these the type, the most famous instance, has long been Dr. Johnson. None of his sayings is more quoted, in part at least, than that in which, after forty years' rough experience of London, he dispelled Boswell's doubt whether a man would not lose his zest for London if, instead of an occasional visit, he made it his residence. "Why, sir," cried Johnson, "you find no man at all intellectual who is willing to leave London. No, sir; when a man is tired of London he is tired of life, for there is in London all that life can afford. A country gentleman should bring his lady to visit London as soon as he can, that they may have agreeable topics of conversation when they are by themselves." Dr. Johnson certainly visited London early, for he was only thirty months old when his mother, as he could recollect, brought him up from Lichfield to be touched by Queen Anne for the King's Evil. When about twenty-eight, Johnson commenced Londoner for life.

Thenceforward Johnson might, indeed, lodge occasionally at Greenwich, or at Hampstead, or he might visit the Thrales at Streatham, or take country holidays when his pension permitted, but he remained a Londoner, an incurable Londoner, and his love of London never left him. He mentally returned to it as he gazed on beautiful scenes. He compared his favourite Fleet Street to Tempè; and, on the visit to Greenwich Park, he readily assented to Boswell's preference for Fleet Street. On his first quitting England, which was in 1773, and for the tour in the Hebrides, we find Johnson, after two months, declaring that, "by seeing London I have seen as

[1] Read at the Johnson Club, London, on 13th December, 1892.

ch life as the world can show." When Boswell thereupon rashly inded Johnson that he had not seen Pekin, Johnson thundered "What is Pekin? Ten thousand Londoners would drive all the ple of Pekin; they would drive them like deer." And when, years later, Boswell, melancholy, and in Scotland, had to be soled, it was by a letter in which Johnson said that happiness ht be had "in other places as well as London." Yet Johnson ld not "debauch" Boswell's mind. He adds, "I do not blame r preference of London to other places, for it is really to be ferred if the choice is free." And, in spite of all temptations, nson remained a Londoner. More than once he was offered ntry preferment if he would take orders; but, as he told his old nd, the Rev. Dr. Maxwell, "he could not leave the improved iety of the capital." Mrs. Thrale rightly said that Johnson would ather be sick in London than well in the country."

In London, then, Johnson would live. To London, in the last nths of his life, he returned to die. Who shall contend against h a choice as this? Philosophers may say, as of old, that they never less alone than when alone. Travellers may go to Pekin, elsewhere. Poets may sing with Cowley of a small house and a ge garden, or with Mr. Andrew Lang of a "house full of books l a garden of flowers," but they must at least pityingly admit that are all happy if but well deceived, and that Johnson was happy in London. It was not for the society of the obscure great, for he d little of it; it was not for riches, for he never over-valued them. fe, in truth, was to him more than a livelihood. He lived, like the e artist in life, for a frame of mind. It was for the freedom, for intellectual activity, and for the social opportunities which are deed life, that Johnson loved London.

It is fit, therefore, for us to consider what manner of place was s London of Johnson's day. We cannot now go all round the n even with Dr. Johnson. We cannot deal with all the aspects London life then, but, whatever else we omit, we must pause to nsider what London was then in size and population.

London is a word which has had in various centuries very different anings. Once it meant the City of London as contrasted with other city of Westminster. In our time it generally means what called the "Metropolis," a forest of houses occupying over 000 acres, and containing four and a quarter millions of people. Johnson's time it may, by an "extensive view," be taken to in-de the cities of London and Westminster, the borough of South-k, and a few then half-rural parishes, such as Hackney on the

north, and Lambeth on the south, which were included in the bills of mortality. This was an area of 21 587 acres, with a population, when Johnson came up to be "touched" by Queen Anne, of a little over half a million, and, when he died, still under three-quarters of a million. This smaller London hardly grew at all in the first half of the eighteenth century; and, in the latter half, although the predecessors of the modern speculative builder tried to make the best of this world, they experienced some disappointments. The American War of Independence gave George III. and the builder a severe check, and only when the Bastille had fallen did the builder again lift up his head. But Johnson was dead then, and Johnson's London is now our concern.

It was said of old time that grass grew where Troy had been. The converse is true of London. The country is always struggling with the town, and the country has lost much ground since Johnson's day. No part of London was then situated more than a quarter of an hour's walk from fields and hedgerows. Look at the maps of London then. There is, for example, one published in the "Environs of London," by J. Roque, 1763. The mansions of Kensington and of Fitzjohn's Avenue, the closely packed dwellings, north and south, east and west, from Hornsey to Penge, and from Putney and Hammersmith, to Woolwich and West Ham—where are they on this map? Here and there is seen a house or little group of houses; but, for the most part, there are only fields and commons. Chelsea, Kensington, and Paddington were rural places. The groves of St. John's Wood were unknown; and in another map, dated 1773, Hackney, Stepney, Paddington and Chelsea are the country outskirts of the town. Until the middle of the century Rotherhithe was isolated, and until the end of the century Marylebone and St. Pancras had much less than a fourth of their present population.

Johnson's friend, General Oglethorpe, had shot woodcock in a solitude where Regent Street now stands. Johnson's acquaintance, Mrs. "Blue Stocking" Montague, lived in Portman Square, called it the "Montpellier of England," and died aged eighty. Johnson's physician, the "virtuous and faithful Heberden," is celebrated by Cowper since he "sends the patient into purer air." Yet Heberden sent his patients to South Lambeth, because it was on the banks of a tidal river with a south-west wind "fresh from the country, and a north-east wind softened by blowing over the town." A public-house, just beyond Whitfield's Tabernacle, Tottenham Court Road, had the reputation of being the last house in London, and that reputation was, with others, only lost under the Regency. So scattered were

houses, that, from the region of the Alhambra, then Leicester lds, the heads of the rebels of 1745 could be seen on Temple Bar, d Queen's Square, Bloomsbury, was left open on the north side after Johnson's death, that a fair country prospect might be joyed. Grosvenor Square was built after Boswell knew Johnson; d Portman Square was not finished till about the year of Johnson's ath. It also had a fine open prospect to the north.

Those suburbs to which, as Lord Rosebery says, men carry me their fish for dinner in a basket, were hardly known. Mer- ants generally lived in the city, as they are represented rather er in Jane Austen's novels; lawyers dwelt in or around the Inns Court; and actors near the two Theatres, Covent Garden and rury Lane.

Yet even the London of those days did not escape the eternal x of things. Covent Garden and Soho were ceasing to be fashion- le, and Mayfair was becoming too small for the aristocracy. Up the middle of the century they found room east of Hyde Park. ow they begin to migrate to the west of it. Improvement schemes ve swept away many streets and buildings, and done much to alter ondon.

The bad quality of the bricks, notorious so long ago as the time Charles II., has also helped to play havoc with the buildings of hnson's London. Fire has consumed the House of Commons here he reported, or invented, the debates; and the Drury Lane heatre, where, in 1749, his play "Irene" was damned whilst he felt like the Monument."

From Charing Cross to Whitechapel, where, as Johnson told oldsmith, there was "the greatest series of shops in the world," little emains of eighteenth-century London. His church, St. Clement Danes, "sedate and mannered elegance," as Mr. Henley calls it, St. Paul's Cathedral, part of the Bank of England, Clerkenwell Gate, he Tower, the Mansion House, and a few churches, are the chief uildings on which Johnson looked and we can look also. But who hall find the house of the Dillys, those hospitable booksellers in he Poultry, who dared to entertain Johnson with Wilkes? Where ow is the local habitation of the Cock Lane Ghost? And many of Johnson's own dwelling-places, his friends' houses, and his places of musement, have gone, or cannot be identified. It is true that his sidence in Gough Square stands, but where are those of Wood- ock Street, or Castle Street, or Staple Inn? We shall look in vain r his chambers in the Inner Temple Lane, where, in Boswell's ne, he lived in "poverty, total idleness and the pride of literature,"

talked as "correctly as a second edition," and received Madame de Boufflers with such a polite air. The house in Bolt Court, where the elder Disraeli left his MSS., and where Samuel Rogers knocked and ran away, was destroyed soon after Johnson's death. His taverns, which were his clubs, have also generally vanished. Some, such as the "Cheshire Cheese," and the "Cock," of Tennyson's Poem, were probably visited by him, but they have only traditional connection with Johnson's name. There were, however, others to which he undoubtedly went.

The "Pine Apple," near St. Martin's Lane, where he dined, as an abstainer, for sevenpence, and gave the waiter a penny; the "King's Head," in Ivy Lane, where one of his earliest clubs was founded, in 1748, and the "Turk's Head," Soho, where, in 1763, *The Club* was founded—these have all gone. Sadder is the loss of "The Devil Tavern," which stood between the Temple Gate and Temple Bar. It was the old tavern of Ben Jonson. There he gathered his "boys," drank seas of "canary," and received those who desired to be "sealed of the tribe of Ben." There, too, Swift and Addison were treated to a dinner by Dr. Garth, and there Johnson, in 1751, gave that supper to Mrs. Charlotte Lennox, and nearly twenty other friends, to celebrate the birthday of the lady's first novel. At 8 P.M. they began, and at near 8 A.M. they broke up. Meanwhile, as they remembered, there had been a hot apple pie, stuck with bay leaves, and during the last three hours Johnson's face had "shone with meridian splendour," though his drink had been "only lemonade." Lemonade must have been purer then.

Since the taverns and coffee-houses in and out of Fleet Street were numerous—and Leigh Hunt is, no doubt, correct in declaring that Johnson was in every one of them—it would, perhaps, be unreasonable to expect them all still to be standing, in these days of temperance and County Councils. But the "Mitre"? Must the "Mitre" go, and the gaiety of London be eclipsed? Yes, the "Mitre," not that in Mitre Court, but the true and original "Mitre" in Fleet Street, "the orthodox high church sound of the Mitre," as Boswell said, was not safe from what Johnson, mourning over the loss of Tyburn, called the "fury of innovation." The "Mitre" had existed at least from the early part of the seventeenth century, and Johnson was happily spared by death the sight of its approaching abolition in 1788. It would be difficult to exhaust the great subject of Johnson and the "Mitre." His visits were apparently notorious, for within a month after Boswell first met Johnson, Boswell knew that the "Mitre" was Johnson's frequent resort. How Boswell proposed a visit there, and how they supped well, discussed

poetry, religion, ghosts, and Boswell's private affairs, and drank two bottles of port, and how they sat till between one and two in the morning—is it not all written in the best biography in the world? Although Johnson dropped the port, and degenerated to water or lemonade, he and Boswell often went again to "keep up the custom of the 'Mitre'"; and, in truth, Johnson had been there before. "Come," said he, "you pretty fools," to the two young women from Staffordshire who consulted him on the subject of Methodism—"Come, you pretty fools, dine with Maxwell and me at the 'Mitre,' and we will talk over that subject:" and they did. But perhaps we had better leave the "Mitre."

We can see Johnson, on some more decorous day, walking along Fleet Street. It must not be in early life, or early morning. In early life Johnson endured "the patron and the jail," and early morning he rarely saw, unless it was very early morning. He found, as we do now, that in London "the day does not go with the sun"; and Johnson, unless obliged by work, or tempted by Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," did not rise till noon. It should not be late, for the dark and ill-paved streets are not too safe, and had not Johnson been himself attacked? Let it be after his morning bedroom reception. He dresses in an untidy bushy grey wig, a plain brown suit, black worsted stockings, and shoes with silver buckles—the buckles and wigs just survived him.

The sedan chairs and the coaches, the ballad singers, the street cries, the street signs, so serviceable for chairmen and porters who could not read numbers, the men as well as the women wearing coloured clothes, the clergy and physicians in their gowns, all make the streets lively. Even later Charles Lamb could say, "I often shed tears in the motley Strand for fulness of joy at so much life." Johnson rolls through it in that strange way which made people stare. It is daytime, and he does not laugh so as to be heard at the other end of Fleet Street. But he goes along talking to himself, and tapping posts, or mysteriously picking up orange peel. His sight is bad; but, as Goldsmith's story proves, he sees the heads on the top of Temple Bar. Johnson passes Butchers Row, where Guy Fawkes had met his fellow-conspirators, and where the Law Courts now stand. He passes Clements Inn and Clifton's eating-house, which he sometimes used; he passes Essex Street, where, at the "Essex Head," he was to establish his last Club. He may call at a house which was afterwards the first London residence of George Eliot, and was in Johnson's day called the "Turk's Head." It was at the corner of Catherine Street. "I encourage this house," said Johnson, "for the

mistress of it is a good civil woman and has not much business. He passes Exeter Street, where he first lodged and lived upon fourpence-halfpenny a day, and the shop of the good bookseller Wilcocke, of whom he and Garrick had in those early days borrowed a five-pound note; and so to Exeter Change, where for half a crown Pidcock showed lions and tigers, whose roars frightened the passing horses. Thence to the "Fountain Tavern," where Johnson read "Irene" to Peter Garrick, and where "Simpson's" now stands. Then came Northumberland House, the northern front of which was twice rebuilt in Johnson's time; and finally Charing Cross. It was then a narrow place without Trafalgar Square, but there, as we all well know, he found the "full tide of human existence." If Johnson had turned off before he reached Charing Cross, be sure it was to Garrick's new house in the Adelphi, or to Dr. Burney's near St. Martin's Lane; or perhaps to visit either Tom's Coffee House, or Wills, or the shop of Davies the bookseller, who had the famous "pretty wife," and introduced Boswell to Johnson. Or Johnson proceeding, might reach more distant haunts beyond Charing Cross—say the "British Coffee House" in Cockspur Street, or Dodsley's, the bookseller's shop, in Pall Mall, or he would cross Leicester Fields to Reynolds's house; or push further west to St. James's Square, where, in lack of a lodging, he and Savage had, in earlier years, walked round all night and sworn to stand by their country.

If Johnson desire to return another way, he has to cross the river or return by boat.

Luckily, old Westminster Bridge, the bridge upon which Wordsworth wrote his famous sonnet, had been opened in 1750. But, if the walk be before 1768, there is no crossing at Blackfriars, where Daniel Deronda was to meet the waiting Mordecai.

The river is pleasant and safe, except in shooting London Bridge. There are at Hungerford, or the Temple Stairs, many small boats rowed by jolly young watermen in red stockings. Johnson is used to this mode of conveyance. He had gone with Boswell more than once on the Thames. But one practice, which time has not spared, but which was at least as old as Addison's Sir Roger de Coverley, startles us. People passing on the river abuse each other, and are, if possible, satirical. Now, although Mr. Burke afterwards admired it, should we not have been shocked to hear Johnson, the great lexicographer, the stern moralist, reply, as he did from his boat, to some ribaldry, by exclaiming, "Sir, your wife, under pretence of keeping a bawdy-house, is a receiver of stolen goods"? Johnson, on this occasion, may be considered to return by the Temple Stairs, and that early;

but this is really most unusual. Sometimes he would dine or drink tea with Mrs. Williams, the head of his odd charitable house; but he seldom came home till two in the morning. Let us hope he had come back earlier on that memorable night when at 3 A.M. Beauclerk and Langton knocked him up for a "frisk."

We have not time to see Johnson at the houses of his friends or acquaintances, or at his clubs. "Round the town," is of course in public places. Now, London at that time had few theatres; but it had many spas and tea gardens, and such places of recreation. Johnson, like a philosopher, defended their existence, and, like a wise man, went to them. "Sir, I am a great friend to public amusements, for they keep people from vice." There are many recorded instances of Johnson's visits to public places. At Marylebone Gardens, when there was an attempt to cheat him and others of the fireworks, I regret to find that he seems to have aided and abetted in a riot. But Vauxhall and Ranelagh were the chief public places of an age when responsibility for the universe had not been invented, and man dared to give his soul a loose.

I wish I could show you Johnson at Vauxhall Gardens, which witnessed the gaiety of seven generations, and were in their prime in Johnson's day. Boswell refers to and praises them. He rightly foresaw a long future for Vauxhall, so "peculiarly adapted to the taste of the English nation." Mr. Austin Dobson has described Vauxhall for us. In Johnson's day Goldsmith and Horace Walpole, Fielding and Smollett, all refer to this place, with walks "so intricate that the most experienced mothers have often lost themselves in looking for their daughters"; and it endured to be again described by Thackeray. Johnson must, of course, have been there. Rowlandson represents him in a picture as supping at Vauxhall. But, alas! there is no record of a visit. As to the other famous place, Ranelagh, he knew it well. Ranelagh was a public garden at Chelsea, opened at a cost of more than £12,000 in 1742, when Johnson was busy giving the "Whig dogs" the worst of it in his parliamentary debates. Ranelagh lasted till twenty years after Johnson's death. It was the predecessor of "Venice in London." The admission was usually one shilling. There were to be found a rotunda and a lake, and a Venetian pavilion, and also trees and alleys, and boxes for refreshments. It was called by Horace Walpole "an immense amphitheatre full of little ale houses." There were public suppers and concerts. It was at first very fashionable, and Lord Chesterfield said he had "ordered all his letters to be directed thither." It must once have been *a merry*, yet proper place; for the ex-

l, or let others be cheated, of a simple pleasure. In fact, n had one excellent qualification for going round the town, are told he "disliked much all speculative desponding con- ons," and hated "a *cui bono* man." "Sir," said he to l, who was demanding reasons, "Sir, it is driving on the of life." Thus was Johnson, in his genial hour, one of iends of the human race, the enemies of too much gravity; uld he keep the balance true between his mortal and his al part. Johnson, like the rest of us, had not discovered the cret of happiness, but his face was set in the right way, and Horace, englished by Johnson's favourite Dryden, had not n that—

> Happy the man, and happy he alone,
> He who can call to-day his own,
> He who, secure within, can say,
> To-morrow do thy worst; for I have liv'd to-day.
> Be fair, or foul, or rain, or shine,
> The joys I have possess'd, in spite of fate, are mine.
> Not Heaven itself upon the past has power:
> But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.

GEORGE WHALE.

WHY GROW OLD?

IT may seem a curious assertion to make, but it is nevertheless an absolutely true one, namely, that a man's life is not measured by the years that he has lived, but by the way in which he has spent them. Many a person may be as young and active at seventy as another at twenty-five, and the length of his life, his health, and his ability to enjoy green old age, depend in a great measure on what the surroundings have been in the earlier years of existence. It is perfectly true that everyone may not be born with a strong and healthy constitution. There are certain constitutional defects that are hereditary in certain families, and these under certain circumstances may influence length of life. For instance, we may inherit the scrofulous taint and fall victims, if not careful, in early life to consumption. We may inherit the gouty taint, and be subject to all the ills that this disease entails in middle age in those who do not learn how to diet themselves. We may be born of families in whom the tendency to obesity is more than usually developed, and this in advancing life may be a serious drawback to comfort, and will undoubtedly tend to shorten existence. But all these weaknesses and idiosyncrasies of inherited constitution may be wonderfully improved, and even, eventually, entirely remedied, if in early life proper care in regard to exercise, food, fresh air, and those surroundings which tend to strengthen the system, and improve constitutional stamina, are made a part of the daily routine.

A boy or a girl should be trained to indulge in athletic exercises of some kind, so that the habits of taking exercise may become established, and this, once acquired, is seldom neglected even as years advance. The boy who is fond of football, cricket, tennis, and other athletic games will, from the simple love of emulation, always keep up his muscular and nervous strength, and this will stand him in good stead in middle age, and even in a greater degree in old age.

In a former article in this Magazine I gave some statistics with regard to the after career of University men, and those statistics showed that their lives were longer than those of others who in college

life were of a more sedentary habit. That is, they lived and are living to beyond the average duration of life at any given age. Some who have come to me of late, to remedy by dietetic means —the only means I adopt—the tendency to obesity or gout, have been fine specimens of physique.

We all know that a seed planted, whether it be a grain of wheat or an acorn, depends for its proper development upon careful manuring and proper attention in its early existence, as to whether it becomes a strong plant or dies in its infancy. If it is planted in congenial soil, and is properly watered and cared for, it will live and grow luxuriously ; but if in improper soil, and left to take care of itself, it will possibly soon die. It is the same with a human being, and however weakly it may be as an infant, if it is properly nursed and taken care of, the foundation is often laid of a mature and sound constitution.

The law of the survival of the fittest may, in some instances, be a cruel one ; but it is a beneficent one, for it does not seem right that those entering the world should be handicapped with the weaknesses of their ancestors, and those who have the well-being of the race at heart, hold the opinion that constitutions that inherit any strongly marked hereditary weakness should not be allowed to contract obligations that may and will entail suffering upon a future generation.

We do not attempt to rear plants and flowers from imperfect specimens, nor does the agriculturist breed his stock from any but the best and healthiest in any class that he may wish to propagate, and surely the same amount of care and selection should be used with regard to our own species. In the higher ranks of life we see better specimens of the English race than in the lower ones, for more care is exercised in this respect. Something more, of course, must be allowed for this greater care and attention bestowed up to adolescence. Whereas it is estimated that out of every million people born, only ninety thousand reach the age of eighty, eleven thousand that of ninety, and two thousand the age of ninety-five,—really, treble that number should reach these respective ages ; in fact, if all the surroundings of life in every way were as they should be, there is no reason why six times the number should not reach these ages.

Much of the comfort of middle and old age depends upon early training and early feeding, and I refer here more particularly to school life. Neither mind nor body should be *forced*. While the intellectual faculties are being trained, the bodily requirements should be attended to. *The constitution is being* built up during the

years that a boy is being educated for his pursuits in after-life. I can remember my own life at a well-known school in a fashionable town five-and-thirty years ago, and I often wonder I survived it when I recall many circumstances. No proper care was taken of us; hunger, thirst, badly cooked meat and vegetables, sanitary defects, were the rule. Many a time, hungry as a schoolboy should be, have I had put before me for dinner meat that was scarcely warmed outside, and this or nothing had to be my meal. Had it not been for an old man who used to come to the playground selling buns and cakes, I do not know how at times we should have endured the pangs of hunger, or subsisted on the scanty fare allowed, even had it been properly cooked, which it seldom was. Fortunately, nowadays, I believe, the cuisine in public schools is much improved, and more care is taken that growing boys should have a sufficiency of those foods that lay the foundations of a sound constitution in after-life. A parent would do well, before sending his progeny to school, to see that the ventilation of the rooms, the sanitary arrangements of the school, and the diet and the capabilities for gymnastics and out-door exercise are adequate. These things are of as much, if not of more, importance than the knowledge of Greek and dead languages, &c. There is every reason why, while the intellectual faculties are being trained, proper care should be taken of the material part; in fact, a boy's mind cannot be stored with information which may be useful to him in after-life, and the health maintained at a standard to resist disease, if, at the same time, the brain is not fed by proper food, and the constitutional stamina kept up by exercise and fresh air.

There are some diseases due to carelessness in early life that leave traces that may handicap their possessor throughout existence, and possibly the worst of all is rheumatic fever. In this case, mischief may be done to the heart that can never be remedied, and, therefore, it is necessary in the days of adolescence, when the individual is careless of consequences, that a boy or a girl should be properly clad, and more especially that the covering next the skin should be flannel. The tendency that rapid changes of temperature have to induce this disease where an individual inherits the gouty and rheumatic diathesis, should make its prevention a matter of great importance, and much may be done by forethought and care to obviate the risk. Another result of school life that may bear bitter fruit in after-life, that never seems to have attracted the attention it should do, is that the weak and the strong are allotted the same amount of intellectual work. This *should not* be. "The wind should be tempered to the shorn lamb,"

the amount of intellectual work of each boy should bear some portion to his physical and mental power.

Of course, it would be useless to expect the young to apply to mselves rules that bear fruit when they get to middle and old age. ey are too young to have forethought and to understand that, like ottle of new port, they ought to carefully mature, so as to improve time goes on. It is a melancholy circumstance, as I have seen even ently, a lad, unfortunately left with boundless wealth and a great me, beginning life at seventeen years of age and becoming a maturely old man at twenty-four, and there are few medical men large experience who cannot recall numerous instances of men o have overdrawn their constitutional bank before the age of enty to such an extent that the account can never be placed on e right side on this side the grave.

If I were asked what factors would conduce to green old age, d the ability to enjoy life to past the eighties, I should say it was matter of plenty of good food, fresh air, and exercise in early life. t, alas! how few people take the trouble to consider for one oment what food would be most suitable for their particular re- irements, or the requirements of their children, at a time when is is all-important. We cannot put old heads on young shoulders, t we can suggest to those who have young lives in their charge, at they have a serious trust, and what their duty is in this respect.

We know that meat and bread furnish all that is necessary to stain life, but, of course, we do not live on meat and bread alone. he ordinary living is made up of thousands of different articles in ily use. Still, there are certain rules that particularly apply in this ay, that certain constitutions require a larger proportion of one rticular class of food than other constitutions, and the man who os a large amount of physical labour requires a different mode of ieting from one who is sedentary. It would be impossible to enter nto a subject of this kind at length in a short article. Diet, how- ver, undoubtedly has much to do with long life, and this more specially applies in its application to the particular calling of each ndividual. The engine of an express train is coaled differently from hat of a slow one. A race-horse is fed and exercised differently from cart-horse, &c.

A man brought up in an active occupation that entails a certain mount of muscular exercise, can take an amount of food that a man f sedentary habits would not stand, and, therefore, a certain differ- nce should be made in the composition of the diet taken by the two. ood is simply fuel, and in *a general way* answers the same purpose.

As Dr. B. W. Richardson, in his interesting work, "Diseases of Modern Life," observes: "The English middle class, who may be exhibited as types of comfortable people, moderately provided for, take on an average twelve ounces of mixed solid food for breakfast, twelve ounces for midday meal or luncheon, and from twenty to thirty ounces for their late modern dinner or ancient supper. A total of from forty-five to fifty ounces of solid sustenance is in fact taken, to which is added from fifty to sixty ounces of fluid in the way of tea, coffee, water, beer, wine. This excess is at least double the quantity required for the sustainment of their mental and bodily labour."

He then gives a good illustration of this, and says: "I was once consulted in respect to the symptoms with which the idle inmates of a large and wealthy establishment suffered. I was told that an affection very much like dysentery had become developed, and was unusually obstinate of cure. The water supply of the establishment, the drainage, the ventilation, had all in turn been blamed and altered to no effect. I found the unfortunate sufferers were sitting down regularly to four heavy meals a day, with animal food at each meal; that they took between meals no exercise adequate for utilising a little of the potential energy that was stowed up in their tightly packed organisms.

"This one fact seemed to me sufficient to account for the phenomenon, and the instant relief that followed the cruel prescription of 'double the work and halve the food,' was proof direct that the process of cure was immediate."

This quotation I reproduce as illustrating what I have pointed out, that the amount of food should be adapted to the requirements of the system, and to the amount of physical or intellectual work done, if it is not to be harmful in some way. If these individuals had been huntsmen or whippers-in to a pack of hounds, the food would probably have been just sufficient for the requirements of the system. If we want to see good illustrations of green old age, we must look for it in men who are noted for their physical and intellectual vigour; and a man who takes active exercise, whether in cutting down trees or in brisk walking and other physical pursuits, and in addition to this does plenty of brain-work, lives carefully, and drinks but very moderately, may, long after he is an octogenarian, control the destinies of a mighty nation, and give indications of mental and bodily vigour that would shame many half his age. The wiry frame of such a man will be vigorous when the obese and sedentary individual of the same age has drifted into senility and second childhood.

There is no more fatal barrier to long life than obtains in the case

a man who has until middle age been used to active occupation, d been employed in business pursuits that have engrossed his ne and energies, and then suddenly retires to a life of ease, luxury, d enjoyment. The revulsion that such a change entails seems to row the whole human machine out of gear. The surroundings in e way of diet and exercise are seldom considered and adapted to e altered circumstances, and the result is that the different organs at looked to the stimulation of active occupation to keep them in orking order, become clogged with waste ; and those diseases that epend upon such a state of affairs, such as congested liver, indiges-on, obesity, gout, bronchial troubles, &c. soon manifest themselves. oes not this equally apply to any piece of mechanism? Even take clock, for instance ; if dust, rust, and dirt are allowed to accumulate its working parts, how soon (be its steel ever so highly tempered) es the friction of adventitious matter throw its harmony of move-ent out of order.

Work of some kind or another seems essential to the well-being the human organism. Even a machine keeps in better order when is worked, looked after and oiled, than when it is neglected and lowed to rust. Up to middle age persons may indulge in any nount of hard physical exercise—that is, if they are wiry and of oper physical proportion ; but if a tendency to corpulency super-nes, certain changes in the blood-vessels and other organs, on whose althy action robust health depends, take place. These become akened and altered in texture, so that any attempt at undue exercise attended with a certain amount of risk. Hence, anyone who wishes live to old age, and enjoy it, should look with anxiety at the first dication of corpulency. How many patients have consulted me to hom I have pointed out personally or by correspondence that they have aried for years an unnecessary burden in the way of surplus weight; d after, by proper dietetic treatment, they have been relieved of it, ith improvement in health and condition, they have regretted that r so many years they should have been weighted with a useless and ncomfortable load.

Of course the tendency to corpulency is a very common one, and know of no condition that tends to shorten life and to make it ore of a misery, especially as years advance. The extra work of rrying unnecessary fat entailed on the heart alone, is quite sufficient shorten life ; but worse than this even, it lays the system more en to congestive diseases and less able to bear treatment for their e. It is the greatest bar to enjoyable old age. I suppose my perience of this condition *is exceptional, as I* devote the whole of

my professional time to remedying it and a few other diseases of malnutrition, by a system of scientific dieting now well known. As this condition is the result of taking certain foods in undue proportions, its remedy lies in properly apportioning these, and as soon as those who unduly increase in weight are taught what the injurious ingredients of their daily diet are, and advised to curtail them for a time, the result is that they lose unnecessary tissue rapidly and safely, with improvement in every way.

For a month or two the daily intake of food and its constituents must be carefully adjusted.

No purgative or other medicine is necessary for the purpose; indeed, violent purgative medicines are absolutely injurious, as they simply wash the food through, without giving it time to nourish the system, and debility, palpitation of the heart, and loss of condition result. Of course, a little mild aperient, in the shape of some natural mineral water, such as the "Franz Josef," is always harmless, and most people, from errors in diet, require something of this kind occasionally.

Electrical appliances and electric baths are quite useless as fat-reducing agents. Quack remedies of all descriptions should be avoided like poison; if they reduce weight they do it at the expense of health. Of this I have seen repeated examples, and this induces me more particularly to make these observations.

The meagre diet and quantity of water drunk at some of the spas abroad, of course, clears the system of waste; but this is only a temporary benefit, as the individual is not taught what little alteration he should permanently make in his diet. He comes home to his luxurious surroundings, and rapidly recharges the system with fat, gout poison, and other injurious products that form the elements of certain food which he takes in too great excess.

Exercise, proper selection in diet, and a little abstinence are better means of warding off an attack of gout than all the spas in existence, and the symptoms of an impending attack are well known to sufferers. As soon as the system is overcharged with the poison, an acute attack comes on. How much better to prevent the system being charged at all with an unnecessary poison, and this is only to be done by a proper selection in diet! Hard-worked labourers and the poor never suffer from gout, and the Scotch are entirely free. It is a disease of over-feeding—more especially in certain articles of food and drink—and under-working, and entails on its victim much misery, if not worse, and his progeny inherit the curse for generations after.

The evils that arise from errors in diet are properly remedied by diet. An excess of fat invariably depends upon the individual indulging to too great an extent in sweets and farinaceous food, and in not taking sufficient exercise to work it off. The surplus in such a case becomes stored in the system as fat, and can easily, as previously pointed out, be got rid of by a properly-constructed dietary. This may be very liberal indeed, but all fat-forming ingredients must be carefully cut off. I have known twenty-five pounds of fat lost in a month by dietetic means alone, with vast improvement in the general health and condition. Indeed, a loss of surplus fat always means a great improvement in condition as well as in activity and vigour.[1]

Different constitutions have peculiarities in regard to the way in which they assimilate food, and the old adage that what is one man's meat is another's poison is a very true one. There is no ailment more common in middle life and in old age than indigestion. This, of course, depends upon improper food taken too frequently and in undue quantity. As a rule, the victim of indigestion flies to medicines for relief, or to one of the thousand-and-one quack remedies that are advertised to cure everything.

How much more rational would it not be to alter the diet, and to give the stomach the food for which it is craving! If the stomach could talk, I can imagine it, after pills, and gin and bitters, and quack remedies of every description have been poured into it, begging to be relieved of such horrors, and saying, "Give me a little rest, and a cup of beef-tea and a biscuit, and go and take a little fresh air and exercise yourself." Instead of this, the miserable organ has to be dosed with all sorts of horrible concoctions in the way of drugs, brandies and sodas, and champagne, to endeavour to stimulate it into action. There is no doubt that the stomach that requires stimulants and potions to enable it to act efficiently, can hardly be said to be in a healthy state, or can long continue to do its work properly.

The digestive organs, unfortunately, are the first to sympathise with any mental worry. They are like a barometer, and indicate the errors of malnutrition and their consequences. The healthy action of every organ depends upon the proper assimilation of the food taken. As soon as the digestive process fails, everything fails, and ill-health results with all its disastrous concomitants.

Indigestion is more particularly the ailment of those engaged in sedentary pursuits, and if a person who is frequently the victim of it

[1] See *Foods for the Fat: the Dietetic Cure of Corpulency*, by Dr. Yorke-Davies. London: Chatto & Windus.

would, instead of flying to drugs, try such a diet as the following for a few days, he would not regret doing so. At least, this is my experience.

He should begin the day at 7 A.M. with a tumbler of milk and soda-water, or a cup of Liebig's beef-tea, or of bovril. At half-past seven he should take a tepid or cold sponge bath and rub the skin thoroughly with a coarse towel or, better still, before the bath, with a massage rubber.[1] At half-past eight for his breakfast, one or two cups of weak tea, with a little milk and no sugar. A little stale bread or dry toast. A grilled sole or whiting, or the lean of an underdone mutton chop, or a newly laid egg lightly boiled. For luncheon at one, a few oysters and a cut of a loin of mutton, some chicken or game, or any other light digestible meat. A little stale bread and a glass of dry sherry or moselle. Such a one should avoid afternoon tea, as he would poison, and at six or seven have his dinner, which should consist of plainly cooked fish, mutton, venison, chicken, grouse, partridge, hare, pheasant, tripe boiled in milk, sweetbread, lamb, roast beef, and stale bread. French beans, cauliflower, asparagus, vegetable marrow or sea kale, may be used as vegetable, and half a wineglassful of cognac in water may be drunk. If he takes wine, one or two glasses of dry sherry after dinner, and before retiring to bed a cup of Liebig's beef-tea and a biscuit may be taken.

During the day brisk walking exercise to an extent short of fatigue should be indulged in, or riding or cycling, as the case may be.

Such an individual in a few days would find himself a different person. Slight ailments of this kind, and errors of malnutrition, are much better treated by diet than by medicine. Of course, there are certain habits that are not conducive to long life, such as immoderate indulgence in the passions, whatever they may be, and the abuse of alcohol. There is no reason why a man should not enjoy, in moderation, all the good things of this life, and really, the enjoyment of them means taking them in moderation. The man who enjoys wine is the man who takes just sufficient to do him good, and the man who drinks wine to excess, and suffers the next morning from headache as a consequence, cannot be said to do so. Excess in alcoholic stimulants in early life, means sowing seeds that will bear bitter fruit in mature age—if the individual lives to see it. The habit of "nipping" is conducive to shortening life more than any other habit. It stimulates the different organs of the body into unnatural activity, and the

[1] This may be procured from Mr. Crutchloe, Albert Chambers, Victoria Street, Westminster.

esult is that certain of them, such as the liver and the heart, by the work thrown upon them, become, through the enlargement and engorgement of their tissues with blood, diseased after a time. This leads to their being useless as organs of elimination or of healthy structure, with the result that, when middle age is just over, the individual becomes prone to such complaints as Bright's disease, dropsy, cirrhosis of the liver, and other vital indications of decay. These habits are acquired in early life. The wind is sown then and the whirlwind is reaped later on. It is seldom that the young will learn the importance of, if I may so express it, training for old age, but there are exceptions to this rule. Only a few days ago a man came to consult me ; he belonged to the luxurious classes, and, though only twenty-three years of age, seemed to have the forethought of a man of sixty. A fine handsome young fellow of nearly six feet, he said to me, "Doctor, as most of my family have died young through becoming excessively fat, I want to know what I am to do to avoid this. I am already heavier than I should be." Now, a man in the full enjoyment of health and bodily vigour, who had so much foresight, and who wished to learn the means of attaining green old age, which he saw would be sapped by an hereditary tendency to obesity, undoubtedly deserves to do so, especially as the particular condition that he dreads can be so easily benefited without debarring him almost every luxury within his reach.

If more people followed this example, how many years longer would the average life be, and how much more pleasant would life become! One of the greatest barriers to the enjoyment of life in old age is the condition that this young man dreaded ; and my experience is that the food of old people is by no means always what it is wise for them to take. It seems to be the general opinion that old people should be always eating, that they should be stuffed, and that farinaceous food is what they should principally take. This, every one knows, tends to develop corpulency, which is, as I have explained, a most undesirable condition.

I find that if old people are put on a good meat diet in the way of strong soup, beef-tea, and animal food, and only just sufficient farinaceous food and fats and sugar to maintain the heat of the body, they increase wonderfully in energy and, as they often express it, feel twenty years younger. This is only natural ; it is a food of energy ; the food that builds up muscle, nerve, and constitutional stamina.

The requirements of the system in old age, as a rule, are not very great, and more harm is done by taking too much food than by taking too little. I have known people considerably over seventy derive

the greatest benefit from a thorough change in diet. It seems to rejuvenate them. Of course, in old age care should be taken that the body is not subjected to rapid changes of temperature. When the nervous power is decreasing as the result of age, and the system is losing the power of combating cold and strain upon its energy, a stimulating diet invigorates, and is conducive to maintaining constitutional stamina better than any other.

Any natural death but from old age and general decay is an accidental death; that is, it is due to causes which might, and even, perhaps, could, have been entirely avoided and remedied in earlier years. But, of course, all the secrets of attaining extreme age are not even now within our reach, and the few that I have pointed out are but a very few, and those of the commonest.

It is the inevitable law of nature that we must die. The vital energy that is implanted in the body at birth is only meant to sustain it for a certain number of years. It may be husbanded or wasted, made to burn slowly or rapidly. It is like the oil in a lamp, and may be burnt out to little effect in a little time, or carefully husbanded and preserved, and thus made to last longer and burn brighter.

It is a moot question whether every individual is not at birth gifted with the same amount of vital energy and of life-sustaining power. The probability is that each is. The circumstances of the environment from the cradle to the grave determine its future destiny.

It is a well-known fact that half of the infants born in certain crowded streets in Liverpool die before they arrive at the age of one year, whereas, under ordinary or healthy surroundings, a half would not die within the first five years of life. Why is this so? Simply because the surroundings are so detrimental to healthy development. Again, consumption is fatal to sixty thousand people in England alone, annually, and this is a disease born of hereditary taint, due to unhealthy surroundings and other health-depressing influences. In fact, as I have before said, most of the diseases which destroy in early life are due to causes which ought not to exist, and in time, as sanitary science advances, will not exist. We know that already the improved sanitation of the country is bearing fruit, that the average life is lengthening year by year, that many diseases that carried off tens of thousands in the days of our grandfathers are almost harmless now.

Smallpox has lost its terrors. The causes of such fatal diseases as typhoid, diphtheria, &c., are well established, and doubtless, in time, these plagues will be rooted out.

is no respecter of persons; it may have its origin in the
a pauper, but its baneful influence reaches the lordly palace
ble, and it engulfs all classes in its deadly embrace. The
and the plebeian are socially separated by a very wide gulf,
as epidemic disease goes, they are coterminous. Social dis-
are no barrier when the angel of death is following in the
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The happiest ending is when, with intellect unimpaired, and
senses uninjured, the same nature which put together the
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no has built a ship or a house likewise takes it down with
st ease, so the same nature which glued together the human

So the long and, in many cases, the weary pilgrimage of life is brought to a close with little apparent derangement of mental powers; the final scene may be short and painless, and the phenomena of dying almost imperceptible. The senses fail as if sleep were about to intervene, the perception becomes gradually more and more obtuse, and by degrees the aged man seems to pass into his final slumber.

In such an end the stock of nerve-power is exhausted—the marvellous and unseen essence, that hidden mystery, that man with all his powers of reasoning, that physiology with all the aid that science has lent it, and the genius of six thousand years, has failed to fathom. In that hour is solved that secret, the mystery of which is only revealed when the Book of Life is closed for ever. Then, we may hope, when Nature draws the veil over the eye that is glazing on this world, at that same moment she is opening to some unseen but spiritual eye a vista, the confines of which are only wrapped by the everlasting and immeasurable bounds of Eternity.

N. E. YORKE-DAVIES.

CHALCIS, AND WHAT WE SAW THEREIN.

THE circumstances which led to our becoming acquainted with the town of Chalcis, in the island of Eubœa, Greece, may be explained in a few lines. At Syra we had transhipped from the *Pera*—a Moss boat—on to a Greek steamer, running from there to the Piræus and Chalcis, and from thence we hoped to reach, by some means or other, a certain village in the north of the island, with whose hospitable proprietor we were to stay for some time.

On going on board the Greek steamer at Syra, a strange sight presented itself, her decks, fore and aft, being packed with a mass of recumbent humanity, clothed in a variety of picturesque costumes, and with every description of bag and bundle pressed into its service as a pillow. The weird and rather uncanny scene was here and there partially framed in by strips of canvas, serving as awnings, and which at nightfall reflected the light given out by a few sickly oil lamps on to the sleepers below.

Considering the narrow beam of the steamer, her height above the water, and the heavy top weight of peasants, the voyage even with fine weather did not promise to be a very agreeable one, and with the possible adjuncts of a rough sea and high wind formed an imaginary picture the contemplation of which was far from reassuring a bad sailor.

Leaving Syra at half-past eight for eight, we steamed slowly out the harbour and narrow channel leading to it, into the open sea, here the boat commenced to roll in a determined manner, responding to the fairly heavy waves that met her in a way which augured ill for her future behaviour. Personally, the rest of the night was passed, partly below in the saloon, which was better furnished than might have been expected, and partly on deck, amidst squalls of rain, sleet, &c., with food for the mind in the form of speculation from now and then as to the vessel's capability of righting herself after the heavy rolls in which she indulged. The miserable deck-passengers, lying on *the sloppy decks, were* exposed to the full

inclemency of the weather, and those of them who were not provided with shaggy *capotes*, must soon have been wet to the skin by the driving rain and scud from the sea. Down below, the fetid atmosphere added yet another misery to the situation, and it finally became a choice of being poisoned by bad air in the cabin or drenched to the skin, and possibly rolled overboard in one of the heavy lurches if the resolution was made of keeping on deck. After experiencing the discomforts of both, we are even now, while in full possession of our internal economies, unprepared to state which we would choose as a permanency. However, the night wore on, and the captain and mates were kept busy on the bridge working their lanterns with coloured slides, by means of which they directed the man at the helm to steer either port, starboard, or straight on; in addition to the above duties, they had to keep a very sharp look-out for the loom of the various islands—no easy matter on such a night—for there are few, if any, lighthouses erected on these Greek islands.

Dawn was just breaking as we entered the Gulf of Salamis, and on each side the mists were rolling away from the summits of the mountains of the Morea. Despite the congealing influence the previous night's experience, combined with the bitter cold of the early morning, might be supposed to possess over the imagination, it was difficult to prevent our fancy flying back two thousand years, and once more restoring to their ancient appearance the surroundings which that period had changed but little. On these waters, through which the steamboat of civilisation now moves so serenely, the fierce conflicting prows of Greece and Persia have met, and not the less savagely for the kingly eyes that were gazing upon the conflict from the summit of "sea-girt Salamis." From this spot was it also that Byron drew inspiration when commencing the Third Canto of "The Corsair."

Looking back from the entrance to the Piræus we seem almost to be at the northern extremity of an inland sea. At the entrance to the gulf lies the island of Ægina, and shutting in each side are the aforementioned ranges of mountains, between the other extremities of which is the island that gives its name to the gulf. Viewed through the drizzling rain and benumbed by the cold winds that tore down from the heights, it was but little wonder that our first impressions of Greece differed from those which the world has received from the sunlight verse of the poet we have above referred to.

The steamer remained the whole of that day at the Piræus, discharging cargo, and in the evening resumed her course to Chalcis,

which was approached about 7 A.M. the next morning. The channel of Mpourtzi along which we were threading our way was rich in colouring of every tint and shade; here the water was of a lovely sea-green, graduating towards the shore into a yellowish colour where it lapped the base of the olive-fringed mountains with their brown sides and snow-capped summits; further off it varied from light blue to the deepest indigo, the intermediate shades being imperceptibly blended with one another. To give life and character to the scene there were the elegant caiques, with their delicate-pointed sails and fragile spars, gliding down amidst numerous other barks under full sail, glad to avail themselves of the morning breeze.

The steamer anchored off the Turkish quarter of Chalcis, and facing the channel of Eubœa, over which there was formerly a bridge, connecting the island with the mainland; this strait, which connects Mpourtzi channel with that of Taranti, is very narrow, certainly not more than twenty or twenty-five yards in width, and has, at certain times of the day, a very powerful current flowing through it. It is related that this particular phenomenon was the cause of much vexation to Aristotle, and that he, in his baffled scientific zeal to find its cause, drowned himself near the spot; other and perhaps more reliable historians affirm that he died of a stomachic complaint at the town close by. A fairer, if not more sublime scene, than that which meets the eye when it roves over Chalcis Bay and the surrounding scenery, it would be hard to obtain. Anybody who has travelled in Greece cannot fail to have noticed the additional charm that the wonderfully thin, clear air of that country gives to the beauty of its scenery, lending to every object a brightness and brilliancy that is unknown in most other climes.

In the picture that lay stretched out before us, this purity of outline and colour was especially noticeable. Mount Candili, one of the highest mountains in Northern Eubœa, formed the most prominent point in a chain whose bases skirted the bay in a graceful curve. Their summits, at that season snow-covered, called attention to their own immaculate whiteness as well as to the deep blue of the ether which surrounded them, and which gave to their outline a crispness and clearness not obtained under other conditions. Lower down their sides, and where the warming influence of the sun had made itself felt, the ilex, pine, arbutus, and other small shrubs grew, mingling together in a verdant coat that was only separated from the water beneath by a narrow strip of bare rock, which the action of the water had laid bare, and whose yellow and brown hues were reflected in the element that had exposed them. A pretty little châlet, evi-

dently built by some epicure in landscape beauty, and occupying rather an elevated position above the water's edge, looked far away along the course of the channel. A garden, which might have been that of Epicurus himself, belonged to this charming little abode, and through the dark green foliage of the cypresses that lined its walks orange and lemon trees were seen, bearing their golden fruit, while quaint little rustic arbours, from which trailed garlands of vines, promised a refuge when necessary from the heat of the day. That part of the mainland exactly opposite the town took the form of a stern, mountainous-looking rock, formerly crowned by the Turkish castle and stronghold of Krababa, but now only marked by a few crumbling remains of masonry.

The first glimpse of Chalcis from the Mpourtzi side presents the Turkish quarter of the town to view, and impresses the spectator with a sense of poverty if not squalor; but on landing and proceeding to the more modern part of the town this feeling is not confirmed, for if a trifle dirty, like most Greek towns are, it is far from gloomy, and there is much to be seen that is both novel and interesting.

Previously to our arrival at Chalcis we had found a knowledge of French to be most useful, it being spoken well and fluently by the majority of the Greeks; but as soon as we descended into the row-boat, which was to convey us to the wharf, our troubles commenced. The boatmen, two twin brothers, spoke nothing but their own tongue, but the volubility and fertility in expression with which they expressed themselves therein doubtless compensated, at least in their own estimation, for their deficiency in any other. This impediment to anything like a free intercourse existing between us, there was nothing for it but to repeat parrot-like the name of the village for which we were bound, and whose distance away from Chalcis we did not yet know. Having reached the shore, the Chalcis brothers made signs to us to wait where we were with the luggage, while they went off, as we thought, in search of a carriage; a most delusive idea, as it afterwards proved, for there was but one in the town. In the meantime a crowd of small boys and loungers had collected, gaping at us with open mouths, and criticising our, to them probably, outlandish appearance. At length, after a tedious wait, the brethren hove in sight, dragging behind them a dilapidated hand-cart at which we looked askance, and endeavoured afresh by means of more gesticulations to persuade them to bring a vehicle. All in vain; the deadlock still continued. Finally, in despair, a leaf was torn out of our pocket-book, and with talent endowed by the urgency of the situation, we depicted in lead pencil under their now

intensely excited eyes the object of our requirements. As the lines of a primitive vehicle grew under our eager fingers, a bland smile spread over their features, and they finally broke out into gleeful shouts of "*ámaxa*," which were taken up in chorus by the interested group around, and a series of "whirrs" with sundry revolutions of the arm showed us that they clearly understood what we wanted. We now, therefore, expected to see a dashing equipage roll up to us, and ourselves comfortably installed therein, to drive away in style from the scene of our dilemma. No such happy termination; instead of departing to obtain a vehicle, they proceeded to pile up the luggage on the hand-cart. Believing it possible that they wished to conduct us to someone who spoke French or English, we followed them through a little square, planted with stone pines and olives, and surrounded by two-storeyed houses with walls of a pink, blue, white, or green colour. Passing through this we came to a narrow street up which they proceeded a short way, and then turned into a court-yard where they came to a halt, and made signs that we should ascend a broad, rough, wooden staircase; nothing loth, up we went, fully expecting to meet somebody to whom we could communicate our wants; but disappointment awaited us at the top in the shape of a large, bare-looking room with a bar facing the staircase and various doors leading to—the brothers only knew where. At the noise of our arrival several male individuals appeared in different stages of *déshabillé*, and gesticulations were again the order of the day, the only result of such calisthenic exercises being that we were conducted to a bedroom, whither our trunks followed in the twinkling of an eye. This was what we did *not* want, and we signified our disapproval in as forcible a manner as lay in our power. The arrival of a professor on the scene made us hope that some elucidation would be thrown on the matter, but his English was like our Greek, *nil* or almost so. After he, when discomfited, had retired, his place was taken by an odd little personage, who deserves a description to himself, and who afterwards proved a very kind friend. This individual was wearing a low-brimmed bowler hat, a seedy-looking black overcoat, and unmentionables of a very loud striped pattern, together with boots that appeared as if a little blacking would have been acceptable to them; he was rather below middle height, and of a nervous figure, with eyes so bright as to be almost feverish; for the rest he wore a good deal of hair on his face, and afterwards proved such a staunch ally, that in penning his not too prepossessing appearance, his memory calls forth the liveliest gratitude. He explained to us that we were at the Hotel ——, that the village to which we were bound

was distant twenty-five miles, and that if we did hire the sole vehicle of the town we should have to pay £5 for it, and even then that there was no certainty of our arriving there, as there was snow on the mountains and the driver *did not know the way*.

Quoth we, "What is to be done, then?"

"Wait till a boat sails for Limni to-morrow or the next day, and take mules from there to your destination."

"But why not go by mules from here?"

"You would not find your way, and snow lying deep on parts of the road, you would run the risk of taking cold, which is a serious matter in this climate."

Visions of an immediate termination to our journey being thus abruptly dissipated, and with them all ideas of comfort vanishing—for the interior of the place was cold and cheerless—we decided to make a virtue of necessity, and remain at the building yclept an hotel till we could obtain by hook or by crook a steamer for Limni.

Meanwhile, as it was bitterly cold, owing to the wind blowing straight from the snow-capped mountains, and there being no such thing as a fire or fireplace to be seen in the hotel, we thought the best thing to be done was to breakfast at a restaurant, whither our friend proudly escorted us. His manner whilst acting as interpreter became more fatherly than ever; he insisted upon ordering everything we required, informing us what we ought to pay, and making himself valuably useful in spite of his torrent of Anglo-American-Hellenic diction.

Says he: "Trink dat vine; it gif you red cheeks." To which he added, as an additional attraction, that it was "good for tummick."

Our breakfast—or, as they call it here, *yevma*, for it was 12 A.M.—was not an expensive one, and was capitally cooked, although the preponderance of olive oil in most of the dishes might not have suited some palates. The *menu* consisted of white soup, chicken stewed in the above-mentioned oil, *rosbif*, cabbage, salad, and dessert. The charge, one drachma fifty lepta, equivalent to about 1*s.* 1½*d.* After having done justice to this repast, our *cicerone* intimated to us that it was our bounden duty to go out and thoroughly explore the town under his wing; a suggestion which, being proposed to us when we were refreshed, met with our approbation.

One of the first places of interest we stumbled upon was the barracks, which were occupied by a considerable number of troops, mostly recruits, busily employed in their various evolutions and exercises. They were dressed in a uniform of lightish blue, and had, compared with the French *piou-piou*, a very soldier-like bear-

d smart appearance. The manœuvres were performed in a reditable manner, considering that they were mostly twenty-one men.

ut if the men were up to the mark, the barracks themselves hardly so; for those sleeping-quarters which I visited consisted nple lean-to sheds, with rough plank floors upon which the men in rows, on rough sacking. Doubtless, this sort of accommo- n is a good preparation for a campaign; but we fancy, from igh rate of mortality prevalent amongst the troops, that it is y conducive to health.

ne of the officers, who spoke French with a remarkably good t, offered to show us the civil prisons, which are situated on ide of the barrack square. Under his guidance we ascended stone steps leading to the top of a wall, whence we were able ok down into a small courtyard, in which were forty or fifty ners, in the various native costumes of Eubœa and the neigh- ng isles; some were standing, doing nothing, others busy ng little necklaces of shells, strung together with wire; whilst rs, intent upon making little additions to their prison fare, offered for sale, and for that purpose threw them up in the air for us tch, and as soon as they fell back again, nothing disheartened, ated the process. Although supervised by an armed gendarme ing up and down the narrow platform on which we were, there as may be inferred from this account, but little attempt at disci- e, and the boon of smoking, which alone contrasted strangely n compared with our English customs, was freely indulged in. king down upon their upturned faces, their appearance was far n prepossessing, even forbidding, when we were informed of the ous crimes, for which some of them were undergoing imprison- t for life, others shorter sentences of from five to ten years. My ntion was drawn to one of them by our Mentor, who said:

"Do you see that young fellow, almost a boy, holding up a small er-knife to you; it is not long since he cut a *Papa's* (priest's) oat, and as he does not expect to have sufficient interest to be uitted or escape with a minor punishment, he last night made a perate attempt to get away, in which he and several others nearly ceeded. In the event of his succeeding he would have made Asia Minor, like most of the murderers about here in a similar sition."

Imprisonment in the agricultural districts round about here is not ked upon as a disgrace, but rather as one of those disagreeable ntingencies that may befall a man in spite of himself, and which

therefore should not be looked upon with too unfriendly an eye. A sentence of imprisonment, therefore, and the ofttimes serious crime culminating in it, when viewed in this excessively broad-minded light, is no bar to a man's advancement in life after his term of imprisonment has expired.

Our volatile little friend appeared to take as great an interest as ourselves in the prison arrangements, and informed us that the ground on which we stood was formerly occupied by the *Turks*, and that all the houses adjacent to the barracks were *Turkey* houses; and very quaint and dirty-looking these same Turkish houses appeared, in spite of their being each embowered amongst orange and lemon trees.

In this quarter of the town, and not so very far from the barracks, is to be seen the old Turkish mosque, with its muezzin's tower standing like a sentinel by its side. In front of it linger more traces of the Mohammedan religion in these parts; a square, with once primly laid out gardens, surrounded now by low tumble-down cottages. A ruined marble font still marks the place where the Turks used to perform their ablutions befor entering the holy edifice. A melancholy, sickly-looking crescent surmounts the dome of the mosque, and seems inclined to fall from its high estate and vanish like those who placed it there. To indulge, however, in any sympathy for the disappearance of the Turkish power from hereabouts would be false sentiment, as a little reflection on their barbarities when in power, their corrupt government, and the baneful influence exerted by them over the Greek clearly demonstrates.

By this time, what with the cold wind that was blowing and the fatigue resulting from sight-seeing and the voyage of the night before, we felt extremely inclined to return to our hotel and to indulge in a rest, even though it should be in a chilly room without the cheerful concomitants of a fire and a carpet, for in Chalcis there are few, if any fireplaces, the reason for their absence being that wood is the only fuel used, and that, owing to the distance it has to be brought, it is a very expensive one. But not if our spirits were flagging and our zeal a trifle abated, those of our "guardian angel" were not, for he had worked himself up into the enthusiasm of sight-seeing, and decreed that we were to go and see the old Venetian castle, or rather the remains of it, and a macaroni mill. Having conscientiously done these two rather dissimilar objects of interest, back to the hotel we *would* go. Little N—— looked slightly dejected at this, but brightened up when he bethought himself that he would go off to the restaurant and order our dinner, with the *proviso* that we were not to be cheated because we were foreigners and did not know the language.

ıe honest fellow not only did so, but even went so far as to see ıt they gave us clean sheets at the hotel. How rarely is an centric to be met with whose eccentricity takes the form of a nevolent and agreeable whim !

After having once more testified our appreciation of the Greek ooking in a way that must have given to the proprietor a high pinion of the gastronomic powers of the English, we directed our eps to the hotel, and on entering our room discovered in it what ere apparently two pairs of legs lying on the white boarded floor, ıe bodies attached to them being hidden from us under the bed.

"What the deuce is this?" said one of our astonished selves. The xplanation did not take long to flash upon our minds, and is as ollows. Two of the hotel servants having opened a small handbag —our property—had heard, whilst so engaged, our footsteps on the tairs, and were now making frantic efforts to clasp its patent lock, nder the pretence of dusting beneath the bed with their jacket leeves. Not wishing for various reasons to create a disturbance bout the occurrence, we satisfied ourselves with the state of alarm hat their anticipation of what course we might pursue had put them n, and which was testified by their trembling hands and decidedly gitated faces. The rest of the evening passed off without incident, xcept taking a short stroll round the town, and finding on our return o our sleeping quarters a drunken man in a rather maudlin state of nind sitting on one of the beds. As, though assuming a strictly egative manner, his position seemed likely to be prolonged for an ndefinite period, and as no response was made to persuasive signs, gentle force was resorted to with a satisfactory result.

The second day of our sojourn at Chalcis was ushered in by a ovely sunrise, and the air becoming quite spring-like, at 11 o'clock ve determined to take advantage of our friend's kind invitation to isit an orange grove close to the town. On our arrival there the onours of the place were shown to us by the gardener, who, with he tact and courtesy exhibited by all the peasants of this district, onducted us around the grounds, after which, in spite of it being November, we sat down in the open to a *déjeuner* of ripe oranges, lucked fresh from the tree, together with the golden *Richenato* wine f the country. What a glorious picture the country, lit up by the rilliant sunshine, presented, the grove with its glossy green leaves nd golden fruit sloping down to the water's edge and the blue Eubœan Channel beyond, while far away towered up snow-covered Mount Candili. In good sooth a pleasant spot in which to lounge way an hour and to indulge in the soothing influence of a pipe, or,

to follow the fashion of the country, of a cigarette, for pipe-smokers in Greece, except those who indulge in the *chibouk* or *narghile*, are few and far between. The preference which is shown for the cigarette is due to the fact that the tobacco of the country is too dry and hot when smoked in an ordinary pipe.

Whilst returning to the town we witnessed a solemn but far from uncommon sight in Greece. A small procession of people at a sort of half-run, half-walk, rapidly came towards us, singing a nasal dirge. The leader of the funeral, for such we soon perceived it to be, carried a coffin-lid, decorated with various coloured ribbons, upright in his hand, and following him came numerous bearers of banners with the portraits of saints depicted on their embroidered fronts; the next in order of procession were the *Papathes*, or priests, in long garments, the predominant colour of which was white; they appeared to rise above the rest of the mourners owing to the peculiar shape of their clerical head-gear, perched on their long hair, which was fastened up in a knot like a chignon behind their heads. After them came the corpse, an aged woman in a shallow coffin carried shoulder high. The feet and head were slightly propped up and were fully exposed to view; they even seemed to possess a ghastly kind of vitality from the tremulous motion imparted to them by the bearers. The cortège having passed on along the white road towards the blue horizon in its front, we replaced our hats, which had been removed out of deference to the dead, and continued our way to Chalcis, which we entered by way of the market-place.

On market days the open space where most of the country people's business is transacted is closely packed with a lively, gesticulating crowd, in garments of various hues and cuts, from the clean or unclean *foustanella* to baggy blue Turkish trousers, from the handiwork of the local snip to the latest turn out of a Parisian tailor; then is to be seen much bargaining: fine chickens—for this is the land of hens—changing hands at 7½*d.* each, figs at 2½*d.* the octre (a little under 3 lbs.), and other provisions of equally good and cheap quality. As time was flying, and we had to secure our tickets for the boat to Limni, we made our way to the booking-office on the quay, and with the help of our good friend succeeded in making its occupant understand what was wanted; and in spite of the shibboleth of the English names, at length secured the precious pieces of paper, blotted with sand, and which at one time—as nobody seemed to know whether there was a steamer going to Limni or not, and if so where one could book or inquire about such steamer—had seemed almost unattainable.

satisfaction we were indulging in, however, was rather pre-
for it turned out that the steamer did not start till *some* time
r on the morrow. This was a blow, for it meant another
in a bare, fireless room, with daylight—or rather moonlight
le between the chinks of the boarded floor; for well we knew
stepping outside the office door, we could be half-roasted by
n then shining, still by the evening the icy-cold wind would
sumed its sway.

e climate is indeed one of extremes, one day showing a
l preference for rain or snow, and the morrow boasting an
ded sky and a burning sun. The effect of such a climate on
ple enduring it is noticeable by the prevalence of diseases
espiratory organs, a danger that is well understood at Athens,
he care and attention bestowed by the inhabitants upon
nd changes of weather appear almost superfluous to a new-
Under these atmospheric conditions peculiar to the Grecian
he prospect of tramping around the streets all the evening
ner was not sufficiently attractive to admit of its being put
cution; and not knowing how otherwise to dispose of our-
we returned to our quarters and went to bed, where we
, and speculated as to the mattress-like article that did duty
ts, blanket, and quilt. The next morning at sunrise one of
brothers who had escorted us into Chalcis roused us from
nbers, and made signs signifying an intention to remove the
—where he knew best; but such energy, although perhaps
rthy, did not meet with our approval, and we deemed it
rise and accompany him and our trunks. By the time half
et was completed quite a small crowd had assembled, who
l every detail of that interesting ceremony with anxious
n; when it came to the use of cold water an involuntary
of, perhaps, surprise—perhaps disgust—escaped them. Our
n customs" being concluded, and the hotel bill paid in paper
the procession, including the dilapidated hand-cart, got
veigh, and finally stopped at the selfsame spot from where it
rted on the day of our arrival. So far so good, and excellent
ind was the bland smile on the faces of the brothers when
aw our inquiring gaze looking for the steamer, of which
were as yet no signs, not even a distant cloud of smoke
blue sky. There was nothing to be done but to possess our
n patience, albeit encased in bodies breakfastless and shiver-
the biting wind. Half an hour thus agreeably passed when
evolent *little American-Greek* appeared on the scene, and

made matters smooth by suggesting that we should adjourn to a café hard by, there to discuss a cup of coffee; this was remarkably good and quite different in flavour from that obtained in countries further west, nor was the charge, ten lepta (1*d.*) per cup, exorbitant, especially when compared with the quality and price of the same beverage (in name) at an English railway restaurant. Coffee is out here the favourite non-alcoholic drink, and, like tea in England, is taken indiscriminately at all times of the day, but the Oriental is a little more refined in his way of enjoying it. First of all he sips a little cold water from the glass that is handed to him together with the coffee on a tray, and having by this proceeding both cooled and cleansed his palate, his appreciation of the succeeding *bonne bouche* is increased. Strangers to the country, and especially Englishmen, generally vary this programme by swallowing the water after, instead of before the coffee, a reversal of the native method that is probably caused by some of the thick sediment at the bottom remaining on the tongue, and which may be disliked by those unprepared for it.

As the mode of preparing this favourite indulgence is the same all over the East, and differs from the French and English way of preparation, it may be worthy of note, especially as the result, in our opinion, is superior to either. Here is the recipe. Two spoonsful of coffee and one of very fine pounded sugar are placed in a little brass saucepan, and over it is poured a small teacupful of boiling water; this is heated over a charcoal fire till a light foam gathers on the surface; the mixture is then poured a third at a time into the cup, the saucepan being replaced on each occasion on the fire to enable the proper heat and mixture of the ingredients to be maintained. When finished, and it is made in two minutes, it fully repays the extra care that may seem to have been bestowed on its manufacture.

After a cup of this delectable liquid had been disposed of, a return was made to the wharf, now covered with a motley crowd of shepherds, *Papathes*, soldiers, &c., all waiting for the dilatory vessel, that finally appeared and anchored at some little distance from the shore for the purpose of embarking and landing passengers. Amongst the former, ourselves, who, with a hearty grasp of the hand to our trusty ally in the various dilemmas we had experienced, stepped into the boat, and after threading our way amongst the numerous caiques, drawn up in lines, at length reached the ship, alike freed from the hands and boat of the brothers, who had just been joined by two more, likewise twins, of the same family.

DOUGLAS WYNN WILLIAMS.

EELS.

[T is agreed," says Izaak Walton, "that the eel is a most dainty dish." We are not at all sure that anything of the sort is eed amongst modern Englishmen, for it must be confessed that ongst us the eel is not held in too much estimation, either as a ng of beauty, a sportsman's joy, or an epicure's dish. Of course re are many eel-fisheries established in favourable situations in ious parts of the country, but they are not by any means sufficient cope with the almost inexhaustible supply of fish ; and English- n, therefore—and Frenchmen and Germans too, for the matter of t—miss too often from their tables an article of food which, not- hstanding the prejudice existing in some quarters against it, is at ce wholesome and toothsome, and which only requires to be pro- rly introduced to their notice to be appreciated at its real value. e objection to it—which exists very strongly among the conserva- e Scots—seems to be based upon an antipathy to the long, slimy, iggling form of the creature, with its suggestion of serpents and, rhaps, temptations in Paradise ; but, once this is overcome, it is rtain that even the Scot would allow that the eel is uncommonly sty, and a very desirable "change" from bannocks and so on.

The ancients were wiser in their generation than we are, at least far as eels are concerned. They liked the fish, and found nothing pulsive in its shape ; and in some instances placed it on a pedestal honour, which even the most rabid "eel-fancier" of our day will mit was far above its deserts. The Egyptians enrolled it among eir gods—a compliment it shared with only one other fish, the *ṗidôtus*, which probably belonged to the carp family. The Greeks diculed them for this absurdly high estimation, and in Athenæus we d Antiphanes, one of the "illustrious obscure" of antiquity, con- sting the value of the gods with the high price asked for the fish the market of Athens. "In other respects," he says, "men say t the Egyptians are clever, in that they esteem the eel to be equal a god ; but they are far more valuable than the immortals, for we

can propitiate the latter by prayer; but, as for eels, we must spend twelve drachmas or more merely to get a smell at them."

But his countrymen went further than the people they laughed at; they carried their partiality to a ridiculous extent, and called the fish "the Helen of the dinner-table," because every guest strove, like Paris, to keep it for himself, to the utter exclusion of his neighbour. They imported immense quantities from Sicily, and had a great admiration also for those obtained from the River Strymon (the modern Struma), and Lake Copais (Topolias); and they captured them by a variety of devices, the most usual being hooks baited with large worms or small fish, and wicker baskets with narrow necks, identical in all particulars with the modern baskets. The Romans improved upon this last by adopting earthenware vessels covered with colander-shaped lids, and baited with pieces of cuttle-fish and such-like tender morsels, calculated to tickle the eel's somewhat pronounced sense of smell. They also were inordinately fond of it. Their largest supplies came from Lake Benacus (Lago di Garda); but they also cultivated goodly numbers in their private *vivaria*, and afforded themselves and their guests glorious sport by fishing for them, or by sticking them with three-pronged spears in the *mauvais quart d'heure* before dinner. The Jews were, and are, like the Scots; the eel is a dish never partaken of by them, although they have always been aware that it possesses scales. With this sole exception, it may be said that all antiquity united in a love for the eel, apotheosised it, apostrophised it—and did not neglect to tell fishy stories about it, and their prowess in landing giant members of the species. One veracious story runs that near Sicyon, in the Peloponnesus, conger-eels were caught, each one of which required a cart drawn by oxen to convey it to market! One wonders how they landed it, and is led to conjecture that some such thing as the hundred-ton crane, recently devised for the sea-serpent, was anticipated and invented to meet the extraordinary exigencies of this case.

Our Anglo-Saxon forefathers were passionately fond of eels. Grants and charters were often regulated by payments made in eels. In one charter we find it stated that twenty fishermen between them furnished sixty thousand to the monastery of Peterborough, and in another mention is made of a yearly present from the monks of Ramsey to the same monastery. The Gauls were equally enthusiastic; and it has been reserved for a French naturalist to pay the eel the most tremendous and elaborate compliment it has ever had the good fortune to receive. "There are few animals," says this celebrated gentleman, "whose image one can retrace with as much

pleasure as the common eel. . . . We have seen superior instinct in the enormous and terrible shark; but then it was the minister of an insatiable voracity, a sanguinary cruelty, and devastating strength. We have found in electrical fish a power which we may almost call magical; but beauty did not fall to their share. We have had to represent remarkable forms, but nearly all their colours were dull and dark. Glittering shades have struck our view; rarely have they been united with pleasing proportions, more rarely still have they served to adorn a creature of elevated instinct. And this kind of intelligence; this mixture of the glitter of metals and the colours of the rainbow; this rare conformation of all the parts which form one whole, joined in happy agreement—when have we seen all these bestowed where the habits are, so to speak, social, the affections gentle, and the enjoyments in some sort sentimental?" We need not go on quoting this rhodomontade, and it will be sufficient to state that this interesting union, according to our Frenchman, is found in almost absolute perfection in the eel, by virtue of its slender form, its delicate proportions, its elegant colours, its gracious flexions, its easy gyrations, its rapid springs, its superior swimming, its serpent-like movements, its industry, its instinct, its affection for its mate, and its sociability. We are prepared to admit the accuracy of much of this dictum; but we must demur to it on the question of sociability. If the writer of the eulogy had seen eels as we have seen them, fighting among themselves, snapping at, and even devouring, one another, with a voracity essentially eel-like, he would probably have left out all allusion to the "love-at-home" portion of the business. As for the rest, we agree with him, making slight allowances, of course, for his "poetical"—or, in plain English, somewhat exaggerated—language.

It is only of quite recent years that we have attained to anything like accurate knowledge of the life, habits, and history of the eel. The ancients held some queer beliefs, and especially as to its genesis. Aristotle denied that they were produced from ova, or, as others had asserted, from the metamorphosis of intestinal worms into young eels, and advanced the conjecture that they sprang from what he called "the entrails of the earth," which exist—so he thought—spontaneously in mud and wet earth. They were asexual, he said, and the so-called male and female were two different species. Pliny the Elder said, "They rub themselves against the rocks, and their scrapings come to life." The great Gesner even—to come to modern times—thought the opinion as to their generation in the putrid carcases of dead *horses was quite a rational* one! A German

scientist of some celebrity, forty years ago, stated seriously that they owed their existence to electrical phenomena. People are found in England who will believe that they are "evoluted" horsehairs; and Helmont has gone so far as to make up a recipe for their production. Here it is: "Cut up two turfs covered with May-dew, and lay one upon the other, the grassy sides inwards, and thus expose them to the heat of the sun; in a few hours there will spring from them an infinite quantity of eels." These are only a few of the many remarkable theories that have been advanced. As a matter of fact, eels, like all other teleostean fishes, are oviparous, and the milt and roe, different in appearance from those elements in other species, occur in the same position. It is noteworthy that the spawn is very seldom met with, either in the body of the female or in the neighbourhood of the spawning grounds. Perhaps, when her time is about to come, she keeps out of the way of temptation by lurking in the mud at the bottom of the stream, and it is notorious that she only migrates towards the open sea during dark cloudy nights. Even the appearance of the moon in the heavens is enough to stop her progress; the faintest sound or glimmer of strange light will send her and her mate into hiding among the stones or at the bottom, there to remain until all is silent and safe again. The ova are not met with in the neighbourhood of the spawning grounds, for the very sufficient reason that, as a rule, the spawning grounds are not accessible to man. Eels—especially the broad-nosed variety—will deposit their ova and thrive in ponds which have no communication with the ocean, but the vast majority of them go down the river channels in autumn towards the sea, the spawning grounds being at the estuaries or in harbours, where the brackish water is warmer than at either extreme of inland river or open ocean—and eels are very averse to cold. In the winter they sleep much, and, like rattlesnakes, congregate in large numbers in one spot, where they bury themselves a foot or more deep in places which are sometimes left bare by the tide.

In the spring the return migration occurs, and the young and the parent fish that have been so fortunate as to survive all the dangers surrounding them, turn their noses landwards, proceeding sometimes in concert, but more often independently, and always in the daytime. It is one of the most beautiful and interesting sights in all natural history to witness the migration of the countless millions of elvers that commence in early spring and continue during nearly the whole of summer to pass up the rivers of England looking for a home—which comparatively few of them, by-the-by, ever find, thanks to the

ps of the amateur and professional fishermen ever ready to stop
m. Their numbers are absolutely incalculable; and it will give some
a of this fact when we state, on very good authority, that as many
,800, each about three inches long, have been known to pass a
n spot on the Thames in a single minute. An otherwise clear
r is frequently black with them, so numerous and thickly-grouped
they. They are said to form ropes of one another's bodies, but
present writer is free to admit that he has never seen this curi-
phenomenon himself! They are wonderfully persevering little
tures, and contrive to surmount obstacles which seem in their
nature to be altogether insurmountable. Rocks twenty feet
they can get over by sheer endeavour, or by such a subterfuge
orming themselves up through the dripping moss that overhangs
arrier. Couch ("British Fishes," iv. 314) tells us that in the
bourhood of Bristol he has seen the elvers utilise the branches
ree as a stepping-stone on to which they climbed, and dropped
he pond over which it hung. He adds that "the tree appeared
quite alive with these little animals," and that "the rapid and
ady motion of the boughs did not appear to impede their
ess."

r Humphry Davy, again—though he is somewhat out of date—
s of witnessing the ascent of elvers at Ballyshannon, concerning
his less famous brother had already written. The mouth of
er, he says, "was blackened by millions of little eels about as
s the finger, which were constantly urging their way up the
ock by the side of the fall. Thousands died, but their bodies,
ing moist, served as a ladder for others to make their way;
aw some ascending even perpendicular stones, making their
rough wet moss, or adhering to some eels that had died in the
t. Such is the energy of these little animals that they continue
their way in immense numbers to Loch Erne. The same
appens at the falls of the Bann, and Loch Neagh is thus
l by them. Even the mighty fall of Schaffhausen does not
them making their way to the Lake of Constance, where I
en many very large eels." The reader will excuse these
s, but the facts are interesting, and some more recent
ists have neglected them—and, indeed, have neglected the
family of eels, to whom no one pays much attention save the
ional fisherman. The amateur has learned to despise them,
s because they bite too easily, and anything easily attained is,
., in accordance with some ineradicable twist in man's mental
ution. No such consideration *actuates* his professional

brother. He turns them to pecuniary profit. He has ensconced himself in the most likely situations on our coast and in France and Holland, and, with the aid of his baskets, contrives to capture more than he can very well dispose of, unless below cost—for his market is nearly always local and circumscribed. In France they are a drug, and the overplus is often given to feed ducks and poultry, or is used as a manure. In Exeter Mr. Couch saw in one day four cartloads of eels, no bigger than a knitting-needle, which the people of those parts converted into elver-cakes—flat masses of fish, scoured and boiled, and pressed together, looking peculiar because of the little black eyes bespangling them, but making delicious eating. Frank Buckland has testified to this quality; and he ascertained from the vendor of the pies that at Langport, on the Parret, the women were in the habit of catching the elvers at night by means of a canvas bag attached to a hoop at the end of a long stick to which they had fixed a lantern.

There are three species of eels properly indigenous to the British Isles—the sharp-nosed, the blunt-nosed, and the middle-nosed. The most abundant and the most highly prized of the three is the first, *Anguilla vulgaris*; but the blunt-nosed species is widely distributed, and is the "frog-mouthed eel" of the Severn fishermen. Its flesh is not of very good quality; it has an offensive odour before being cooked, and an unpleasant flavour afterwards. In their general habits all three are much alike, with this difference, already hinted at, that the last-mentioned variety does not migrate to any large extent, and the additional difference that the middle-nosed roves and feeds during the day. In general its congeners are nocturnal in their habits, and every tyro knows that the best time for landing them is in the dusk of the evening, when they venture out of their hiding-places in search of food. They are not very dainty on this score: worms, insects, crustacea, salmon spawn, young waterfowl, and the like, are their staple articles of diet. An occasional nibble at a fresh-water plant they enjoy; but if these, or the others, are wanting, they will eat anything, however nasty. An eel has been found with a half-decayed water-rat in its mouth; and, if we are to believe a newspaper paragraph, another came across a *bonne bouche* in the shape of a duck's feet, of which the duck was denuded as it swam over a pond at Wimpson, in Hampshire. But perhaps the "tallest" story ever reported in this connection is one to be found in an old volume entitled "The Wonders of Nature and Art." About the middle of the last century, we are told, the farmers near Yeovil suffered greatly by losing vast quantities of hay in a most unaccount-

able manner. A reward was offered, but the efficacy of advertising was not so well demonstrated in this instance as in the case of the American boy and the alligator; for the culprit, or culprits, could not be fixed upon. Then several soldiers, stationed at Yeovil, kept watch, and in the dead of the night saw a monstrous eel making its way (*mirabile visu!*) out of the river, and setting itself to feed greedily upon the hay. It was with difficulty (as we can well imagine) captured, killed, and roasted; and the fat that came out of its body "filled several casks and tubs." It is to be observed that this work was designed as a "useful and valuable production for young people." Was this eel a wonder of nature or of art?

The number of eels that go down the rivers in the fall of the year bears a very small proportion to the number that passed up in the spring-time. Why? Because they have many enemies—because the struggle for existence is a very sharp one for them. Even if, in ascending the rivers, they manage to outwit man, who is full of resources for their capture, they have other dangers to encounter in the shape of otters, polecats, rats, herons, swans, pike, and salmon—the last of which exact summary, if unconscious, vengeance upon the eels for the theft of their spawn. All these are formidable opponents, and they thin the ranks of the upward-bound and the settled eels to an extraordinary extent—sometimes catching a tartar, however, for the eels are endowed with uncommon sagacity, and now and again kill their enemies by twisting their little bodies round their necks, and so choking them. For instance, a heron once stuck his sharp bill through an eel's head, piercing both eyes, and the latter coiled itself round the heron's neck so tightly as to stop the bird's respiration. When found, both were stone dead. These fish are remarkably tenacious of life, and will live for a long time out of the water, provided the air be humid; being enabled so to do by the smallness of the gill aperture, the membranous folds of which, by closing the orifice when the eel is out of the water, prevent the desiccation of the branchiæ. They make journeys overland, and, if the sun be not too strong, perform them with safety. Every cook knows how hard they are to kill, and for how long a time after being decapitated or rapped on the tail they will continue to wriggle. Mere wriggling, however, is no certain sign that the fish is still alive. The frequent assertions of cooks as to cut-up lengths of eel jumping out of the frying-pan on to the hearth or into the fire is true enough so far as it goes; but the motion is caused by the irritability of the muscular fibre, and horror at the event is a superfluity and a mistake—for it is clear that once the head is

TALIAN POETS OF THE PRESENT DAY.

, at a political banquet, that a poem was read by a hitherto unknown poet—a poem which made its just at the right moment, giving tangible form to ent though not consciously recognised in Italian -illumining the position of affairs like a lightning created immediate discussion and roused much the poet became the unsparing object of attacks party, against whom the poem was directed. owever, rallied enthusiastically round the banner of expressed the aims and aspirations of his day; a which has gone on widening and gathering strength the poem in question may be considered the point e new school of Italian poetry.

ci is the poet who thus decisively declared his bent, thpiece of the advanced thought of his day, and (Hymn to Satan) was the poem which brought him

w recognised as the greatest poet of modern Italy. ical style, his mastery of form and diction would nrivalled position among the poets of his own im to distinction among his contemporaries in any not by virtue of these qualities alone that he is the nt school of Italian poetry, but because he is in

[illegible] the angel who questions, [illegible] of reason against [illegible] and superstition—of [illegible] Outsiders can perhaps [illegible] revolt in Italy, [illegible] has cramped the [illegible] conception [illegible] the fact that the [illegible] every day. Temporal [illegible] enough to be [illegible] and literary critic [illegible] strongly: "Between [illegible] science and dogma, [illegible] possible; if we do not [illegible] will destroy us." The [illegible] exercised. Hence [illegible] If Italy were to choose a [illegible] fall upon Lucifer, [illegible] poem in all conceivable [illegible] In dealing with [illegible] enlarged and developed.

The [illegible] ballets have taken up this same [illegible] "Excelsior," "Amor," [illegible] The leading idea is the spirit of light striving [illegible] the triumphs of civilisation, all variations of the [illegible]

To show Carducci's point of view when he wrote his "Inno [illegible] Satana" we cannot do better than quote his own words from a lette[illegible] afterwards published in reply to th[illegible] His words characterise the intellectu[illegible] "My soul," he writes, "after years [illegible] and search and painful experiments, found her 'word' at la[illegible] . . . I have hymned Nature and Reaso[illegible] these two divinities of my soul and of all generous and good soul[illegible] divinities hated by a recluse, self-torturing and ignorant asceticis[illegible] under the names of 'Flesh' and 'World,' and excommunicated [illegible] Theocracy under the name of 'Devil.'" Hence it appears th[illegible] Carducci's Satan resolves himself into Nature and Reason. All h[illegible] poems hymn these two "divinities," and he always rebels again[illegible] what he calls ecclesiastical and intellectual "yokes." He wag[illegible] constant and contemptuous war against the Romantic school (thoug[illegible] in the course of Carducci's generation this has grown out of date

school of religious thought—"sentimentalism" being
best English equivalent for the Italian "romanticismo,"
n to view the world through the coloured glasses of senti-
than in the clear light of common day. It is alien alike
ıtific, unbiassed judgment of things, and to the ancient
ıtal attitude which looked at nature with the clear frank
ildhood, free from the sickly sentiment which so often
modern gaze. There has been a reaction in most
countries against the "romanticismo" which pervaded
part of the present century, tinging it with hues reflected
iddle ages, but the reaction is stronger in Italy than else-
ɔably because the romantic influence was so strongly felt
d because it is in reality entirely alien to the Italian clear
tellect. Modern Italian romanticism was fostered by the
hool of the first half of this century, by the writers of the
school. The spirit of calm submission and somewhat
resignation to all injustices practised by the powers then
, inculcated by such writers, was at variance with pat-
at that time patriotism was obliged to fight, not to submit.
ɔnian school, being no longer in tune with the spirit of
impatiently pushed aside by the new school of thought.
ci's face is always set against the Romantic, whether he
vith his polished satire, or whether he seeks refuge from
ıtimentalism in Hellenism, the antipodes of what is morbid
ıght of our day. This return to the healthy Paganism of

the open fields, whilst in "Romanticismo" he avers his conter
the sickly moon, with her hateful nun-like face, "celeste pa
("celestial nun"), who presides over churchyards, ruins, and
disappointments, parent of inactivity and weakness. The ide
a new one; it has already been used by a French poet, but th
is clever. Another, directed also against "Manzoniana,"
Carducci in one of his most charming moods, sparkling witl
playfulness, is "Davanti San Guido." But in "Il Cuor
Heart) he uses stronger terms, turning the blade of his
satire against his opponents, ridiculing the idea of sentim
terming the heart—beloved weapon of the Romanticists—"vil
nocivo" (that vile hurtful muscle).

As a satirist Carducci has scarcely a rival among the poe
present day; he is inexorable, full of passion, yet always l
limpid in form, his language always superbly classical. "
says the critic Trezza, "no one like Carducci possesses the
laughter and of tears, no one rises to such heights of tho
always maintaining his nervous, clear, transparent form o
sion."

To Carducci belongs moreover the credit of enrichin
poetry by introducing, or more properly speaking, revivin
metres. Seeking for a new form wherein to express his ide
as he puts it (in "Il Preludio") "weary of the usual metres, lo
new and less accessible rhymes," he turns to the Greek-L
reproducing some of the ancient metres with great success
instance as the Asclepiadic, the Alcaic, the Sapphic, &c.
essay in these appeared in 1877, and has since been followed
volumes, all bearing the title "Odi Barbare." These "Barba
are so called because they reproduce in Italian verse the "bar
monies" perceptible in Latin verse, marking the accentuated sy
the reading. Such revival of ancient rhythms has been attempt
Carducci's time, it is true, in various countries and at differer
But to Carducci belongs the merit not merely of having re
dead forms of poetry, but of having infused into them
spirit of modern thought. Without living thought to anim
such revivals of obsolete forms must necessarily fail—a
Carducci's predecessors on this field did fail, not one of th
above mediocrity. Carducci has succeeded in imparting
and life to his "Odi Barbare," though whether these antiq
will be received finally into Italian poetry as national poeti
is a question which only the future can decide. As ad
Carducci they have the charm of antique classical purity

gance, and at the same time they possess freshness and originality. They deal of many themes—love, patriotism, nature, satire. Among the most beautiful we notice a poem on the death of the young Prince Napoleon in South Africa, then "Ode alle Fonti del Clitunno," splendid in ideas and glowing imagery, "Io triumphe," a colloquy between Romans of old, in which modern Italian art, science, and politics are held up to derision.

Carducci is essentially a lyric poet; it is his own conviction, expressed in his own words, that "the epic is dead and was buried some time ago." His genius is essentially lyrical, his poems possess in an eminent degree that concentrated nervous force which makes every line, every word, of telling and just effect. No redundancy, no forced lengthiness, no superfluity; his verse is concise, polished, clear cut and chaste as a Greek gem. This is Carducci at his best, whether he be hymning his "Lidia" in an idyll redolent of the laurel groves of Greece, bathed in limpid air, with the sapphire sea at their feet, or whether he be pursuing his opponents with the keen sword of irony in the prose and turmoil of modern life.

Carducci is the greatest poet of New Italy—of *educated* New Italy, one should say—for his very refinements and excellences of style, his classic elegance, and his frequent use of Latinisms, not yet received into Italian (which, though they point to future enrichment of the language possibly, yet need study in order to be appreciated or even understood at present), tell against his popularity with the masses. That is, not merely with the great masses of the people, but with all save the learned; for in his later works his language is often so severely classical (as in the "Odi Barbare") that people of ordinary attainments find it too difficult to be read with enjoyment. Also in his later poems there seems a lack of that warm human sympathy and feeling which endear a poet to his readers. In "Piemonte" (published 1890) we have classic erudition, elegance, historical and political allusions, but no depth of feeling, no allusion to social problems or human daily joys and sorrows; we do not find the *people's poet.*

It is easy to imagine, given the characteristics of the poet, that his genius would adapt itself to the sonnet, and in fact he has produced some gems in this form of art. "A Dante," and the well-known "Il Bove" (The Ox), are masterpieces. The latter is a perfect classical gem.

A few words of biography relating to Italy's great modern poet may be of interest. Carducci was born July 27, 1836, at Valdicastello, Tuscany, his family being descendants of Franceso Carducci,

gonfaloniere or standard-bearer of Florence. His father, a physician, was member of the "Carbonari" (a political sect), and had been arrested and indicted by the law—from 1838 to 1843 we find him pursuing his avocation as doctor in the Tuscan Maremma. Some of Carducci's most beautiful and touching poems are inspired by his recollections of this sojourn of his childhood in the Maremma. He writes of this period: "The recollections most precious to me, though tinged with sadness, all my childish ideals, my love—all are for the Maremma. My mother, a woman of extraordinary talent and strength of mind, taught me to read, and made me learn by heart Berchet's poems; my father taught me the choruses in Manzoni's dramatic poems. When I was eight years of age my father put into my hands the Latin grammar, which I had to commit to memory, and every day I translated, either aloud or in writing, from Latin into Italian or *vice versâ*—all this without having it explained properly. My father had a very fair library for a doctor in the Maremma, one which bore witness to his half literary, poetical, half romantic and revolutionary tastes. In it were to be found Manzoni (splendidly bound), Rollin, Thiers, Sismondi, Macchiavelli, Guiscardi."

When reading history, young Carducci imagined himself in turn Scipio, Gracchus, or Brutus, and would enact his part so seriously with his playmates that their games often ended in blows. Then his father would interfere, and inflict as a punishment the reading of Manzoni's "Morale Cattolica," which caused the boy to conceive a strong antipathy for Manzoni and the Manzonians. In 1847 (at eleven years of age) he wrote his first verses, "On the death of an Owl." In 1861 Carducci was appointed professor at the University of Bologna, where he still delivers his splendid lectures on literature. In 1863, as we have seen, he expressed his bent with the "Inno a Satana," adopting the pseudonym "Enotrio Romano," destined to become so famous.

MARIO RAPISARDI.

Mario Rapisardi, the Sicilian poet, forms a striking contrast to Carducci both in style and genius; it is the difference between Northern and Southern temperaments. Carducci—concise, clear, concentrated. Rapisardi—apt to be carried away by his more glowing imagination, abounding in metaphor, florid, often redundant. If Carducci's poetry may be compared to a clear-cut, chaste, classical relief, that of Rapisardi recalls rather the glowing canvas and often the exaggerated outlines of a Rubens or a Michael Angelo. His muse refuses to be confined within the limits of the lyric, but expands

long poems of epic character. He loves to express philosophical as in the form of gigantic poetical allegories, his genius enables him conceive and carry out grand ideas.

Sometimes the pruning process might be employed with advan-e, both in cases of lengthiness and of inæsthetic excesses, some-es his tints remind one of the commonplace oleograph; but his lts are those of an exuberant nature, reflecting the rich luxuriance the south, and his poems, with all their faults, show the true poet, d contain so many beautiful passages and noble ideas that one is ntent to overlook some defects for their sake.

We will not speak of his translation of Lucretius, as that is t a product of modern thought. His two great original poems, Lucifero" and "Giobbe," resemble each other in subject and mode treatment; they are both huge allegories, representing one the irit of Reason, the other the Human Soul in search of truth.

"Lucifero" describes the emancipation of Reason (Lucifer) from e yoke of superstition—the popular struggle in Italy, in short—in a ng narrative poem full of episodes, many of which are interesting d beautiful, gorgeous in colouring—presenting abstract ideas in illiant symbolic garb. Lucifero rebels and wages war against the pular conceptions of the Christian religion as it is presented to the sses in Italy, with its "Presepio" or *Crèche* at Christmas, its array images and tutelary saints, its Biblical ox and ass, on the lines of e quaint conceptions of mediæval art or of the old Miracle Plays. gainst this whole array of legendary and saintly lore Lucifer, Angel Light and Enlightenment, so long darkened and enchained, rebels. a conversation with Prometheus he relates how he fell from aven (a beautiful passage in the original), how in heaven "cradled a sea of ease and flowers, whilst the angels considered themselves essed, I alone, restless spirit, indifferent to that eternal spring-time, that eternal banquet . . . felt a vast solitude around, within me. eaven seemed but a small thing—eternity a miserable life. . . . ne day I dared confront the countenance of God and question Him: Who has made me thus? . . . If Thou art Truth, reveal Thyself.' e thundered, the angels trembled. I fell, but without fighting, for felt my fall was greater than God's anger."

Then follows at great length the description of how human reason as enslaved, and the various attempts at revolt during the dark es, touching with a few clever strokes such events as the Arian resy, the invention of printing, the Reformation, the revolutions England and France, all intellectual movements down to the ancipation of women and *Darwinism in* our day, all the events

ains further), and although acknow-
els against science and nature; his
es the Infinite with his perpetual
nt are, and probably will continue to
n the poor human soul will oscillate

ning, Satan presents himself before
but he is the undignified, diabolical
, of the middle ages. (This scene,
al others in "Giobbe," are in ques-
at great length and with a super-
le the story of Job's riches and of
n his wanderings in search of Truth.
ve (Satan conjures up Venus, and an
ifero" is thrown in), then in Study,
s Heaven to give his spirit peace.
!" is his cry, but he only finds that
imself, trying to find peace—in vain.
secrets of all things, now comes to
two wander through space. She
s:
ever run after Truth? Wilt over-
and the circle in which an iron law
?" Yet he still begs to know more.
each the farthest shores of Being—

:

is here.
Give me peace at least, if I may know no
the sea? in the stars? on earth? or in the

except conquer myself and break the high
m, I am, I am—this is the eternal story of

hich I live,
vain questioning.

ion and key-note of the poem: the
r Truth, the impossibility of recon-
exorable laws of Being.

MARY HARGRAVE.

CLEANSING THE BLACK RIVER.

NO longer is it profitable to produce fresh butter from the Thames mud. Time was, and that not so very long ago, when half a dozen men found it worth their while to hang around the Barking beach and collect grease from the water by means of mats hung over their boat's sides. The grease was boiled, or to employ the more technical term, "rendered," and was used—so believes Mr. Thudichum, the resident chemist of the County Council at Barking—for making inferior soap, the butter being perhaps a fanciful exaggeration.

Nevertheless, the purified grease having been gained, it would be difficult to say what was its ultimate destiny in days before Margarine Acts and so forth were passed. At all events, it is a fact that several persons did gain a living by collecting and dealing with grease which found its way down the sewers to the filthy Thames.

But that is a thing of the past. The old black boat which used to collect such a queer cargo reposes on the white beach of Barking, and her owner, his occupation quite gone, has by pleasing poetical justice been engaged at the sewage works themselves.

Instead of the old black boat, there is now a fleet of powerful steamships anchored off the works or moored at their pier, and capable of taking a thousand tons of sewage sludge out to sea each voyage. The old order has changed and wonderfully for the better. Instead of a black and filthy Thames, an offensive foreshore, and an evil-smelling river, we have an approximately clean and purified stream.

Ten years or so ago we remember steaming down the Thames one summer afternoon, and the royal river was, in fact, disgusting. Last summer—that of 1892—the improvement was most satisfactory and most marked. Old Father Thames had not only had his face washed, but, if we may be permitted the expression, nearly all his loathsome and offensive sores were healed. But for the effluvia from certain works, the air was fresh and delightful and there was no bad *odour*. The bright sun glinted and sparkled on clean, sea-looking *water*, the foreshores frequently showed up white in the fresh summer

d all the mats in creation would not apparently have col-
pennyworth of grease from the river. In the evening air we
en catch the scent of sea-weed on Barking beach, while the
of the Council assure us that during the summer the river has
fifty per cent. of oxygen, an excellent chemical test of its purity.
t has wrought this change? Briefly, the new system of dealing
ndon sewage, which only came fully into operation in the
of 1892, and which may be epitomised into a sentence as
dorisation and precipitation of the sewage, and the carrying
precipitate or "sludge" out to sea. The effluent, or the
tively clear liquid left after precipitation, is run out to the
usual at ebb tide.

system, which has had such remarkably satisfactory results,
e a little history of its own. It has been about nine years
into full operation. As it is always darkest before dawn, so
ost pestilential state of the river aroused the public and the
litan Board of Works to the decisive opinion that "some-
ust be done." The question was—What?

, into the varying methods of the treatment of sewage we
propose to enter. No doubt the ideal system would be to use
the land; but until some Great One shall arise to explain how
ll be done with profit, we are afraid it will not be realised
e than a scheme for extracting the silver from the Thames
ws past Southend Pier.

Metropolitan Board had to face a serious difficulty, and this
hey did it: they sought the advice of their chemist, Mr.
bdin, F.C.S., and of their engineer, the late Sir Joseph Bazal-
These gentlemen called in the assistance of a third, Dr. Dupré,
a result of experiments they recommended, in essence, the
plan. The Board submitted this scheme to other gentlemen,
whom was Sir Frederick Abel, who gave a favourable verdict.
scheme was bold and far reaching. It was none other than
tment of the whole of the sewage of London with lime and
of iron to cause deodorisation and precipitation, and the
nce of the precipitate far out to sea by steamers.

hat time the whole of the sewage used to be run out usually
d, *i.e.* in a crude state, into the river at ebb tide, and we do
der if the idea of conveying the offensive part by "mud
received stern criticism. Bold enterprises usually do
such treatment.

something had to be done, and forth went the order from
ropolitan Board to set the scheme in motion. They began

with Barking. This bright spot on the edge of the Essex marshes is, as most folk are aware, the scene of the great northern outfall sewer of London; Crossness, a little lower down on the other side, being the scene of the southern outfall. Sir Joseph Bazalgette was instructed to prepare designs for the requisite works at both stations. But before the works were completed the Metropolitan Board had died, being superseded by the London County Council, and Sir Joseph retired after occupying the position of Chief Engineer for forty years.

The County Council coming fresh into power found the expensive and extensive works at Barking nearly finished, and also found a good deal of opposition existing with regard to the scheme. The Council did what the Board had done before them, and called in experts for an opinion. These gentlemen were their own engineer, Mr. Alexander R. Binnie, and Sir Benjamin Baker, and again the report was favourable.

The scheme thereupon went forward, and in 1890 the sludge ships commenced to run from Barking; the works also were commenced at Crossness—with some improvements suggested by experience—more ships were ordered, until a fleet of five was reached, and in the summer of 1892 the scheme came into operation for the whole of London County, with the result that the steamers carry out some 40,000 tons of sludge weekly. That is, of course, over 160,000 tons monthly in round numbers, and the difference to the river in the absence of these enormous masses of filth must be obvious. Let us take a run through these Barking works, and glance at the whole process.

Barking is not a very delectable place—at least, near the river—and when the fierce nor'-easter blows it must be bitter cold here on the banks. One can reach the sewage domain through the Beckton Gas Works, near to which, again, are the Albert Docks. On the other side of the Sewage Works stretch the broad green levels of the Essex marshes; and attempts have been made to beautify the sewage spot by plantations of shrubs. But the whole place seems as far away from, and as little known by, the majority of Londoners as the wilds of Dartmoor; perhaps, indeed, the beauties of the moor are better known.

At the northern boundary of the domain there enters from the mighty city a broad green road. It is unusually straight for a road, and it is, in fact, the top of the famous twenty-seven feet wide northern outfall sewer. Below the road is a deep, black, rushing river of filth, proceeding by two or three culverts on its way to the Thames.

Then come two sets of three iron cages, which catch all kinds of

may be called extraneous things—such as dead rats, sticks, ıps sometimes slaughter-house offal, and curiously enough, eels the black river. The sets of cages can be worked alternately, ıe sewage is constantly flowing; a hundred million gallons every ty-four hours, it is estimated, pour through these cages, and in d numbers a hundred tons weekly of stuff is caught in them. set of cages can be cleaned while the other is at work, and the is carried off to huge destructors which are constantly burning ome of the refuse of the great city.

Iow history repeats itself! Centuries ago the waste of the city erusalem was burnt in a constant fire outside the walls; and here is the greatest city of modern times treating a part of its se in the same way.

Freed from this *débris*, the black river flows on under its green- ed road to the liming station. It was found, early in the progress he scheme, that it was cheaper to administer the lime dissolved ater rather than the lime alone. This is accordingly done. It ssolved in huge tanks, about $3\frac{1}{8}$th to $3\frac{1}{2}$ grains to the gallon, some he subsequent effluent being used for the purpose, and it is then off into the black river.

Farther on the sewage rushes to the iron station. Here solution ulphate of iron is added, and then, finished with its treating— :h is not here a "corrupt practice"—the huge volume of sewage s on to the Penstock Chamber. This building is fitted with a ber of iron gates or penstocks, twenty-six in number, giving ss to a series of immense underground apartments or channels, re at last the black river gives pause and rests. These are the ipitation chambers, a thousand feet long and over thirty feet . The top of them looks like a very flat grass field, except that and there are mysterious iron plates or openings, through which an look down to the simmering flood below.

The penstocks are worked alternately, and are moved by hydraulic er. At the end of the huge precipitation channels is a wall ning back the thick sludge-water and its sediment below, and this wall rushes the clear water or effluent which has deposited ediment in the precipitating channel. There is a narrow platform this mighty rush of effluent to which one can descend and watch flood. It pours on for ever, a Niagara of purified sewage, millions allons of it every twenty-four hours; the last rush before it is ff to join the river at its outgoing tides.

As for the stuff it has left behind, called "sludge," it is at certain rvals run off by means of weirs *into other* channels, where the

process of precipitation still further proceeds. The effluent from these channels is very bad, and is returned to the liming station by pumping, while the thick sludge itself is pumped into the sludge ships waiting at the pier, or if that be not practicable at the moment, to tanks where it awaits its last voyage.

Four of the sludge ships are kept constantly at work, one being permitted a rest for a week when painting and repairs are undertaken, and when the crew enjoy an easier time; they also get a complete twenty-four hours off in every week. Otherwise they are constantly engaged on the ships, keeping regular watches as though they were fully at sea, and sleeping on board. The ships are at work night and day, and are of sufficient power to take a trip out to sea and return every twelve-and-a-half hours.

They are twin-screw boats, fitted with triple expansion engines of about 120 horse-power, and can steam with their strange cargo some ten knots an hour. The sludge is pumped into three huge tanks, the floors of which are level with the sea outside. They can thus be easily emptied by the opening of valves in the ship's bottom, when, acting on the law that water finds its own level, the stuff runs out. Through the half-dozen valves, the ship can unload the whole thousand tons in seven minutes. More time, however, is usually taken. The tanks are all covered over, there is no offensive smell, and no one walking the broad and clean deck would imagine the black and filthy cargo within. There is a deck house or small saloon, and the men are comfortably berthed below. In short, the ships are prepared as for a short voyage at sea, and if they are detained off the Nore by fog or foul weather, they are ready to meet delay with perfect equanimity.

Their course is to a channel called the Barrow Deep, which is not used either by north- or south-bound ships. It curves to the north-east; but the smoke of the northern steamers floats far on your left, and away to your right lies the thin line of the southern vessels; so here the Council's steamers are quite alone. They have left the Nore Light and the Girdler far behind, and here on a summer's day the sea-green waves laugh and sparkle and tumble, and the broad plain of water seems to stretch to infinity.

A quiet word from the observant captain on the bridge, and the men draw off the oil-skin capes from the valve wheels; another word, and the men slowly move them. The captain has seen the North Knob Buoy, some mile beyond the Nore, the point where he may commence discharging, and has ordered accordingly.

Look behind! a dark stream is already mingling with the white wake of the steamer and the sea-green of the waves, and a few heavy-

gulls begin to hover over it. Steaming for a few miles, and ischarging, the vessel rids herself of her queer load, and then on her track. Ten to one but she will see one or more of her ers following her on the same errand, but of the discolouration y her own cargo nought will probably be visible. The sludge shed. There is a strong current in the Barrow Deep running a, and at last the County Council has done with its sludge. ant enough though the work may be in the warm summer the aspect is very different in the sleet and storm and biting inter nights. But night and day all the year round the work on.

r communities must follow suit. The borough of West Ham t sinner in this respect, and the Lea, into which it pours its l sewage, is filthy. This, of course, comes into the Thames; best way and the cheapest method, surely, would be for the am sewers to discharge into the London system, and be t Barking with the rest. Then, too, large sewers are being carry off the storm water from London, which at present flows Thames and of course carries sewage with it. When these are achieved, even greater improvement may be looked for.

the cost of the present gigantic experiment in cleansing the er, Mr. Dibdin is reported to have said to an interviewer in *Mall Gazette* that it is much less than the estimate. The of precipitation and of carriage out to sea involved a charge ,000, and the "annual cost, including interest on capital, tear, and all charges," is about £120,000. As the Royal ion stated it would be about £200,000 yearly, Mr. Dibdin at a saving of £80,000 yearly has been made on the timate.

riments in filtration have also been carried on in order to er improve the effluent run into the Thames at Barking and s. The question seems to be largely one of expense, for ry as the results have been at present, the effluent could no rendered as clear as drinking water. Filtration through a oke breeze, for instance, seems to yield highly satisfactory and, moreover, the breeze would be available as fuel. How- may be, there is no doubt but that the Main Drainage ee, of which Mr. T. Howell Williams is chairman, and the f the Council have brought to a very successful issue an g and gigantic experiment, one, too, which is of immense ce to the great river and to the health of the people of

F. M. HOLMES.

PURITANS AND PLAY-ACTORS.

AS a nation we have been accused by our French neighbours of taking our pleasures sadly; had our French neighbours known our grandmothers' great-grandmothers they never would have made such a silly remark. As a provincial people we may accuse our Georgian ancestors of taking their pleasures surreptitiously. The difference enunciated by the lively Gaul—if it ever existed—may be morally in our favour; but it is not so certain that the enjoyment was in favour of the Georgians. If it be really true that stolen kisses are the sweetest, it only remains for us to abandon the claim. The young men and maidens of the era of the first George were very artful and determined felons in the matter of their social amusements, whatever they may have been in the matter of their kisses. They stole their pleasures with a deftness that at once elevated their methods into the domain of high art, and in their efforts showed a rapture which could consecrate even their wickedness.

As to public entertainments, provincial England in the early Georgian days was halting, not between two opinions, but between the expression or suppression of one opinion. That opinion was decidedly Thespian. The husk of Puritanism alone remained. The vitalising energy of persecution had, in its death, slain sermons and "holdings-forth." There was a craving among young people for the exhibition of scenes of gaiety, and such scenes were most expected in, as they could be best represented by, stage plays. The modes of thought then beginning to obtain, not having been formed on the severe doctrines of struggling Nonconformity, sought for excitement. The elders, cradled in the lap of Puritanism, could not countenance any such fatal levity. The abhorrence of long sermons was rightly suspected to mark a decay of public morality. In the way of mundane enjoyments, the patriarchs declared it to be enough for the young people, if they would not listen to the sweet tones of the preacher for more than twenty minutes at a time, to learn the spinnet and the harpsichord, if needs be that they must have music. Even this was possibly too great a concession, when the standard of

their own youth claimed consideration and the psalm tunes of Tate and Brady were in their memory; for the frivolous worldly instruments had a proved tendency of promoting an enjoyment of hilarious gatherings, which in many known instances had already developed into backslidings, as the prim ones called the dancing parties which had already become fashionable, where intercourse was dangerously promiscuous, even under the most rigid supervision. When, therefore, the still further development, the Thespian backsliding, began to show its existence and plead for recognition by substantial worth and admitted respectability, that branch of sub-aristocratic society which counted some fifty or sixty years of age was unpleasantly excited. Grandames were shocked, well nigh beyond utterance, as was to be expected of women who were called Tabitha and Keziah; mammas were perplexed, as women who had reverted to the good old names of Jane and Mary, and were still comely, would naturally be; for, in spite of reminiscences, their superior vitality forbade them to be ruthless; Sylvia and Phyllis, deliberately given over by their godfathers and godmothers to the new cult, were disgusted, while their counterparts, Damon and Strephon, were on the verge of reckless despair. According to their views, changed opinions had admitted the nomenclature, hence the demand. Their logic might be good, but good logic is not always the successful opponent of stout prejudice. So, in spite of the logic, it remained a fact that respectable provincial society declined to recognise the stage for some decades after the German Georges had slain Jacobinism and the apparition of the scarlet-woman, thereby restoring security to the throne.

York, the capital of the north of England, offered a disreputable example to the sober provincial towns hitherto under its social guidance. As a leader it had failed in the best phases of public amusement. The Bacchanalian fame of the ancient metropolis, finding its imperishable record in George Meriton's song of 1584:

> Yorke, Yorke, for my monie
> Of all the Citties that ever I see,
> For merrie pastime and companie,
> Except the Cittie of London—

had been content to wallow in the prominence it had then achieved. It was too slow to learn that such phases were not public amusement. Strong ale and stereotyped piety were no longer the natural panacea. A dash of the nice-and-naughty, effervescing with the vigour of combining opposites, was the tonic most approved by the cloyed stomachs of the people, drenched either by ale or sermons. Rustic Englishmen of that era knew not how to cry "*Vive la bagatelle!*" but they had

sufficient vitality, if long suppressed, to appreciate the influences which caused another people to raise that cry.

The Cathedral City laid the foundation of its theatre in 1731, having obtained from Leeds a score years before due notice that in order to retain its social supremacy its methods if not its manners must be improved. There was a necessity for a higher enjoyment than that afforded by bear and skittles. York had danced and jigged and held its cock-fighting matches during the race week since the days of the Merrie Monarch; but these amusements were bucolic, coarse, and established. Something more sprightly and less tinged with the rawness of rusticity must be introduced, for society was no longer composed of Squire Touts and Lady Bettys, with their followings of gamekeepers and grooms. As long as Puritanism was triumphant, York had trembled at the provision of a theatre—not in any modesty, let it be assured, but by incompleteness of comprehension. Its bucolic instincts had not risen with the development of the times. Had the Cathedral City been as tuneful as it was gay, it would have been the birth-place and home of the grand Musical Festivals of our day, and the advent of the Thespians might have been delayed a full score years. But it was not; so the Thespians had to come. Their coming was a distinct admission of the inferior refinement of their patrons.

The proof of this position lies in the comparison between music and the drama. In the cultivation of music, and the appreciation of its highest efforts, Leeds had decidedly beaten York, as it beats it to-day beyond any challenge. For a score years before York moved in that direction, Leeds had provided an Assembly Room for its stately dances and musical performances. While Leeds was holding "Consorts of Musick," York had desperately plunged into open patronage of the sock and buskin, through which example the inferior town was brought to a secret determination to do likewise. But even this audacity of the Cathedral City was only intermittently successful in the city itself. The Thespian adventurers who accepted its patronage had to select favourable moments for their invasions; the utmost abandon of the gay old capital could only support them periodically.

The announcements and conditions of the performances are not less amusing than instructive of the shyness with which the invaders had to be countenanced. Hardy York did not, at the very outset of its adventure, dare to receive its amusers with unveiled enthusiasm. It became crafty as well as adventurous. "We hear that the company of comedians intend offering a series of plays in our splendid

New Theatre during the race week, and trust the nobility and gentry will honour them with their presence and patronage." That, of course, is apologetic, meaning, unless the nobility and gentry would lead the way, it was hopeless to ask for the countenance of the "lower grades." If, however, such a lead were offered, the following could be counted upon. That is the intimation of the Cathedral City itself; the method of dealing with the provincial surroundings has to vary considerably. The artistes had learnt their lesson. In 1744 Mr. Henry Ward, comedian, informs the gentlemen, ladies, and others, of Leeds and Wakefield, that he is about to publish an opera, "The Happy Lovers, or the Beau Metamorphosed." The gentlemen and ladies of Doncaster and the neighbourhood have favoured this undertaking beyond expectation, says our author, who here uses Demos with a fine mixture of care and unction. The caution of Henry Ward actuated the managers. On June 19th of the same year, the *Leeds Mercury* inserts as a *communiqué*: "The company of Comedians from York will begin to perform on Wednesday evening, 20th instant; and during a short stay here (they being obliged to be at York Races) will exhibit the best and newest plays extant, or any others at the request of the gentlemen and ladies"—which alternative might be intended to flatter the taste of the audience, but was most likely a bid for their sufferance. The "play-actor" had not yet openly become a *persona grata* in the great woollen town. But he was receiving a coquettish attention he well understood. More than thirty years later than this, John Wesley, having heard that Tate Wilkinson had built the theatre at Leeds, wrote to a member of his congregation: "I am told you have a wicked playhouse in Leeds. I do not say you will be damned for going to see a play," but he left them to believe that he thought so. His reign in that empire had, however, then passed away.

In addition to the denunciations of the great evangelist, Mr. Mazarine Blue Tammy, alderman and cloth merchant, was not enamoured of the stage by commercial influence; or of its patrons, the leaders of whom he blamed for the bad trade under which the country suffered; while the minor social fry had greatly offended his national pride and personal respectability, by patronising "foreign rubbish," to the introduction of the soft Farinelli, Senesino, and the tribe of Italian songsters; and after them—much worse than all—libidinous French actresses whom he denounced at all times and in all manner of terms. He was not alone in his opposition, for the country newspapers—not biassed by the influences affecting those metropolitan—had sternly set their faces against the fair invaders

from the first moments of the invasion, reprehending the patrons of these "eclectic dames" and their followers and admirers, the upper-ten and their followers and admirers, whom the country press spoke of in terms neither overstrained nor undeserved. A local poet crystallises the rural indignation:

> To shew how much our northern tastes refine,
> Imported nymphs our Peeresses outshine;
> Whilst tradesmen starve these Philomels are gay,
> For generous lords had rather give than pay!

The method in which Leeds established its first Assembly Room is entirely characteristic of the social struggles of the age. The wit of the women had to take advantage of the greed of the men. The traders wanted a cloth hall in which to store their goods and expose them for sale, in competition with Wakefield, then a formidable rival. A piece of land was begged from Lord Irwin, in Kirkgate—at that time the most central and fashionable part of the town—and a suitable building raised upon it by subscription, and opened 1711; the upper portion being quietly turned into an Assembly Room, and, as the old building yet shows, a very good one of its kind. With such a room provided, of course the dances must follow, *à la mode*, and then patriarchal Leeds, finding itself outwitted, turned up its eyes in horror and indignation. But the thing was done; the dances followed and young Leeds rioted, while old Leeds groaned in shame and raised more difficulties than could have been thought of except by strait-laced narrowness. When, however, there came hankerings after a theatre, the truth was not forgotten; and for a certainty the patriarchs would never allow the Assembly Rooms to be used by any itinerant Thespians.

If the "play-actor" might not gracefully assist in dispelling amatory dulness in provincial towns like Leeds and Wakefield, a rather full programme was offered by Terpsichore. In that region the young folk had much more of their own way, and they used it with inconsiderate energy. The decorum of the Long Room at Scarborough having been revived in the Assembly Room at York, was passed on to the former places and adopted without reluctance. The assiduities of Tristram Fish, M.C., were the pleasant reminiscences of the youth of middle-aged matrons, of whom one remembered how gracious a Duke once led her through a minuet, while another told how a Countess had envied the splendour of her shoe-buckles. "You appreciate the intermingling of the different grades, my dear! soon as we have learnt how nice the upper circles can be when they like." Mr. Mazarine Blue Tammy came to discover that he could

not overcome that experience. He saw the social externals of Georgian Leeds change under it entirely.

The musical aspirations of the whole people enabled the young ones to out-manœuvre their seniors in varying their entertainments. Music was insidiously made the chaperon of its less staid sister, Dancing. The public musical meetings in the winter season were standing institutions of annual recurrence ; and, as they could be made an admirable conduit to an improvised "hop," were deftly used as such. On September 21, 1741, the subscribers to "the Musick Meeting at Leeds" give notice that the opening for the winter season will be at the "Royal Oak," in Briggate, on Tuesday, 6th October next. The passage from grave to gay had been much more than half achieved when this notice became possible. There had previously been some irregularity as to time and place, which the meeting of October 23rd finally settled, "and it is agreed by the subscribers that the performance shall begin precisely at 6 o'clock in the evening." This determination to take time by the forelock expresses its own meaning, which was that there would be vacant time between the end of the concert and midnight. With this point scored it may be truly remarked that the wit of woman passeth knowledge.

But the quiet little affair which might be thus stolen in after hours, with the assistance of one of the fiddlers, was not all that could be done ; so grand gatherings were arranged under the guise of "benefits." Here is an announcement of one of them :

For the benefit of Mr. Parry,
On Friday, 19th Feb., 1742, at the Assembly Room in Leeds, will be performed
A Concert of Instrumental Musick.
N.B. Mr. Parry performs on his new treble harp (which is the best and most beautifullest instrument of the kind in England) several pieces of CORELLI'S, HANDEL'S, GERMINIANI'S, VIVALDI'S and HASSE'S, particularly a grand organ Concerto of Mr. Handel's, accompanied with other instruments.
The whole will be interspersed with English and Scots airs.
Tickets to be had at the King's Arms at Two Shillings and sixpence each.
To begin at 6 O'clock.
After the CONCERT there will be a BALL.

The remarkable features of this programme are not the surprising cheapness of the entertainment, but the quality of the music, and, from the occult side, the deft manner in which the young folk obtain their dearest pleasure by introducing a ball. It is a matter of some astonishment that Handel's music should have been produced in Leeds at that date, and without any reference whatever to metropolitan adoption and patronage. The fact possesses a meaning which the history of music in England cannot lose sight of. Handel

first introduced his music into England in 1741, when it was rejected by metropolitan audiences. The musical writers say it first found favourable public recognition in Dublin in 1742; but in such statements they allude to metropolitan acceptation and have clearly overlooked the "rude north," which, as the above date shows, surpassed them in critical taste, as they must also have done in execution, for the metropolis could not have improvised a chorus equal to the task. Having once obtained his footing hereabouts, Handel has since maintained the forepost of honour; and however remarkable it may appear, it is certain that in the middle of last century provincial choruses were rendering his best oratorios in the parish churches of remote country towns, such as Otley, Skipton, and Knaresborough; in each of which full renderings of the "Messiah" were occasionally given at prices which could not have averaged "houses" of thirty pounds each.

The history and influence of Handel's music are well illustrated by the announcement of a performance in Leeds Parish Church in 1770:

For the benefit of Mr. Crompton,
Organist of the Parish Church of Leeds,
On Thursday, the last day of May 1770, will be performed at
the Parish Church of Leeds,
THE MESSIAH, a sacred ORATORIO,
by a band of upwards of Seventy select performers.
And on Friday, the 1st June, the Oratorio of
JUDAS MACCHABEUS.

The Choruses will be accompanied with Trumpets, French Horns, Kettle-drums, Clarinetts, &c.

The whole will be conducted by Mr. Jobson. The Organ by Mr. Crompton. The Hautboys, Clarinetts, &c., by Mr. Tatnall, Mr. Perkins, Mr. Turner, Mr. Lincoln, and Mr. Muchman from London. The vocal parts by Miss Radcliffe, Mr. Neild, Mrs. Neild, Mr. Radcliffe, &c., from Hey Chapel. The rest of the performers from Wakefield, Halifax, Manchester, Sheffield, and other parts adjacent. The doors to be opened at nine, and the performance to begin at Ten O'clock in the forenoon.

Tickets at 3*s.*, 2*s.*, and 1*s.* each, to be had at the Old and New King's Arms, Talbot, Golden Lyon, White Horse, in Boar Lane, &c.

We learn from this that the unsurpassed brilliancy of the Leeds Musical Festival is not an accidental display of heaven-born talent, but owing to long-established music culture, not less than better native aptness which allowed choruses to be collected from the best of the singers of the whole of the West Riding, in no part of which it may be said Handel could not then be rendered. Puritanism and cloth-making had achieved that vocal end.

We have already seen that it was to music, even more than to the

decline of Puritanism, that the drama owed its domicile in the chief northern towns. The approach of Thespis was decidedly surreptitious in all the towns then struggling forward. The earliest Leeds theatrical advertisement which has occurred to the writer shows how cunningly the welcome Apollo was made to introduce the long-disdained Thespians:

On Tuesday, January 13th, 1767,
A CONCERT OF MUSIC,
At the Concert room, in the Rose and Crown yard,
And between the parts of the Concert will be
presented gratis a Comedy call'd
THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS,
Written by Richard Steele,
To which will be added a new pantomime Entertainment call'd
THE WITCHES.
The whole to conclude with
A DANCE.

By the transparent artifice of setting forth the performance as a concert, and giving the dramatic elements gratis, moral objections which might otherwise have bristled up were overcome in a people notoriously keen of "getting plenty for their brass." When greed and morality were artfully pitted against each other greed won, and since the first moment of its victory its opponent has never recovered the lost ground so far as matters Thespian are concerned. Tate Wilkinson, the great apostle of the Thespians, fastened the bonds of his order upon most of the northern towns. In Doncaster—horsey, racy, and very much more—he attended the races "with his company" for many years before he could settle there; it was not until 1776 that he opened the theatre, built for him by the Corporation, and described it as "very pretty and elegant." But when once established there, his footing may be regarded as monarchical. Mayors and aldermen patronised him; earls and countesses fêted and amused him, while the ignoble ruck applauded and paid him—and than this he could not wish to further go. In Leeds, at the moment when the town may have been most conscious of awakening piety, strangely enough he succeeded earlier. The year 1771 was marked in Leeds by three very important, yet strangely dissimilar, events—the opening of the General Infirmary, of the Theatre in Hunslet Lane, and of St. Peter's Wesleyan Chapel. In the progress of the three places there was, however, a marked difference. The Infirmary was at once the home of a celebrated School of Surgeons, and gave rank to all who could claim association with it; the early chapel was one of the favourite resting-places of John Wesley;

but for two years of its first existence the Theatre struggled on, recognised only out of eye-corners, and entirely at the caprice of the Cathedral City. After that pupilage it burst into an effort of individuality with the following advertising thumps of drums and clashes of cymbals :

On Monday next, June 14, 1773, a Subscription for
Ten Plays will be open'd at
The THEATRE in LEEDS,
With a Comedy never acted here, call'd
THE SCHOOL FOR RAKES,
And a New Farce, call'd
CROSS PURPOSES,
and early in the Subscription will be given a NEW PANTOMIME ENTERTAINMENT, got up at a very considerable expense, with a variety of new Scenery, &c., &c.

Tickets : Box 15*s.*, Pitt 10*s.*, each, to be had at the Theatre from Ten O'clock on Monday Morning till the play begins.

☞ In order to make it *more agreeable* to the Public, and *less hazardous* to the manager (who is at a great and certain expense) there will be plays *but* for the few weeks between this time and the York assizes, after which the Theatre will not be again opened till the beginning of September, for nine days.

And so the shadow of the Cathedral City still remained on the provincial towns; to be finally removed from Leeds by this very effort. The "nine days" at the beginning of September expanded into a month of successful play. The performances finished on October 6 with "The Constant Couple, or a Trip to the Jubilee," for the benefit of Mr. and Mrs. Weston; and at the end of the play, "by particular desire," was a singing interlude from Mr. Garrick's "Jubilee," the whole concluding with a new farce, called "The Trip to Portsmouth." So the "Company of Comedians" was installed in Leeds; and York had to begin the downward career which brought it to its present insignificance in matters both musical and theatrical.

The difference with which the "play-actor" was housed in York and in Leeds is a striking illustration of the influence of "appearances." York, softened as to its Puritanism by the traditions of scholarship and the cathedral, boldly found him an arena within sound of the cathedral organ, and in touch with the best of its streets and localities. In Leeds, on the other hand, prim respectability would not so openly countenance him as to receive him in its midst. The exhortations of the tabernacle were certainly not yet to be openly flouted. If it must be that a local habitation should be provided for him, local propriety declared that it should be as remote as possible. The decriers of every caste were unanimous in this matter. Some of them might openly encourage him, others secretly; but all wished "appearances" to be saved. Into the fold of civic decorum he certainly should not

dmitted. So it happened that the first theatre erected in Leeds at in Hunslet Lane—was sent into a more remote spot than assigned to Puritanism and Nonconformity in the intolerant days Charles the Merrie. It may not be ill for *fin de siècle* Victorians atch a glimpse of the spot as known to the contemporaries of the ıce Regent. In July 1813, James Lauffin, an Irish cloth-dresser, killed by lightning while taking shelter under an elm tree in nslet Lane. The site was only to be approached by the passage ı bog whose further extremity is yet known as Frogland. The ption of such a site is the surest index of public opinion, and ındeniable proof of the existence of narrow bigotry. Had the cience of Leeds been as honest or as fearless as that of York, theatre of Leeds would not have remained in the outskirts of own for a century after its erection.

W. WHEATER.

HOLLAND HOUSE AND IT
ASSOCIATIONS.

"I HAVE seen most of the palaces and palatial reside
Europe, and if I were told to choose one to live in
remainder of my life I should choose this." These words, it is
were uttered by Henry Bulwer, Lord Dalling, one evening as
leaving Holland House in company with a friend. The fri
are told, responded—

> "And I said to myself, if there's peace in the world,
> A heart that is humble might hope for it here."

That the foregoing utterances were of a hyperbolical character
be unjust to say. Of all the historical edifices of London we
none that can outvie, and fewer still that can bear comparis
Holland House. We should suppose that no Englishman,
tainly no foreigner that has made any acquaintance with our
and political history, has omitted to secure a peep at least at
House from the Kensington and Hammersmith Road. Ev
who are profoundly ignorant of its traditions and historical
tions are arrested by the air of repose and of dignified a
serenity which the grand old pile seems to wear as they c
tant glimpses of it. Surrounded by stately trees, it cons
veritable oasis in the hideous monotony of London br
mortar. Not only does it occupy the proud position of t
celebrated dwelling-house in the metropolis, but of the
destruction of which by the hateful rage for improvement
storation, which is one of the curses of this *fin de siècle*, w
most regretted by all persons of cultivated tastes. Over a
again such a proposal has been mooted, and as often has
received with a howl of virtuous indignation. Long may t
of virtuous indignation have power to avert its fall, and to
ruthless hand of the restorer!

It was one of the cherished literary projects of the gre
statesman, Sir James Mackintosh, to write the history of

House, and our only regret is that he never lived to carry this project into execution. He left, however, behind him, at his death, copious notes for such a purpose, and these were turned to practical account some twenty years ago by the Princess Lichtenstein, an adopted daughter of the late Lady Holland, who was brought up in the house, and married a younger son of the illustrious Austrian house of Lichtenstein. Aided by her narrative, and by information obtained from other sources, we purpose to recall some of its associations, and to spread them out in as agreeable a fashion as we can before the reader.

Casting our retrospective glances backwards so far as the time of the Norman Conquest, we find that Kensington contained even then a substantial manor-house which went by the name of Holland House. This residence existed until 1610. In that year Sir Walter Cope caused it to be demolished and Cope Castle to be erected on its site. In course of time Sir Walter Cope paid the great debt to Nature, as all baronets do sooner or later, and his heiress entered into possession of Cope Castle. Isabel was soon courted by a certain Henry Rich, and was eventually married to him. Standing high in Court favour, he was sent by King James I. to Spain in order to render assistance in negotiating that Spanish marriage between the Infanta and Baby Charles which was, happily, never consummated. Rich returned to England and witnessed the death of James I. and the accession of his son. "The White King's" partiality for the courtier was soon indicated by his creating him first Baron Kensington and then Earl of Holland. The result was that in consonance with the latter title his residence at Kensington was dubbed Holland House, a name which it has ever since retained.

At the outbreak of the Civil War the Earl of Holland was, as were a great many more, in doubt which way they were to walk. Loyal as he was, he could not but see that the conduct of the King towards his Parliaments had been simply suicidal, and that it was ten chances to one that he might be made to expiate his folly. The Earl long halted between two opinions. But the times required decision. The Earl was charged with treason, first by the King and subsequently by the Parliament. The consequence was that he was condemned to death before the tribunal of the latter. The 7th of March, 1648, witnessed the melancholy exhibition of his execution in Palace Yard, Westminster. He met death with an intrepidity in which previously he had been lamentably deficient. Bishop Warburton, in a note on Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion," says that he lived like a knave and died like a fool. This is a hard episcopal utterance, but we fear that ample justification for it may be found in the facts of his career.

After the death of Henry Rich, first Earl of Holland, Holland House was tenanted by Fairfax. It is said that Lambert fixed his headquarters within its walls in July 1649, and that Cromwell used to take counsel with Ireton in the adjoining fields which formed part of the domain, on account of Ireton's deafness, and in order that no State secrets might be heard by eavesdroppers. How or in what circumstances the widowed Countess of Holland, who had been turned out of her residence by the martial saints, regained possession of it we have no means of knowing, but she did regain it ; and when the Puritanical fanatics closed the London theatres she courageously caused the proscribed stage-plays to be performed within its walls. This was partly as a backhander to the Cromwellian hypocrites, and partly as a means of saving the actors of the two London theatres from absolute starvation. From the Restoration to the accession of the first English king of the Brunswick dynasty, it appears that Holland House was let by its noble owners on brief leases and to a variety of persons, some among them being persons of no small importance in their day. Leigh Hunt, in his history of "The *Old* Court Suburb," which still ranks deservedly as the best and most interesting history of Kensington, has collected a list of the occupants. Among them was Arthur Annesley, created first Earl of Anglesea by Charles II. He was President of the Council at the termination of the Commonwealth, and opened correspondence with the exiled King. Sir John Chardin, a great traveller, was another occupant of Holland House. He was a French Protestant jeweller, and received the honour of knighthood at the hands of the Merry Monarch. A third occupant was Catharine Darnley, "the fantastical Duchess of Buckinghamshire" as she is styled by Leigh Hunt, a daughter of Charles II., who assumed the style and title of a princess. Anon we meet with the name of Mrs. Morice as a resident at Holland House. Mrs. Morice was a daughter of Francis Atterbury, the celebrated Jacobite prelate, and was the daughter who met the bishop in exile, and met him only to die. Atterbury's books were preserved in Holland House during his enforced exile, and his son-in-law was always careful to reserve apartments for him in expectation of his return. William Penn is, however, the greatest name on the roll of the temporary occupants of Holland House, and next in point of time and interest comes the sturdy Jacobite Shippen, whom Pope immortalised in his verse for his political disinterestedness :

> I love to pour out all myself as plain
> As downright Shippen or as Old Montaigne ;
> In them as certain to be loved as seen,
> The soul stood forth, nor kept a thought within.

ippen had the honour of being sent to the Tower for saying of ing George I., who was unable correctly to speak our tongue, at "the only infelicity of His Majesty's reign was, that he was unquainted with our language and constitution." The Whigs and ories alike requested him to tone down this expression, but he was solute in his refusal. The Prince of Wales, afterwards George II., ing at loggerheads with his father, endeavoured to bribe him th a thousand pounds, but was equally unsuccessful. Shortly ter the Revolution, Holland House came near to being inhabited William III. His Majesty, it is said, inspected the residence, but nally selected that of the Earl of Nottingham adjoining, and conerted it into Kensington Palace.

In 1673 the son of the Countess of Warwick succeeded his fifth ousin in the Earldom of Warwick, and made Holland House his hief abode. Edward, his son and successor, married Charlotte, a daughter of Sir Thomas Middleton, of Chirk Castle, in the county of Flint. After the Earl's death the Countess married Joseph Addison, one of the greatest essayists of the eighteenth century. With Addison's advent into its halls a new era, or rather second period of interest, begins in the history of Holland House. It was the beginning of that series of literary ceremonies, fêtes, and receptions, for a parallel to which we must go back to the days of Cosmo the Magnificent.

Joseph Addison, at the time he became acquainted with the Countess of Warwick, was one of the brightest ornaments of what has been erroneously termed the Augustan age of English literature. He had passed from a distinguished school to a distinguished college, in the University of Oxford, and had there saturated his mind with classic lore. He had travelled much abroad, and had mixed freely among men of diversified talents. In London he had won a high reputation as a staunch Whig, an elegant courtier, a man of exact and ripe scholarship, and as the author of those incomparable essays in the *Spectator*, to which, it is to be feared, in these degenerate days, even hose who wish to acquire a style familiar but not vulgar, and elegant hough not ostentatious, seldom give their days and nights, as Dr. ohnson recommends them to do. While living in the adjacent llage of Chelsea, Addison and the Countess of Warwick had seen uch of each other, and on the 9th of August, 1716, they became an and wife. In the following year Sunderland made Addison ssistant Secretary of State. It does not appear that the marriage s a happy one, but Addison bequeathed his large fortune to his fe, "a proof," as Mackintosh remarks, "either that they lived on

friendly terms, or that he was too generous to ren
differences." Asthma and dropsy soon laid hold of the ge
and in May 1719 he lay on a dying bed in what is nov
dining-room of Holland House. Conscience-stricken at
in the way of his friend Gay's political advancement
him, and when he came begged for his forgiveness. Po
unconscious that Addison had in any way been wro
forgave him. As the end drew near he sent for his step-s
in whom he had always retained an affectionate interest
he became his step-father. "See," said the dying man,
Christian can die." This touching incident was prob
to by Tickell when, in his address to Warwick, he said

> He taught us how to live, and (oh! too high
> The price of knowledge) taught us how to die.

Addison died on June 17, 1719, and his remains were
Westminster Abbey. The Countess of Warwick survi
twelve years.

In 1721 the youthful Earl of Warwick was gath
fathers, and his cousin William Edwardes, who was ele
Irish peerage in 1776 as Baron Kensington, entered into
Holland House. Twenty-eight years later the mansio
lease to Henry Fox, the younger son of the great Sir S
at a rent of one hundred and eighty-two pounds sixte
and ninepence. Henry Fox played an important
political stage of England under the first Georges, a
was created Baron Holland of Foxley, in Wiltshire.
apostasy brought him into ill-favour, and he lived much
died at Holland House, which he purchased in 1767, on
being then in his sixty-ninth year. It is related that dur
illness the celebrated wit George Augustus Selwyn called
House and left his card. The Earl scanned it, and sud
to mind his friend's extraordinary mania for seeing c
therefore turned to the servant and said: "If Mr. Selwy
show him up; if I am alive I shall be delighted to see
I am dead he would like to see me." Lady Caroli
survived her husband only twenty-three days, and the s
Holland survived his father only six months. Holland H
the minority of the third Lord was let to strangers.
third Lord Holland returned to England from his gran
that time he was twenty-three years of age, and had not
long before he restored the house, "practically by fitting it
expense for his own habitation, and intellectually

together those wits and geniuses who invested it with greater brilliancy than it had enjoyed even in the days of Addison." Lord Holland the third, it must be remembered, was born in 1773 and died in 1840. His manhood thus embraced one of the most important epochs of European history. It was a time prolific not only of great men, but of great social and political revolutions. It witnessed the outbreak of the French Revolution, and the establishment of the Empire, as well as the beginning and the end of those terrible wars by which both were accompanied. It witnessed the rise of the middle class of England, the downfall of the oligarchy, and the keenest intellectual activity of our race. It witnessed the appearance of the modern novel, of the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*, of the *Times* newspaper, and of the rise and progress of the Lake School of poetry. There is, in short, no period of British history which has been marked by greater social and literary brilliancy, nor has the circle of London society ever at any other period comprised so many famous and remarkable persons. At the very beginning of this great age, the third Lord Holland found himself in the possession of varied culture, peculiar charm of manner, and no inconsiderable power of conversational talent. That his mind ranked among the highest orders it would be absurd to assert, yet his mental faculties were sufficiently vigorous to enable him to stimulate all with whom he came into contact. For the best part of his life, Lord Holland and his beautiful and accomplished wife sought to render their attractive residence, surrounded by delightful grounds at Kensington, an earthly paradise, and the resort, not only of all the politicians of the Liberal creed, but of the greatest English wits, orators, poets, and artists. What Mæcenas was to Horace, the third Lord Holland was to English men of letters. A list which Sir James Mackintosh received from Lady Elizabeth Holland enables us to image to ourselves this famous *salon* in the third lord's time. From 1799 to 1840 there was hardly a remarkable Englishman, either in politics, in science, or in literature, beginning with Charles James Fox and "Monk" Lewis and ending with Lord Houghton, who had not been a guest at Holland House. The list of habitual visitors has always made us sigh to think that no Laird of Auchinleck haunted the rooms and collected all the brilliant conversations that he might have overheard, for we are perfectly convinced that they must have far surpassed anything that has been produced during the course of the last two hundred years. No narrow limits of parties, of creeds, of pursuits, of nationalities, bounded this circle. Every person who had distinguished himself, or who gave promise of doing so, was accorded a free and hearty

welcome to this recognised abode of taste, and envied resort of wit, beauty, learning, and genius. There, surrounded by the choicest treasures of art, and in a light reflected from the canvas of Gainsborough and Sir Joshua Reynolds, sat and mingled in familiar converse the most eminent poets, painters, actors, artists, critics, travellers, historians, warriors, orators, and statesmen of two generations! Under that roof celebrities of all sorts, matured or budding, and however contrasted in genius or pursuit, met as on the table-land where, according to the fine saying of D'Alembert, the French encyclopædist, Archimedes and Homer may meet and stand face to face on a footing of perfect equality. The man of mind was introduced to the man of action, and modest merit which had yet its crowns and its laurels to win was first brought into acquaintance with the patron and patroness who could advance its fortunes, or with the hero whose name sounded like the shrill blast of a trumpet. Let us recall the names of those that the hostess entertained at her table. There were Sir Philip Francis, believed to be the author of "The Letters of Junius," Dr. Samuel Parr, Lord Byron, Lord Jeffrey, "Monk" Lewis, Payne Knight, the scholar and antiquary; Dumont, the great Frenchman and friend of Jeremy Bentham; the four great chancellors, Thurlow, Eldon, Brougham, and Lyndhurst; Sir Humphry Davy and Count Rumford; John Hookham Frere and Lord Macartney; Charles James Fox and Henry Grattan; William Windham and Sir Samuel Romilly; James Monroe and Washington Irving; Montholon and Bertrand, the faithful attendants of the first Napoleon; Lally Tollendal and the two Humboldts; the Duc d'Orléans, subsequently Louis Philippe; Prince Metternich and Canova the sculptor; Thomas Moore, Lord Erskine, Madame de Staël, John Bannister, and John Philip Kemble. Then behind the general company of the *salon* there was an inner circle of wits and savants quite as delightful, and comprising Sydney Smith, the witty Canon of St. Paul's, Samuel Rogers, the poet, Luttrell, the wit, Francis Horner, of whom Sydney said that the "ten commandments were written on his face," and of whom Lord Campbell said that he was the first man who ever made the doctrines of political economy intelligible to the House of Commons; Lord Brougham, Sir James Mackintosh, and last, though not by any means least, the accomplished essayist and historian, Thomas Babington Macaulay. All this brilliant throng were presided over by Lady Holland, who, in spite of her beauty, in spite of her charms, and in spite of her accomplishments, was the rudest and most overbearing woman of distinction since the days of Sarah Jennings. Sydney Smith and a few other men never tolerated

insolence ; but it may well be doubted if she did not domineer r the ladies who entered the portals of Holland House to her rt's content, ruling them with a rod of iron. Her cleverness, her le knowledge, her kindliness, made some compensation for her itrary power, but never effaced it from the recollection of any o had suffered from it. She has been known to stop Lord caulay in the midst of an interesting anecdote with "Now, caulay, we have had enough of this ; give us something else." lney Smith she ordered here and there as if he was a lackey in- ad of one of those august personages known as a canon residen- y of St. Paul's. One day her ladyship ordered him to ring the l. The canon meekly complied, and then asked whether he uld sweep the room ! Having heard that Thomas Moore was en- ged on a biography of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, which he ected to render very lively and entertaining, Lady Holland said him one day at a full dinner-table, "This will be a dull book, this eridan' of yours, I fear." Seeing some politicians whispering gether in the drawing-room one evening, she said "Ah, gentlemen, 're whispering ; we shall have to go to the club to find out what are saying."

It may not be amiss to mention that the excellence of Lady lland's dinners owed very much to the contributions which she cted from guests who resided in places that enjoyed any reputa- n for venison, poultry, game, and other edibles. Somebody having ded the *mouton des Ardennes* at her table in the presence of M. n de Weyer, her ladyship gave him a commission to purchase her e. He sent an order for half a sheep, which was left at the Foreign ce in Brussels, directed to him and inscribed with the words *-pressé*. The clerks, supposing that it was a bundle of despatches, t it off by the hands of a special messenger. Tidings of this urrence having been spread far and near, M. Van de Weyer was ch derided in the Belgian press for his epicurean tastes.

In the library of the British Museum there exists what will con- e to exist there until the dawn of the year 1900, the autobio- phy of a veteran of great distinction in the ranks of the Whig y, Sir John Cam Hobhouse, subsequently elevated to the peer- as Lord Broughton. While a young man Hobhouse saw much Europe and of the East, and as he was the intimate and ctionate friend of Lord Byron, was associated with one of his poems, held Liberal opinions, and more than all, was gifted with eable social qualities, he soon became a welcome guest at lland House, the rendezvous of the best society of London. A

writer in the *Edinburgh Review* for April 1871, who had been allowed to consult a copy of Lord Broughton's interesting autobiography—the only copy, it is believed, which was struck off—quotes the following interesting memorandum of a dinner at Holland House which Lord Broughton had made in his journal. The date presumably is 1814. "I went in Byron's carriage at seven, and dined at Holland House. There I met Miss Fox, and Martin Archer Shee, the painter and poet. There, too, was Kean, a very handsome little man with a mild but marked countenance, and eyes as brilliant as on the stage. He knitted his brows, I observed, when he could not exactly make out what was said. There, also, was Grattan. We sat down to dinner, when in came Major Stanhope and Lord Ebrington. Kean ate most pertinaciously with his knife, and was a little too frequent with ladyships and lordships, as was natural to him; but Shee was ten times worse. . . . Shee talked a great deal; I thought too much. Lady Holland asked Kean why all the actors said 'Give me *the* hand,' as if *thy* were 'the.' Kean said that he never pronounced it so. Kean said that 'Iago was three lengths longer than Othello.' A *length* is *forty-two* lines. Lord Holland mentioned that he had seen a letter from a midshipman on board the *Undaunted* frigate, in which Napoleon sailed to Elba. The boy said that 'Boney was so good-humoured, and laughed and talked, and was so agreeable, but that the world had been under a great mistake in thinking him a clever man; he was just like anybody else.' When the women went the conversation turned on public speaking. Grattan gave us a specimen of Lord Chatham's way, which, he said, was colloquial, when he saw him leaning on his crutch, and sometimes dozing; but when roused by opposition, he was overpoweringly eloquent. He was, however, inferior to modern speakers. Pitt, his son, was a better rhetorician. Lord Holland told us that Fox once said to him that Sheridan's speech on the Begums was the finest ever heard in Parliament. Lord Holland asked him if his own speech on the Peace was not as good. 'That was a damned good speech, too,' was the ingenious reply of this truly great man. Fox used to praise Pitt's speech on the Slave Trade as a fine specimen of eloquence. When we went to the ladies the conversation was addressed to Kean. Lady Holland asked him if he was not a capital 'Scrub.' Kean replied that he had not the slightest acquaintance with the part; indeed he was no comedian, except, perhaps, that he could play Tyke in the 'School of Reform,' which was a sort of sentimental character. Lord Ebrington and Major Stanhope left us, and then Grattan began to give us in his inimitably grotesque, forcible, and theatrical manner

ne characters of some Irishmen who had figured at the end of the ast century. . . . He said that Lord Bellamont, in person, was like a black bull always butting. He was cursed with a talent for imitation, and selected some one bad habit from each of his friends, so that he was a compound of vicious qualities, or, at least, disagreeable manners. One of these friends always stood with his toes in—Bellamont did the same; another wore black stockings and dirty brown breeches—Bellamont copied this also. He wore his wig half off his head in imitation of some one else; and in speaking he took off the bad manner of some other acquaintance. He had *a watery elocution*, spoke through the nose, and had a face totally insensible to everything he was saying. Mr. Grattan added that he thought Bellamont's wig was dirtier than Curran's hair. He said a deal of a Dr. Lucas, and finished his sketch of him by saying, 'When he rose to speak in Parliament, he had not a friend in the House; when he sat down, he had spoken so ill that he had not an enemy.' During this exhibition Lord Holland and myself were in convulsions of laughter. Kean, notwithstanding every effort, roared outright. Lady Holland gave way, and Miss Fox was in ecstasy. He kept us in this way until half-past eleven, when he took me in his carriage to the Princess of Wales." We shall offer no apology for this interesting extract, long as it is. To the uninitiated it will convey an idea of the company which resorted to Holland House sometimes, and enable them to perceive that the conversation, although never destitute of interest, did not always run upon such topics as Shakespeare, taste, and the musical glasses.

Very numerous are the stories which might be related of which Holland House was presumably the scene, and Lady Holland the sayer. Lord Byron was signally disconcerted because her ladyship informed him that he was getting fat. The poet, however, consoled himself by saying, "She is fond of saying disagreeable things." Hearing that Lord Porchester was about to make his *congé* in the world of letters, she said, "I am sorry to hear you are going to publish a poem. Can't you suppress it?" Monk Lewis, on another occasion, spoke to her of the "Rejected Addresses." "Many of them," said he, "are very fair, but mine is not at all like theirs; they have made me write burlesque, which I never do." "You don't know your own talent," was the reply of Lady Holland. Most of our readers have heard of Talleyrand, the famous French statesman. Talleyrand, who often dined at Holland House, was asked on one occasion why Lady Holland fixed her dining hour so inconveniently early. "C'est," responded he, "pour gêner tout le monde." (To incommode every one.) Thomas Moore once lent Lady Holland

the "Memoirs" of Lord Byron, and in his "Journal" he noted under date of July 6, 1821: "By-the-by, I yesterday gave Lady Holland Lord Byron's 'Memoirs' to read; and on my telling her that I rather feared he had mentioned her name in an unfair manner somewhere, she said, 'Such things give me no uneasiness: I know perfectly well my station in the world; and I know all that can be said of me. As long as the few friends that I really am sure of speak kindly of me (and I would not believe the contrary if I saw it in black and white), all that the rest of the world can say is a matter of complete indifference to me.'" [1]

Writing in the *Edinburgh Review* for June 1841, Lord Macaulay spoke of the library of Holland House, the finest room in the establishment, the contents of which, whether relics or literary treasures, are the most precious; the historical associations of which are the most varied. At the northern end of the library, to the west, is the inner library, which affords a fine view of the Dutch garden, and contains a fine collection of literary works. On the walls of the library passage, which is small and narrow, hang portraits of Addison, Benjamin Franklin, Lopez de Vega, Machiavelli, Locke, Madame de Sevigné, Catherine of Russia, and Robespierre. From the library a passage leads to the Yellow Drawing-room, which derives its name from the colour which chiefly pervades it. Among the curiosities in this apartment is a pair of candlesticks in Byzantine ware which belonged to Mary Queen of Scots, and an ancient poison-ring with a death's-head in carbuncle, which it is supposed was sent to her. In a cabinet are numerous relics of the great Napoleon, which were collected by the third Lord Holland. There is a locket containing a lock of Napoleon's hair, and a narrow gold ring with an emerald and two diamonds which were brought specially from St. Helena for Lady Holland. More interesting than these, however, is a copy of the *Edinburgh Review* for December 1816, annotated by Napoleon. This copy, which was given by Barry O'Meara to Lady Holland, contained a review by John Allen of Warden's "Letters from St. Helena," first published in 1816. The letters were favourable towards Napoleon, and the reviewer was favourably disposed to the work that he was reviewing. It is said that Napoleon expressed much surprise, on reading Allen's article, at the intimate knowledge which the reviewer had displayed concerning some of the early events of his own career, which had faded from his recollection. After the Peace of Amiens had been signed in 1801, Lord Holland and his spouse were introduced to Napoleon at Paris by Charles

[1] *Memorials*, ii. 86.

mes Fox, and a close friendship from that time struck up between em. After the abdication of Napoleon in 1814, Lady Holland nt messages of respect and sympathy to him while in captivity at lba. Lord Holland was utterly opposed to his being sent to St. elena, and after he had been sent there, made strenuous endeavours frustrate the passing of the Bill through the House of Lords for s more effectual detention in exile.[1] Lady Holland, whose respect r Bonaparte was unbounded, continued to be his friend even until eath. She practically ministered to the alleviation of his imprison- ent by sending out to St. Helena any new publications or luxuries at she considered would be likely to be acceptable to him. Nor as the downfallen Consul lacking in gratitude for these favours. During his lifetime he made her many valuable presents at different mes, and after his death in the lonely island in the Atlantic, a nuff-box was found among his possessions, containing a piece of aper inscribed with the following words: "L'empereur Napoléon Lady Holland, témoignage de satisfaction et d'estime." We may add that the snuff-box, which had been presented to Napoleon by Pope Pius VI. at Tolentino, in February 1797, was be- queathed by Lady Holland to the British Museum, where it is still to be seen. It is a curious circumstance that this gift evoked no fewer than three very respectable copies of verses, which are preserved among the manuscripts at Holland House. The first poem was by Lord Carlisle, who commented at some length upon the Emperor's legacy; and contrived to vent his spleen against the fallen victor at the same time. The second is by Thomas Moore, and to our way of thinking is certainly more graceful. It runs thus:

Gift of the Hero, on his dying day
To her, whose pity watch'd for ever nigh.
Oh! could he see the proud, the happy ray
This relic lights up in her generous eye,
Sighing, he'd feel how easy 'tis to pay
A friendship—all his kingdom could not buy.

The authorship of the third poem is quite unknown, but the verses of it are as follows:

Many there are who, when his star was high,
Were raised to greatness by Napoleon's power,
Yet few of all the throng have breathed a sigh
Fearless and grateful in his darker hour.

Some, too, there are, who plucking wreaths of fame,
In open battle fought against his yoke,
And yet when Fortune smiled, upon their claim
No generous spark in victors' breasts awoke.

[1] See *Parliamentary Debates, 1816,* vol. xxxii. p. 1020.

the "Memoirs" of Lord Byron, and in his "Journal" he noted under date of July 6, 1821: "By-the-by, I yesterday gave Lady Holland Lord Byron's 'Memoirs' to read; and on my telling her that I rather feared he had mentioned her name in an unfair manner somewhere, she said, 'Such things give me no uneasiness: I know perfectly well my station in the world; and I know all that can be said of me. As long as the few friends that I really am sure of speak kindly of me (and I would not believe the contrary if I saw it in black and white), all that the rest of the world can say is a matter of complete indifference to me.'" [1]

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But thou, unknown to him by love or hate,
Hast filled the place of Victor and of friend;
When time has buried long the flatterer's fate,
Thy name with his last days and praise shall blend.

The mention of the manuscript collections which are preserved at Holland House reminds us that these constitute not the least important of its treasures. Among these is a manuscript register of the books and of those who borrowed them from the library between the years 1799 and 1840. Many illustrious names appear in this list of borrowers, notably Brougham, Bentham, Southey, Sir James Mackintosh, Hallam, Jeffrey, Grote, and Ugo Foscolo. There are some fine Spanish manuscripts, including the autographs of Lopez de Vega's plays. A valuable collection of French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and English autographs, among which occur the signatures of David Hume, Rogers, Walter Scott, Sir David Wilkie, Campbell, and Southey; Buffon, Cuvier, Lafayette, Franklin, Voltaire, and several members of the Bonaparte family. Since the preservation of our national records has become an object of solicitude with the Government, an increasing general interest has been shown for original autographs, and among private collections few can outvie that of Holland House.

"All houses wherein great men have lived and died," says Longfellow, "are haunted houses." Naturally our readers will not be surprised to learn that Holland House has long enjoyed the reputation of being haunted. Two ghosts, it is said, lurk in the precincts of the mansion. Near the house is an avenue known as the Green Lane, which so long as nightingales warbled in it was called Nightingale Lane. It is a long avenue, like an immense gallery, arched with trees and carpeted with grass, the distant light at the end softening down into a misty blue. John Aubrey, the old antiquary, in his gossiping *Miscellanies*, relates the ghost story, which says that "the beautiful Lady Diana Rich, daughter to the Earl of Holland, as she was walking in her father's garden at Kensington, to take the fresh air before dinner, about eleven o'clock, being then very well, met with her own apparition—habit and everything as in a looking-glass. About a month after she died of small-pox. And 'tis said, that her sister the Lady Isabella (Thynne) saw the like of herself also before she died. This account I had from a person of honour." It may be added that a third sister, Mary, married the first Earl of Breadalbane, and it is on record that she also, not long after her marriage, received a similar warning of her impending dissolution. It is an admitted fact that whenever the mistress of Holland House meets herself,

is hovering about her. The other ghost story to which we referred concerns Lord Rich, who, as we have already stated, executed by the Parliament. There is a tradition carefully ved at Holland House, and one which it would be downright y to question, that in an apartment known as the Gilt Room, olitary ghost of Lord Rich emerges at the witching hour from d a door which mortal eye has never seen, and paces with ured tread the scenes that he knew while in the flesh, with his in his hand.

f the grounds of Holland House much might be said. It was spot called the Moats that Lord Camelford fell in his encounter Captain Best. The captain had the reputation of being the best in the country, and this, unfortunately, actuated Lord Camelford rge on a duel with him on March 7, 1804. The first fire him low, and on being carried to Little Holland House, the d that he had received was examined and pronounced mortal, h proved the case three days later. Doubtless Lord Camelford a presentiment that he would be worsted, for appended to his will and testament were found these words: "There are many matters which, at another time, I might be inclined to mention; I will say nothing more, at present, than that in the present con- I am fully and entirely the aggressor, as well in the spirit as in etter of the word; should I therefore lose my life in a contest of wn seeking, I most solemnly forbid any of my friends or relations, iem be of whatsoever description they may, from instituting any tious proceedings against my antagonist; and should notwith- ling the above declaration on my part, the law of the land be put rce against him, I desire that this part of my will may be made n to the King, in order that his royal heart may be moved to nd his mercy towards him." Near the Moats lies a piece of water hich the Duc and Duchesse d'Aumale were accustomed to fish the last Lord Holland; and near at hand there is an alley which s the name of the "Alley Louis Philippe," from the fact that exiled monarch lingered beneath the shade of its trees during a which he paid to Holland House in 1848.

n another portion of the grounds stands a pleasant summer-house, h was always a favourite retreat of the venerable Samuel Rogers, or of "The Pleasures of Memory," a poem which, although it long taken its place as an English classic, we suspect, is not so ly read as it deserves to be. This retreat was the subject of e pleasant lines by Colonel Luttrell, and of an inscription from pen of Lord Holland:

Here Rogers sat, and here for ever dwell,
With me, those Pleasures that he sings so well.

Rogers had moved much in the literary, artistic, and intellectual society of London during two generations. He had known Johnson, Fox, Windham, and Malone. He had conversed with Condorcet and Lafayette, had breakfasted with Robertson, conversed with Blair, had taken coffee at the Piozzis, and had supped with Adam Smith. His mental habits and tendencies had strongly disposed and qualified him for turning his length of years to good account, and his company was always, therefore, courted and appreciated. What with great felicity he had said of himself in his poem of "Italy" may be quoted in this place :

Nature denied him much,
But gave at his birth what most he values ;
A passionate love for music, sculpture, painting,
For poetry, the language of the gods,
For all things here, or grand or beautiful.

As we have said, Rogers loved Holland House if ever a man did, not merely for the sake of its owner, but because it reminded him in so many ways of his own delightful residence in St. James's Place, with its stores of pictures, statues, bronzes, vases, medals, curious books, and precious manuscripts. We may mention that Rogers possessed a peculiar fondness for one old tree, which is still standing in the garden of Holland House, and addressed to it the following lines, which were first published in the *Quarterly Review* some twenty years ago :

Majestic tree, whose wrinkled form hast stood,
Age after age the patriarch of the wood ;
Thou who hast seen a thousand springs unfold
Their ravell'd buds, and dip their flowers in gold,
Ten thousand times yon moon relight her horn,
And that bright star of evening gild the morn.
Gigantic oak, thy hoary head sublime,
Erewhile must perish in the wreck of time,
Should round thy head innoxious lightnings shoot,
And no fierce whirlwinds shake thy steadfast root ;
Yet shalt thou fall, thy leafy tresses fade,
And those bare scattered antlers strew the glade ;
Arm after arm shall leave the mouldering bust,
And thy firm fibres crumble into dust ;
The Muse alone shall consecrate thy name,
And by her powerful art prolong thy fame ;
Green shall thy leaves expand, thy branches play,
And bloom for ever in the immortal lay.

It is said that Lord Wensleydale, after having perused the fore-

Soing poem, took up his pen and on the spur of the
Composed the subjoined couplet :

> I'll bet a thousand pounds, and time will show it,
> That this stout tree survives the feeble poet.

And now it is time to draw this article to a close. As w
the brilliant company of which we have spoken recedes fr
one by one, leaving us the conviction that the age which kn
and Holland House, was a great, a very great age ; that th
giants of erudition in those days, giants both of intellec
industry, and forcing us to confess that of all, or nearly all, w
side of the millennium at any rate, shall never be permitte
their like again.

WILLIAM CONNOR SY

THE HIDDEN HOARD.

THERE is not a word thou hast ever said,
  There is not a glance of thine,
There is not a tear thou hast chanced to shed,
  That I have not by stealth made mine,
And hoarded away for the wintry day
  When thy love shall have ceased to shine!

Now that I bask in thy smiles galore,
  And song in thy least breath find,
I never need gaze on that furtive store
  Deep down in my heart enshrined;
But summer's delight will one day take flight,
  And then, for the bleak, bleak wind!

In the season of sorrow, and waste, and wrack,
  When all shall seem doomed to wane,
That long-cherished hoard shall my heart not lack,
  Tho' naught, beside it, remain;
But with glamour-lit eyes, poring over each prize,
  I shall dream that thou lov'st again!

WILLIAM TOYN

PAGES ON PLAYS.

THE past weeks have been fairly rich in performance. They boast the creation of a new part by Mr. Tree, the production of a new play by Mr. Carton, and the reappearance upon the London stage of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal after an absence of nearly four years.

"Hypatia" at the Haymarket is not a deeply interesting play, but it has elements of success. It has had the assistance of a great archæological painter to assure a faithful representation of Alexandria in the days of Cyril; it affords Miss Julia Neilson many opportunities for looking beautiful; and it gives Mr. Beerbohn Tree the chance of, as it were, feeling his way to a possible, and even probable, presentation of "The Merchant of Venice." I do not think the author of the play did very wisely in following Kingsley at all, if he was not prepared to follow him farther and fare better. The novel is dramatic enough; it contains certain very dramatic characters which Mr. Ogilvie has ignored. Raphael has gone, and gone, too, is Pelagia the dancing-girl; gone are the Goths who might have played so brave a part in the business. In fact, a better play might be made out of what Mr. Ogilvie has left than of what he has taken. Not that Mr. Ogilvie's work is without merit and promise. His language is occasionally inflated and inappropriate. It is surprising to hear a young monk fresh from the desert describe the ringed hands of Alexandrian youth as hands "that gleam with jewelled lightnings." His metaphors are not always of the aptest, as when he makes Cleon call someone a weasel who comes to spy out our counsels and bear false witness against us—a complication of duties too heavy for any ordinary weasel to endure. But in spite of such blemishes the play moves along with a certain power, and it has the great merit of giving Mr. Tree opportunities for some very powerful acting. In his hands the old Jew Issachar adds one more brilliant picture to the lengthening gallery of Mr. Tree's living characterisations. It is a fine performance in itself; but it is most valuable for its promise of the Shylock that Mr. Tree will one of these days to give us.

IT is a pity that "Robin Goodfellow" was not produced before "Liberty Hall," for, with all its attractive qualities, it seems to be a retrogression, not an advance upon the piece now being played at the St. James's Theatre. I believe, indeed, that it was written before "Liberty Hall;" nay, more, that it was written before "Lady Bountiful," with which it has one or two points of resemblance, most notably in the character of the selfish rogue of a father. The story of "Robin Goodfellow" is the slenderest story; based upon a series of very improbable results arising from a very improbable deception. The title, too, is something of a misnomer, for there is little reason shown as the play progresses why the pet name of "Robin Goodfellow" should have been applied to a young man who does nothing whatever to suggest goodfellowship, and who only makes himself conspicuous by somewhat unamiably proposing to the wrong girl, and then even more unamiably trying to edge her out of the engagement. But these defects do not seriously lessen the charm of Mr. Carton's play, a charm that all must feel who can make-believe a little and can delight in delicate dialogue. There is need for a little make-believe; but so much should be readily conceded to so attractive an author as Mr. Carton. Take the play as a modern fairy tale with a scheming father instead of a wicked wizard; accept the device of a letter with a double meaning as a substitute for the incantation of an Arabian tale; take the complication for granted, and all will be well.

In "Robin Goodfellow" two of the members of the Garrick company are happy in being provided with parts that enable them to make the best use of their fine talents—Miss Kate Rorke and Mr. John Hare. Miss Rorke has gained of late a high reputation for the interpretation of parts to which the adjective "sweet" and the adjective "womanly" are especially and earnestly applied. But she has never played with greater sweetness, with more sympathetic womanliness, than as the heroine of Mr. Carton's newest play. Looking over the lengthening list of charming women, the daughters of contemporary English comedy, that Miss Rorke has created, I make so bold as to assert that her latest creation is the best of them all—the sweetest, the most womanly, the most sympathetic. Mr. Hare's creation of the selfish father must be accounted one of his triumphs. Mr. Hare has travelled far since those days of the middle sixties when he was unwilling to create Prince Perovsky. The clever actor has grown into the fine artist who plays a part for its own sake, and not for the sake of the sympathy it may arouse in the emotions of an audience. The central figure of "Robin

Goodfellow" is as unsympathetic a rascal as the Roderick Heron of "Lady Bountiful." To say that Mr. Hare acts him as well as he acted Roderick Heron is to give praise that it would be hard to intensify. Yet the two creations are not in the least alike. Common in their meanness, in their selfishness, in their cruel indifference to everything except their own immediate interests, yet the two scoundrels remain, thanks to the genius of Mr. Hare, wide as the poles asunder. It would be hard to say which is the more masterly piece of work. It may be easily said that both are masterly.

No one else had the opportunity of doing such good work in the piece. The subsidiary characters were slight, called for no marked display of talent, and the part of the hero was scarcely suited to Mr. Forbes Robertson. Mr. Forbes Robertson is to me one of the mysteries of the modern stage. He is an actor of very remarkable ability. He is endowed by nature with a handsome presence and an attractive voice. He has been for years before the London public, recognised by all who understand what acting is as one of the most gifted and the most capable of our younger men. And yet in all this time he has found no one intelligent enough to give him the chance of the success that he deserves. Among the many people whose passion it is to put money into theatres, and to back this actor and that actor, why has no prodigal more intelligent than his fellows been found to back Mr. Forbes Robertson? If we must have actor-managers, here one would say is the very man. The man who played the finest Romeo of our time, whose interpretation of the Duke of Buckingham in "Henry VIII." was a masterpiece, ought to be where he deserves to be, in the highest rank of his profession.

THE most memorable event of the month is the appearance of a printed, not an acted, play, the new dramatic work of Henrik Ibsen. It is two years since "Hedda Gabler" appeared; two years is the interval that Ibsen now allows himself between one play and another play; the eagerly expected successor to "Hedda Gabler" is "Bygmester Solness," which means "Master-builder Solness." It has not at the time of which I write made its appearance in English, in the combined English of Mr. Edmund Gosse and of Mr. William Archer, who have, it would seem, composed the differences over the translation of "Hedda Gabler" which raised its ripple of controversy in the pages of public prints. I have only seen the piece in its Norwegian text, an advance copy of that text having been very kindly placed at my disposal by its English publisher. I read it eagerly,

hoping to find a play that should surpass "Hedda Gabler," as "Hedda Gabler" surpassed its predecessor; I closed the book with a profound sense of disappointment. This disappointment is not shared by some of Ibsen's admirers. One admirer assures me that he regards "Bygmester Solness" as not only a greater work than any of the previous creations of Ibsen, but as greater than the whole of them put together. Another and less extreme admirer, the critic to whom England owes its first knowledge of Ibsen, did, as I believe, experience on a first reading a sense of disappointment; but he found, as I understand, that a second reading dispelled that sense of disappointment, and compelled him to accord to "Master-builder Solness" a high place in the list of Ibsen's plays. I am very sorry that I cannot agree with either critic. I do not think that "Bygmester Solness" is the best of Ibsen's plays; I do not think that it takes any place among the best of Ibsen's plays. I am writing, of course, upon a first impression, deliberately writing upon a first impression. I may, after deeper study, change my mind, but I feel bound, beforehand, to record the opinion which a single reading gave me of a play which I approached with the warmest hope, with the keenest expectation. To begin with, it seems certain that "Bygmester Solness" is an allegory. As far as a personal prejudice or a personal predilection may be permitted to enter into a criticism of a work of art—and it is often impossible wholly to eliminate either factor—I have a dislike to allegories, whether they take the form of the "Hypnerotomachia" or the form of the "Faerie Queen." I for one am disappointed to find that the successor to the fine realism of "Hedda Gabler" is an allegory, an autobiographical allegory, rendered all the more irritating by being cast in a form which at first suggests a realistic study of life. It was Mr. Gosse who first hazarded the speculation that the allegory concealed the life and aspirations and achievements of Ibsen himself, a speculation which has since received the seal of authority from Ibsen's lips.

The play opens with every prospect of proving an interesting drama. The scene is in the house of Master-builder Solness. In a designing-room at the back, Knut and Ragnar Brovik, father and son, work at drawings. In front, Kaja Fosli, who is betrothed to Ragnar, writes in a ledger. To her enters Solness, whose appearance and attire are described with the elaborate minuteness that was so remarkable in "Hedda Gabler." The colour of his hair, the colour of his clothes, the colour of his hat, are all decisively indicated. From the moment of his entry it is plain that there is some relationship between Kaja and Solness which has to be kept secret from Knut

and Ragnar. Here the unsuspicious reader may think that the secret of the story is to be found. He will be undeceived. Solness simply exercises a hypnotic influence over Kaja in order that he may keep Ragnar in his office. Ragnar is a youth of ability; Solness fears him as a possible rival in building, so Solness wants to hold him back, and, by discouraging his efforts and chaining him to his service, to keep him down. The dread of rivalry haunts Solness. He cries aloud that one day the younger generation will come knocking at his door, and then "Saa er det slut med Bygmester Solness"—"All will be up with Master-builder Solness." Just as he says these words a very theatrical effect occurs. There is a knock at the door and Hilde Wangel comes in—nominally Hilde Wangel, the Hilde Wangel of "The Lady from the Sea," but, to my thinking, in no artistic sense the possible development of Hilde Wangel. From this moment the rest of the play is practically a duologue between Solness and Hilde. For page after page these two talk to each other. From this moment the possible play ends and the allegory begins. When Hilde was a little girl it seems that Solness went to the place where she lived to build a church, and there was a festival when the church was completed, and Solness climbed to the top of the scaffolding and hung a wreath on the vane. The little Hilde seems to have fallen fantastically in love with the master-builder. She assures Solness that he kissed her passionately, that he promised that she should be his princess when she grew up, that he would come for her in ten years, like a troll, and carry her off to a fairy kingdom of Applesinia. Solness, apparently, has no memory of this marvellous promise; but Hilde, knapsack on back and alpenstock in hand, has come to claim it. The existence of a Mrs. Solness, a weak and weary elderly woman, seems to be wholly ignored by the Princess of Applesinia. Apparently she has determined that Solness is her hero, and that he shall be her hero, willy-nilly. All through the second act they still talk. Solness tells Hilde at great length the story of his life. He comes of a devout peasant stock. Beginning in he employment of Knut Brovik, who was an architect, Solness oon forced his way to the front, married a woman of wealth, nd occupied himself chiefly with the building of churches. But ne day his house, the house which has been part of his wife's heritance, was burned down. The shock of the fire affected his ife's health, and in consequence caused the death of her little twin ys. From that day, though all went well with Solness temporally, went ill with him spiritually. The grounds on which the ruined ouse stood were cut up into building lots, to the great bettering of

Solness's fortune and position. But it darkened his mind. "Fra den dag bygged jeg rette kirker"—"From that day I built no more churches," he says, "only homes for human beings;" a resolve subsequently modified into building houses with towers to them. Hilde wants Solness with his weakness, insists that her hero must be robust, expresses envy for the happy time when women might be carried off by Vikings, and in general behaves in an eccentric, even incoherent manner. Her eccentricity and incoherency in the end force Halvard Solness, first to set Kaja and Ragnar free to live their own lives and then to climb to the top of the tower, which is of course a part of the new house he has been building for himself. From that tower he falls to the ground and is of course killed, while Hilde in a wild state of triumph hears harps in the air and declares that the dead man is now indeed "min bygmester" (my master-builder). Such is the briefest outline of the play which some of its readers prefer to "Hedda Gabler," which some of its readers prefer to all the nineteen volumes of Ibsen's published work. I cannot take my place with either class.

As for the allegory, it seems that Solness is Ibsen, that the churches he used to build symbolise "Brand" and "Peer Gynt," that the "homes for human beings" mean the social plays, and that the houses with towers which represent the master-builder's latest labours represent the later symbolic dramas. This was Mr. Gosse's ingenious interpretation, which we know now to be the correct interpretation. It adds nothing to the charm of the play as a play, but at least it serves to give a meaning to the allegory. Mr. Archer, though he regards the allegory as an enormity, is delighted with the play. He feels its charm "in the marrow of his bones"; he finds that in it "this master-builder has fashioned that loveliest thing in the world—a castle in the air of pure imagination." I wish that I could agree with him. But my impressions of the play were not pleasurable impressions, and I do not think that my reverence for the genius of a great dramatist should debar me from expressing with all due humility my regret. Even if it be taken for granted that in "Bygmester Solness" we have a beautiful allegory, I, for one, did not want a beautiful allegory from the man who can write great plays. I can only think it a pity that the world has lost the play which ought to have surpassed "Hedda Gabler."

JUSTIN HUNTLY McCARTHY.

TABLE TALK.

Mercy to Animals.

THOUGH startling revelations of cruelty to animals are still afforded, the lesson of mercy has, in this country at least, been learnt. Such instances of the infliction of suffering as now and then come up are due to greed rather than savagery. A man of miserly disposition starves and overworks his horses, in complete oblivion of the fact that the apparent economy is, in fact, extravagance and waste. Now and then only some barbarian tortures a cat or performs some similar atrocity. In this case public sentiment is directly against him, and public feeling is outraged. This is a great advance upon what existed a comparatively few years ago. When a man flogs a horse he does so with the knowledge that his conduct is likely to provoke remonstrance, in presence of which he is now cowed and meek, instead of, as at one time, abusive. In this respect England, one is glad to think, leads the civilised world. How few visitors to Spain or Italy have not suffered from witnessing the revolting cruelties practised upon beasts of burden, and especially upon the donkey! In countries farther north, and more advanced in culture and civilisation, the lesson of man's obligation to defend the lower creation is imperfectly learnt, or at least imperfectly practised.

The Influence of "Sport."

SPORT is, of course, the great incentive to brutality. While three-fourths of our aristocracy, our legislators, and our upper classes generally derive their chief enjoyment from slaughter, a condition of affairs much higher than that which at present exists is scarcely to be hoped for. With the question of the influence of field sports I cannot deal. Game constitutes a not unimportant portion of our food supply, and is not easily domesticated. It will be cheaper while gentlefolk amuse themselves with its slaughter than we have to engage and pay for professional butchers. The

[illegible] of amateur butchery cannot, however, possibly fail to [illegible] to some extent, the feelings. Yet the occupation is not confined to the landed gentry, among whom feudal influences still prevail. The prosperous lawyer or merchant has a Scotch moor; the successful painter takes a salmon-stream. The instinct of the chase of animals in times of peace and of men in time of war seems one of the strongest and most deeply rooted of those by which our nature is swayed; and when this is conquered the time will restore the Age of Gold or bring with it the Millennium.

The Sports of our Grandfathers.

EVEN in regard to sport we have mended somewhat. The amount of the slaughter is that, no doubt, by which the sportsman's happiness is measured. As means of destruction are improved the chance of the quarry is diminished, until the word "battue" has to be applied to the proceeding. No pretence survives that the pedestrian ramble through autumnal woods is the real enjoyment, and that the shooting of a few birds is an occupation as well as a contribution to the domestic larder. Here is the complaint of the discontented sportsman: "I was badly placed, and did not kill more than twenty-five birds in the day." If, however, we are greedier and more sanguinary than our ancestors, we are, at any rate, more civilised. A little cockfighting goes on still, and the joy of witnessing it is the fiercer for the necessity of secrecy. Bull-baiting and bear-baiting can scarcely, however, be practised in secret, and these things have quite died out among us. Meanwhile I, as a septuagenarian, if such an indiscreet confession is pardonable on the part of one who remains the shadow of a name, touch the time when incredibly barbarous amusements were indulged in on the sly. What do my readers think of the following as an entertainment? An owl was fastened on the back of a duck, who was sent off on the water. To keep her seat the owl stuck her claws into the back of the duck, who, in order to get rid of her strange burden, dived into the water. Upon reaching once more the light the owl uttered a [illegible] hoot, further frightening the duck, who again dived, and the process was renewed. Ultimately the owl was drowned. I never saw this performance, which I think I have before mentioned, but have heard the account from my father. Another amusement, less edifying, I have, however, in my childhood witnessed. [illegible] was placed in a wooden bowl or tub, and then attack her [illegible] contrived to scratch the noses of her assailants,

but the tub was generally upset or waterlogged, and then she fell an easy prey to her enemies. Not easy is it to conceive of a return to these amusements, against which human feeling revolts. There are, however, individuals in plenty who would enjoy recreation of the kind, and severe penalties have been necessary to prevent our "golden youth" from the hunting of cats. In olden days a terrier was little prized unless he was able, and ready, to kill a cat.

"Rabelais" in English.

YET one more illustrated edition of "Rabelais" is an answer, final, it is to be hoped, and conclusive, to the challenge of English prudery, which sought to deprive the English-reading public of the works of one of the profoundest of thinkers and most inspired of humorists. Beautiful as is the shape in which the new "Rabelais"[1] is issued to the world, the text is unchanged, consisting simply of a reproduction of the first edition of Urquhart and Motteux, which forms the basis of every subsequent edition. Nothing, then, is new except an erudite and ingenious introduction of M. Anatole de Montaiglon, to all the conclusions of which I am not prepared to assent, and the illustrations of M. Chalon. Beautiful and original enough are these. They are not, however, destined to supplant in public estimation the well known and highly prized designs of Picart, or the later and more familiar illustrations of Gustave Doré and A. de Robida. In one design at least, however, the difficulty of conveying an idea of the size of Rabelais' giants is surmounted. We have here a presentation of a scene inside the mouth of Rabelais, along which a knight, armed *cap-à-pie* with lance and pennon, is "pricking," having lost his way. Beyond him rises, like a huge precipice, a single tooth. In this case an idea of the dimensions given by Rabelais is conveyed. On the whole, however, the notion of attempting to realise such huge stature is not to be commended. Were Gargantua and Pantagruel of the size indicated, conversation between them and ordinary beings would scarcely be conceivable. The safest plan, then, in illustrations is to adopt a conventional standard of gianthood, and to show Pantagruel and his brood some twice or thrice the size of average humanity. Different opinions will be and are expressed as to the value of M. Chalon's designs. My own opinion is eminently favourable, and the book, which is in two volumes, constitutes the most sumptuous edition of "Rabelais" that has yet seen the light.

[1] Lawrence & Bullen.

Book-plates.

THOUGH claiming a respectable antiquity as far as regards their occasional use, the general employment of book-plates is of modern growth. So early as the sixteenth century these marks of ownership are found, and through subsequent centuries men of high mark exercised their talents in producing them. Among those who have designed book-plates, or *ex-libris*, are Albrecht Dürer, Jost Amman, Faithorne, Cipriani, Bartolozzi, Boucher, Gravelot, Hogarth, Bewick, George Vertue, and Sir Robert Strange, besides many men of subsequent date, as Wm. Bell Scott, Caldecott, Mr. Walter Crane, and Mr. H. Stacy Marks. The collection of book-plates has now developed into what, in spite of Mr. Ruskin's protest, is called a mania. Only within the last couple of years has it appealed to a large public. In 1837 the Rev. Daniel Parsons published in the "Third Annual Report of the Oxford University Archæological and Heraldic Society" what appears to have been the first contribution to English knowledge of book-plates. This article led to a proclamation by Mr. Parsons of his intention to write a History of Book-plates. This scheme remained unfulfilled, and it was not until 1880 that "A Guide to the Study of Book-plates," by the Hon. J. Leicester Warren, M.A., now Lord de Tabley, was issued. The appearance of this was opportune, and the book itself furnished the classification which subsequent writers are likely to employ. The next step was the formation of an Ex-Libris Society, which has already done good work, and now numbers some hundreds of members. Now comes the popular treatise, "English Book-plates: an Illustrated Handbook for Students of Ex-Libris," by Egerton Castle, M.A., F.S.A.,[1] best known for his work on fencing; a work brimming over with illustrations, and supplying such knowledge exactly as the young student seeks to acquire. So numerous are the illustrations to this, that, for general purposes, it will be more useful than the more exemplary work of Lord de Tabley. The earliest gift-plate of Hildebrand Brandenburg, of Biberach, to the monastery of Ruxheim, which is practically the same as a book-plate, belongs to *circa* 1480. Following this comes the book-plate of Hector Pömer, last prior of St. Lawrence, Nuremberg, engraved from a design of Albrecht Dürer in 1521. Through the various stages, Tudoresque, Carolinian, Restoration, Queen Anne, and early Georgian style, down till to-day, the illustrations are carried, the latest being a fanciful design by Mr. Walter Crane for Mr. Clement *Shorter*.

[1] George Bell & Sons.

Heraldic and other Book-plates.

A CHIEF interest in book-plates is heraldic, and among collectors there are those who confine themselves to those luding armorial bearings. Such reserve is, however, scarcely to be mended. Many of the views of library interiors, those ecially which include a portrait of the author seated among his ks, constitute very desirable possessions. Many beautiful works the kind, some of them not yet reproduced, were designed the late Wm. Bell Scott. One of Lord de Tabley's book-plates, wing an interior with a goodly array of folios, is by that artist. es in the Chippendale or Rococo style, and the Festoon or later rgian, have also an attraction of their own. To this order belongs book-plate of David Garrick, once common in the market, and altogether inaccessible. Occasionally these have too much of a tuary appearance, that of Charles Dyer, 1800, being nothing more n a cinerary urn. The nearest approach to the book-plate is the k which printers and publishers place on their title-pages. Many hese are exceedingly pretty and fanciful, not a few of them being punning or canting description. That affixed by Messrs. Bell & to Mr. Castle's volume thus shows a large bell, with the anchor, dolphin, and ornaments employed by the Alduses and other nters. For this reason I would recommend an ambitious candi- e on the look-out for a book-plate to consult the "Marques Typo- phiques" of M. L. C. Silvestre (Paris: Adolphe Labitte). Many of se are better even than the designs of emblems which have been gely used. Some of those to early chroniclers are delightfully ious and quaint. Others, as those of Jehan Pettit, are equally istic and elaborate. The two volumes, which contain over thirteen ndred designs, are a complete mine of suggestion. Trade marks ve also a certain amount of resemblance to book-plates. In the e of Hogarth, indeed, some confusion is thus caused. Charles wnley used as a book-plate a finely illustrated visiting card, repro- cing the bust known as the Clytie, and some other sculptures. e employment of an address card was, of course, the simplest plan xt to writing a name denoting possession. A whole series of rmes urging the duty of restitution enjoyed currency early in the ntury, the most common and the least complimentary being

> Steal not this book for fear of shame,
> For here you see the owner's name.

is not every one, or indeed many, who can, on book-plate or ding, imitate the magnanimity of Grolier, and speak of a book as himself and his friends.

Jewish Wit and Humour.

NOT too successful is, I am disposed to think, Dr. Adler's vindication of the Jews from the charge of deficiency in the appreciation of humour brought against them by Renan and Carlyle. Putting aside, to be subsequently dealt with, one man, I find Dr. Adler advancing many stories of dubious authority and still more dubious wit. The verse concerning the needle, which has an eye and still is blind, and which, while supplying us with raiment, remains itself unclad, may pass. The explanation of the wise virgin as to the theft of Adam's rib is on a level with scores of things said by maidens in the East. One or two other stories have a certain amount of drollery, but nothing of which to boast. When the chief Rabbi comes to Heine, however, the case is different. Heine is one of the most immortal wits of all time, and if an individual may redeem a race, Heine is capable of so doing. Unfortunately Heine's jokes have not seldom a pronounced flavour of free-thought, and many of them are made at the expense of the Jews. Both these reasons are sufficient to deter Dr. Adler from quoting his best things. Dr. Adler would scarcely introduce to a Jewish world Heine's statement that the Jews are now out of favour, in consequence of recalling to their Creator the time when they were the chosen people, which He would rather they forgot. One story, however, the saddest and most grimly humorous, recorded concerning Heine, the Chief Rabbi might, sad as it is, have narrated. Heine lay for weeks and months in Paris, dying. For a time he was visited and caressed. In time, however, the volatile Parisians wearied, and Heine, near the end of his life, sank into a confirmed and neglected invalid. Suddenly a visitor was announced, and the room was entered by Hector Berlioz, the composer of the "Damnation de Faust," and the husband of Miss Smithson. "Ah!" said the all but expiring wit, falling back on his cushion. "It is you, Berlioz! you were always original." If there is a sadder or a witt*i*er story than that I should like to be told it.

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THE MASTER OF THE "CHRYSOLITE."

BY G. B. O'HALLORAN.

CHAPTER I.

CAPTAIN ANDERSON stood alone in the world. But he was one who *could* stand alone, for his will was strong and his affections were weak. Those who thought they knew him best said he was hardy. The remainder said he was hard, his heart a stone. Still he was a human being, for, like others, he cherished hobbies. His hobbies, however, were not of that class which is compassed about by rest and roses. Instead, they were clothed with a stern delight born of defiance and danger. To work his ship across the Bay in the teeth of an adverse gale; to weather a lee shore; to master a rebellious crew single-handed—these were the wild diversions which satisfied him. Once, in the China seas, his men grew mutinous; said the ship was "leaking like a lobster-pot," and straightway put her about for Singapore; swore they did not care what the skipper thought, in fact, would like to talk to him a bit. The skipper was below when the first mate brought down the news and a very pale face as well.

"Tell the men to muster!"

So soon as the mate's back was turned, John Anderson took a revolver from a locker and charged it; then, ascending the companion ladder, he walked to the break of the poop, his hands buried in the pockets of a peajacket. Down below him were the men, lolling about in a sullen crowd on the weather side of the quarter-deck. They were thirty or forty in number, and were a vicious-looking set.

"Now then, my men! Half an hour ago we were steering due north-east. Who was it dared to lay the ship's nose the other way?"

The burly boatswain swung his way out of the crowd, planted his foot on the first step of the poop ladder, and stared up at the captain.

"I did, and be damned to you!" roared he. There was a loud report. The boatswain dropped, shot in the leg. And the crew shivered under a gleaming eye and a gleaming weapon.

"All hands 'bout ship!" cried the master. The wounded boatswain, raising himself for a moment on one hand, piped faintly and then fell back unconscious. But the men were already at their stations, and in five minutes more the *Chrysolite* was heading north-east again.

Such incidents as these gave John Anderson an unenviable reputation amongst sailors. It was seldom that the same crew served with him twice. Two voyages under this tartar were more than could be stood, and from his subordinates, therefore, he gained nothing but hatred and fear.

It was very difficult, then, to find out where Captain Anderson's weakness lay. Everybody, of course, has his weakness. But this man appeared to be all strength. His whole life seemed like a rod of burnished steel—a passion-proof life, a fire-proof rod. The owners of the *Chrysolite*, Messrs. Ruin & Ruin, of Billiter Street, piqued themselves on knowing his tender point. He was avaricious, thought they; he would do much for money, and they would some day try him in the furnace. It was true, indeed, that the old sailor had amassed considerable wealth during his frequent voyages to the East. It was true also that he was sparing and saving; that he drove bargains to the verge of perdition, and clinched them at the crucial moment. But it was equally true that he was free from fraud. His teas were what they pretended to be, his silks unimpeachable, and no man ever came back upon him with complaints of their genuineness. The world allowed that he was at least commercially honourable, but felt fully convinced that he was eaten up with desire for gold.

But the world was wrong. The captain himself was sometimes given to metaphysical speculation, and even *he* was puzzled to know if his heart had a whit more feeling than any other pumping-engine. Women he looked upon as frivolities of vanity to which he could not reconcile his stern nature; and men he regarded as instruments to be rigorously disciplined, not failing at the same time to discipline himself. His heart was of no use to him except to circulate his blood. In default, therefore, of loving anything, he fell quite naturally to pursuing a difficult task—the piling up of a mountain of gold. This was congenial solely because it was difficult, and difficulties overcome were his only sources of satisfaction.

w it happened that a new firm trading to the East, in competi-
h Messrs. Ruin & Ruin, had made advances to Captain Anderson
view to engaging him in their service; and as they offered
terms, including a handsome percentage, it was not long before
seaman was won over. Here is a chance, thought he, of
up my mountain so much the more quickly, and I am
ined that my actions shall not be hampered by sentiment
nstanding this last threat, he found it a very unpleasant thing
k with his old employers, one of whose ships he had com-
d for a score of years. But he would get scot free of them
he finally concluded negotiations with the new people. And
me to pass that one morning he walked along Billiter Street
s twenty-year-old commission in his pocket.

s curious how fond real old salts are of dress when ashore.
as John Anderson in a top hat and kid gloves, looking anything
ome in them. The glossy hat was a mockery to his bold
n face, and his big knuckles were almost bursting through the
with indignation at the affront put upon them.

reached the chambers in which the firm of Messrs. Ruin &
as established, and ascended the staircase—for the office was
second floor. The senior partner was within, and the captain
mitted into his room without delay.

lad to see you, Captain Anderson," said Mr. Ruin in an un-
cordial tone, at the same time shaking hands. "You've made
l passage, and freighted the *Chrysolite* well."

Ruin was a big fat man, who spoke oilily. His clean shaven
s never without the remnants of a smile—a smile, though,
was not remarkable for its sincerity. Still, it had its value—in
rket—for it was a commercial smile. A pair of small grey
ere almost hidden by the obese curves of his cheeks; but you
in a very short time that they kept a sharp and shrewd look-
m behind those ramparts. The two men sat down at opposite
f the table, the owner guessing from the captain's manner that
as something in the wind, and the captain thinking his em-
s exuberance of civility betokened more than was manifest.

es, I brought her a quick passage," replied Anderson; then,
straight at the owner, "and it's the last she'll make under

e remnants of a smile coalesced, ploughing up Mr. Ruin's cheeks
easy furrows.

My dear captain, we could not hear of it! We're too old friends
like that."

"Well, sir, I've come this morning, for private reasons, to throw up my commission," said the captain, simultaneously throwing down his commission before the senior partner's eyes.

"I can't accept it, Mr. Anderson; I can't, indeed," replied the owner, picking up the parchment. "And I'll tell you why. My brother and I have been thinking matters over, and we've really been obliged to confess, for conscience' sake, that the *Chrysolite* is getting old."

"Devilish old!" muttered the captain, forgetting himself for a moment.

"Well, now I think of it again, I believe my brother did say she was 'devilish old'—a strange coincidence. Still she is a fine model of a boat. What d'ye think yourself?"

"She has rare lines," said the other, with a slight approach to grave enthusiasm.

"The very remark I made myself only yesterday. Yes, we agreed she was a pretty boat; and I admit, from sheer sentiment, I cannot bear to think of her being chopped up for firewood. So inharmonious, don't you think?"

The old sailor looked sullen, and said nothing.

Mr. Ruin leant his elbows well on to the table in a confidential manner, and reduced his voice to husky whispering.

"My brother told me he should not mind seeing her end her days as a picturesque wreck, but to sell her for matchwood was barbarous. I was really of the same opinion. And—and—couldn't it be managed for her, Captain Anderson?"

The two looked at each other narrowly. "If you can get anyone to do it, of course it can be done. But *I* would sooner——"

"Now before you judge, hear me, captain. I feel sure you could find me that man if you chose. See, the *Chrysolite* is insured in the Jupiter Insurance Company for £9,000. Here is the policy. And the man that saves her from the axe, and makes a picturesque wreck of her, will earn the gratitude of Messrs. Ruin & Ruin, and £3,000 besides."

For once even the remnants of a smile had disappeared from the senior partner's face, and he stood confessed—the type of a cold financial scoundrel.

The sailor, on the other hand, was agitated as no one had ever seen him before. The veins stood out on his brawny throat like rope. His eyelids were purple. For a few moments his head swam. Then he righted himself as suddenly, with an emphatic refusal ready on his *lips*. But the wily partner had left the room. This gave Anderson

time to think, and the more he thought the more that pile of gold forced itself before him, until forsooth he fell to thinking how such an end *could* be compassed—by another commander. He saw clearly that a skilful seaman might achieve this thing with slight danger to himself and his crew. And all this time the three thousand pounds shone so lustrously that his moral vision was dazzled, and the huge iniquity of the whole affair was rapidly vanishing from sight.

When Mr. Ruin re-entered, Anderson was looking ashamed and guilty.

"Well, captain, can I help you to a conclusion?" came from the oily lips.

"It's this way," replied the old man, turning round but keeping his eyes fixed on the carpet, "I can't do it. No, I can't."

Mr. Ruin eyed him dubiously, and rubbed his chin gently. "I'm sorry—very, very sorry! £3,000 won't go long begging, though. And I shall have to accept your resignation, captain."

Anderson only took up his hat and walked slowly out of the room. He had not descended many steps, when he turned back and re-opened the door.

"No, sir," he said, "it can't be done. I must think it over, and—no—it can't be done." With that he went his way, miserable.

The same night he received a letter by post. It contained his old commission, reinstating him in the command of the *Chrysolite*.

Chapter II.

Four months later the *Chrysolite* was unloading a general cargo in Mauritius Harbour. Captain Anderson had thought it over.

The quay was quickly covered with Manchester bales and Birmingham cases; and it was not long before the tackle at the main-yard arm was set a-clicking, as the baskets of sand-ballast were hove up to be poured into the empty hold. No such luxuries were there as steam-winches, nor any of those modern appliances for lightening labour. Instead, five or six hands plied the ponderous work at the winch handles, the labour being substantially aggravated by the heat of a vertical sun. A spell at the orthodox hand-winch in the tropics is an ordeal not to be lightly spoken of, and sailors have the very strongest objection to the work. It required the utmost vigilance on the part of the captain, therefore, to prevent the feebler spirits from deserting. He was able, however, to reckon a full crew as he steered out of Port Louis harbour and shaped his course for Ceylon.

Some of the hands had grumbled at not having more liberty to go ashore. In an access of passion Anderson made answer,—

"To your kennels, you dogs! I'll put you ashore soon enough, and I'll warrant you'll stay there longer than you care for."

It was indiscreet language, and the men puzzled over it. They concluded that the skipper meant to obtain their imprisonment at the next British port they should touch, for mutinous conduct, and knowing he was a man of his word they assumed their best behaviour.

Captain Anderson had not changed for the better. Hitherto he had maintained a firmness of discipline bordering upon severity, and he certainly had never relaxed from that attitude. Now he had become an incomprehensible mixture of indulgence and cruelty. The two elements were incompatible, and the more intelligent of his officers were not long in perceiving that there was a vicious and variable wind in their superior's moral atmosphere, under which his canvas strained or flapped unaccountably. They imagined, to pursue their own figure, that his hand did not grasp the reason-tiller with its customary grip, and that his bark was left more or less to the conflicting guidance of other influences. Many a time since his departure from England had the old sailor been stung with remorse at the unwritten tenor of his present commission. He would frequently try to look the whole thing in the face—would endeavour to account for the acceptance of an office against which his whole self revolted. He would recite the interview in the Billiter Street Chambers with his employer, passing rapidly over the preliminary parts until he came to the *reward*. No he was not false enough or euphemistic enough to call it a reward; he would regard it as a bribe. But he could never get further. He always grounded on this reef of gold, and no tide of indignation or regret, no generous current of honour, had power to sweep him off again into the saving waters. Here the fierce rays of desire shot down upon the resplendent heap, whose reflected glory filled the whole vision of the watcher with its lustre. Blame him not too much, nor it. For after all man is but man, and gold is a thing of comfort.

But had Captain Anderson followed his mental inquiries to a conclusion, had he demonstrated to himself the depth of moral degradation into which he must be plunged, his pride would never have allowed him to do anything but redeem his unuttered word.

As an illustration of the captain's lately acquired habit of indulgence, the most remarkable was his treatment of the watch on deck during the night. The man on the look-out, for instance, was in the *habit* of going to sleep if the weather made it at all practicable. The

rest of the watch, some fifteen or twenty hands, followed suit, or even skulked back into the fo'castle, there to stretch themselves out on their chests and smoke. These things the captain connived at, and the men were only too glad of the relief to inquire too curiously into his reasons. The main object of a sailing-ship sailor is to gain as much sleep as he can by whatever means, and in pursuit of this end he will evade even those duties which are the most essential to the safety of the ship.

One night, during the middle watch, the captain came on deck, and took to walking up and down with the second mate. The night was clear, though dark. The *Chrysolite* was close-hauled on the starboard tack, and was making good headway under a clinking breeze. She was an old fashioned, frigate-built, full-rigged ship, such as one seldom happens on now, her quarter-galleries, chain-plates, to'-gallant bulwarks, and single topsail yards being all out of date amongst the shipbuilders of to-day. It has been said that she had "rare lines," and the remark was just. A more imposing pile of timber was possibly never floated. She had plenty of beam to cope with the South Atlantic wave-giants, and not too much sheer. Her fiddle stem was gracefully cut, and harmonised to perfection with the slight rake aft of her lofty masts. Her spars, also, were finely proportioned to the breadth of her hull. So that, with her canvas spread in an unwavering breeze, the *Chrysolite* was a stately creature and "a thing of beauty."

"Mr. Grant," said the captain, addressing his subordinate officer, "be good enough to take a star and work out the ship's position."

The second mate quickly fetched his sextant, and took the altitude of a star convenient for his purpose. He then went below to the cabin to perform his calculations. The look-out man, a ready sleeper, was in a heavy slumber, upon which the stiffening breeze made no effect. The rest of the watch had disappeared in the customary fashion. Captain Anderson was practically alone on deck.

He walked forward, leant over the weather rail, and directed his glass. He saw just exactly what he expected to see. There, right ahead in the distance, the binoculars showed a long, thin streak of sparkling silver, appearing like a lightning flash held fast between the darkness and the deep sea. It was phosphorescent water playing on a sand bank.

Anderson put the glass into his pocket. He was sullen and determined. He stood motionless for full half an hour, trying to repress the workings of an aroused conscience; but his thoughts

would not let him alone. There was something behind them, some new sensations, which set them buzzing in his mind. These sensations were his finest feelings, ennobling emotions which had been cramped in the grip of discipline for forty years. He could not comprehend it, but he found himself pursuing a train of thought of finer sensibility than he had ever experienced, and in which the great bribe had no place. He foreshadowed in his mind's eye the tragic events over which he was now presiding. He foresaw the danger to life and limb with a fresh clearness of vision. He pictured to himself the possible agonies of his fellow-creatures (never once thinking of his own) with a sentiment much akin to pity—strong, too, but not sufficiently strong to overcome that unbending pride which forbade him for honour's sake to go back upon his promise. Then there was the doom of the ship itself——

The man is not angry, much less fearful ; but his lips are quivering and his nostrils widening with a passion hitherto unknown. He sees the picture vividly—a majestic, gallant ship done to destruction—a rich ruined seaman wandering on earth with a broken heart in a dishonoured bosom. Not only a gallant ship, but a lifelong pride and the fulness of a heart's desire swept recklessly into limbo. Here, at last, had his love revealed itself.

"No, by God, she *shall* not perish !"

Chapter III.

With a rapid movement he gains the fo'castle, and roars into it, "All hands 'bout ship ! Quick now, for your very lives !"

There is no mistaking his tone. It is not one of driving tyranny, but of urgent agony, and it goes right home to every man.

Up they tumble in a ready crowd, many in their shirts alone. They are all sleepy, but the business in hand will soon cure them of this.

They stand by. The helm is put down, and quickly the *Chrysolite* veers round in process of reaching the other tack. Will she do it? No ! She trembles almost in the teeth of the wind, misses stays, and falls off again on to the old tack.

Anderson cannot understand it, old sailor as he is ; puts the helm down once more ; once more she misses.

"Back the mainyard ! Shiver the foreyard !"

Soon every stitch of canvas on the mainmast is swung about to

e the breeze, while that on the foremast is hauled in. Although she going at eight knots, *that* should check her.

But it does not.

"Mizen-topsail braces, then!" Quick as thought the lee braces slacked off, and those on the weather side made taut. Still she not checked. Strange, too, for the breeze is stiff. Anderson feels e is in the stream of a strong current.

There had been no need to say what was the cause of danger. he heavy boom of breakers rose above the tread of feet, the clashing spars, and the chorus of curses.

Meanwhile Mr. Grant has finished his calculations below. He s found for a result that the ship is among the Maldive reefs. He certain there must be some error in his work, and he sets himself revise his figures. But the breeze sweeps into the cabin with a nt command from the upper air—"Back the mainyard!"—and he rewdly guesses that his calculations are correct.

The captain is everywhere at once, urging and aiding. He sees e whole canvas aback, and yet the *Chrysolite* drifts on. He cannot out his ship nor back her.

The reef is quite within appreciable distance now. The hands n do nothing more, so they gaze at the dancing line of phosphores- nt atoms, and curse tremendously—though these may be their last oments.

"All hands wear ship!" comes sharply from Anderson.

"——— you and your orders," cried someone. "To the boats, the boats!"

Although the *Chrysolite* carried five boats, no less than four of em were unseaworthy. In those days the examination of an out- ard-bound ship was slurred over, with the natural consequence hat the marine law was more frequently broken than observed. The nly boat on board the *Chrysolite* worth launching was the lifeboat, hich stood bottom upwards between the main and mizen-masts. At the cry "To the boats!" there is a rush for her. But Anderson is first. He carries in his hand a small axe, meant for clearing away light wreckage. With a vigorous blow the lifeboat is stove in. The men stop short, daunted. He turns about and faces them, looking like an angry Titan.

"Now then, you hell-hounds, wear the ship or sink!" They see he means to be master to the end.

It is too late even for imprecation. The men literally spring to their work, with an alacrity begot of desperation. Every moment is

[redacted]

About this time Messrs. Ruin & Ruin were more than usually interested in the shipping news, and one morning they saw, under the heading of Wrecks and Casualties, this :

"MINICOY (MALDIVE ISLANDS).—The frigate *Chrysolite*, of London, went ashore yesterday night on the southern reefs, and is now a total wreck. All hands saved except John Anderson, master, who was killed by a falling spar."

The result of the whole business had far exceeded the owners' ctations. It had been so neatly done ; and the greatest comfort of as that no one was now left who could tell tales. They did not ly thank God, in so many words, for the death of their faithful nt. That was very sad, as of course it should be. But they ked Him in all humility for a certain sum of £3,000, which d have gone elsewhere but for——. If he, Anderson, had had or children, Messrs. Ruin & Ruin felt almost certain they d have made provision for them. But they thanked God, again, the captain had never married. All that was necessary to be now was to send in a claim for the insurance money, and, if well sed, retire into private life.

Messrs. Ruin & Ruin talked the matter over between them, gratulated themselves upon their prosperity, made no end of ce little plans for the future, and finally decided to forsake the mercial profession. And, indeed, they would have done so, but the evening papers contained an item of intelligence, which, gh less expected, and therefore more startling, contained just as y an interest for them as the report of the wreck. It ran thus :

"It is currently reported that the Jupiter Insurance Company has failed heavily, and is only able to meet its liabilities with a composition of sixpence in the £."

Messrs. Ruin & Ruin still carry on business near Billiter Street, their offices are now on the top floor in a very back alley.

A CURE FOR LONDON FOGS.

SPEAKING some time ago at Edinburgh of the British Constitution—upon which, he said, the lives, the liberty, and the property of the people depend—the Duke of Argyll described it as a code of accepted doctrine which is nowhere recorded or expressed; so that, "*like the air we breathe*, we are hardly conscious of it until it is disturbed." The simile is suggestive, and it might be a curious inquiry whether the lives, the health, the liberty, and the property of the people are not even less affected by the working of our "glorious constitution" than by the condition of the generally vitiated atmosphere of our towns: whether, in fact, the labours of two Houses of Parliament to engraft improvements upon the laws and constitution of the country might not sometimes be more advantageously applied to the promotion of improvements in the condition of the air we breathe and in the climate of these islands.

Diseases of the respiratory organs—the lungs and their feeders—are responsible for a large proportion of the deaths in the United Kingdom; but the hygienic condition of the air, which occasions those diseases, is nowhere "recorded or expressed"; and we hardly know when and to what extent its life-supporting power is vitiated or enfeebled, or how the renewal or renovation of that power can be effected. We recognise that fevers and epidemics are caused by insufficiency of ventilation, or by impurities in drinking water, and yet permit them to spread in all directions until they exhaust themselves because, forsooth, we have absolutely no machinery for removing large volumes of foul air, or for thoroughly purifying large volumes of drinking water. The disease-germs which they contain being invisible to the naked eye, we hardly concern ourselves about them; but perhaps the day may be at hand when sanitary stations will be established, at which magnified representations of the microbes, and other pollutions floating in the air and in water, will be submitted to public observation. When that is done, and the mass of living *organisms* that they contain are rendered clearly visible, may we not

e that it will be followed by the discovery of remedies against the ead of epidemics?

No such characteristic as invisibility can, however, be suggested n excuse for tolerating London fogs. The detestable abomination cts a disturbance of the air we breathe which is only too visible ts victims, while diffusing gloom and darkness wherever it extends. all-pervading irritant, it invades the eyes, noses, and throats of ortunate sufferers, and seriously interferes with the ordinary siness of everyday life, causing interruptions to traffic by railway, wheeled vehicles, or on foot, fatal accidents to the unwary and struction to property. The Registrar-General's returns show that general death-rate in London during a prolonged fog, and the lowing weeks, is nearly doubled, and deaths from phthisis and seases of the respiratory organs trebled, besides temporary and metimes permanent injury resulting to a large proportion of the in- bitants. Moreover, the material loss which is occasioned by a few ys of London fog has been estimated at several millions sterling, d yet we have hitherto made no real effort to rid ourselves of so eat and so perpetually recurring an infliction!

This can only be due to the very inaccurate ideas which prevail ith respect to the origin and composition of fogs, and it is worth hile to consider these points with some attention. The temperature f the atmosphere varies in every part of the globe, and, at ordinary mes, continual changes of temperature keep the air unceasingly in otion, with a constant tendency to absorb gases and vapour herever it encounters them; but the amount of aqueous vapour hich any volume of air can take up is limited, and depends entirely pon its temperature. At 50° F. it can hold twice as much vapour as t 32°, and again at 80° F. it can hold three times as much as at 50°.

When, therefore, air at the comparatively warm temperature of he earth's surface has absorbed as much vapour as will saturate it, nd afterwards tends to ascend, the decrease in its temperature hich occurs on its elevation to a greater height renders it impossible or it to continue to hold the aqueous matter in the condition of diffused apour, and, as the air soars upwards to cooler regions, this vapour s condensed to exceedingly minute watery particles, having the ap- pearance of white, misty bodies. So also on a hot summer's day the ir lying over wet, marshy ground is copiously saturated with invisible queous vapour; but on the air growing cooler after sunset, it will ot be able to keep all those vapours dissolved, and must let some rt of them coalesce into very small visible particles which form ose mists that appear to rise from marshy grounds on a summer's

evening. This is the origin of clouds and of fogs, and the latter, when they first reach London, are simply masses of air which contain very minute particles of suspended water, condensed from a state of vapour.

A familiar experiment may assist in making this intelligible. By using a lens of an inch focal length, anyone may observe the nature of these particles over the hot surface of a cup of dark coffee or tea, when they will be distinguished as a white dust of watery particles of a uniform size, blowing about over the surface of the coffee, or rising in little wreaths and whirlwinds like dust on a windy day. By covering the coffee with a clear glass tumbler we can ourselves fill it with fog, for the vapour will be instantaneously cooled, and fill the glass with a miniature white cloud or mist, which will again disappear if the glass remains long enough in position to be heated to the same temperature as the coffee.

A similar condensation of the vapour to watery particles is caused also by changes in the atmospheric or barometrical pressure, increase of pressure having the same effect as a decrease in the temperature of the air. Both one and the other cause the diffused aqueous vapours contained in the air to pass into the liquid state, which explains why fogs are so often accompanied by cold and by a considerable rise in the barometer; but by far the largest masses of clouds are produced by columns of air, charged with aqueous vapour, rising and growing cold as they rise.

Some of our London fogs come from the sea, and the river Thames is accountable for others, but the great extent of marsh land and stagnant water which is traversed by the east and north-east winds, before they reach the City, is probably answerable for the peculiar prevalency of mist and fog which distinguishes the Metropolis during the three or four winter months. From Greenwich to Gravesend on the south side, and from Whitechapel to beyond Tilbury Fort on the north, the land on both banks of the Thames is one almost uninterrupted marsh, and both banks of the river Lea are in the same case. A creeping mist may almost constantly be observed at this season of the year ascending in spreading sheets from the surface of these marshes, some of which are more than a thousand acres in extent, and any scheme for the relief of London from fogs would hardly be complete without it included their drainage and sanitation.

When not actually born in these extensive marshes, it is here that most of the London fog is cradled, nourished and intensified, before proceeding onwards to the vast fattening grounds of the

polis, where, on cold still days, it gorges itself on its arrival compounds of soot, sulphurous and carbonic acids, and other us abominations, and soon acquires a sufficiently substantial ntage of poisonous matter to render it an even more perilous y to human life than is yet comprehended by the general . Thus, although it is obvious that every addition to the ity of coal consumed in London has added, and continues to o the percentage of poisonous matter with which the air is infected, yet, strange to say, the abolition of the coal duty was ated and carried out three or four years ago, with the avowed of stimulating an increase of manufactures, and an increase in nsumption of coal, in the very midst of our dense population.

he evil effects on the atmosphere of London which result from ready excessive consumption can only be adequately realised areful consideration of the manner in which all combustion is ht about. When burning coals in the grate, we are unously promoting a chemical process which consists in effecting mbination of oxygen derived from the air (or "draught") with rbon contained in coal in the proportion of $2\frac{2}{3}$ pounds of oxygen one pound of carbon; the result of which is that for every l of carbon burnt in the grate we send up the chimney and into mosphere above it no less than $3\frac{2}{3}$ pounds of the compound hat is to say, of carbonic acid (CO^2), which is of a nature so nous to the lungs and respiratory organs that it becomes ous to human life when the quantity contained in the phere rises to the proportion of 5 volumes of carbonic acid oo volumes of air. Coal contains also about one per cent. of ur, and, in addition to carbon, a certain proportion of hydrogen; erfect combustion is obtained when one part by weight of n combines with $2\frac{2}{3}$ parts of oxygen to form carbonic acid, and art by weight of the hydrogen unites with 8 parts of oxygen n water, or steam, or with 8 of sulphur and 24 of oxygen to sulphurous acid.

o accomplish this combination the oxygen has all to be taken man's own vital provision and supplied to the burning coal by s of a draught of air passing over or through it. The air is osed of oxygen in combination with a diluent in the form of en, in the proportion of 23 parts by weight of oxygen to 77 of en, and the $2\frac{2}{3}$ pounds of oxygen which are necessary for the ustion of one pound of carbon are contained in about 160 cubic f air; but it is found in practice that at least double that ty of air must pass through the grate in order to effect the

combustion of each pound of burning carbon. A daily consumption of 40,000 tons of coal in London implies therefore the daily combustion of no less than 28,672 million cubic feet of air, and the daily production of about 330 million pounds, or say 147,000 tons weight, of poisonous carbonic acid !

These figures conclusively show that, although it is customary to regard the act of combustion as one in which the principal fuel burnt is that which we have perceptibly before our eyes in the form of coal, or coke, &c., the truth is that combustion is maintained by relatively small quantities of carbon and hydrogen derived from the visible fuel. These are combined with a far larger quantity of diluted oxygen supplied to the fire by the air, or draught, which, only because it is in a form invisible to our eyes and apparently costs nothing, is often too little considered ; and perhaps if we were accustomed to speak of combustion as a process in which air is the principal, and coal the auxiliary element—if we were to say that we *burn air* in our grates instead of saying that we burn wood, or coal—such a definition would lead to a clearer comprehension of the vast amount of contaminated air that is contributed to the atmosphere of London by the enormous consumption of coal, which the large population in this metropolis renders necessary.

The products of combustion of coal comprise also sulphurous acid and smoke, or soot—the colouring ingredients of fog—and other compounds which are exceedingly deleterious and unpleasant, but carbonic acid is the really dangerous ingredient of fogs, owing to its much greater abundance. We are so much habituated to trust to Nature, that is to say, to the wind, for the ventilation of London that it may seem hardly credible, although it is a well authenticated fact, that if that natural ventilation should, under any circumstances, be suspended pending the continuance of a bad fog, that is to say, if there should be a "dead calm," the whole population might be poisoned by the carbonic acid with which the air would in that space of time be saturated. Only those whose occupations oblige them to be much exposed to a dense London fog can have any idea of how nearly that dangerous condition of the atmosphere is sometimes approached, both as respects absence of wind and the extreme difficulty of breathing caused by the excess of carbonic acid, especially in low-lying districts and in streets where there is no traffic to keep the air in motion.

In an interesting paper on the atmosphere Sir Henry Roscoe has given the results arrived at by himself and many other observers with regard to the proportion of carbonic acid which renders air injurious

to health. "From very numerous observations" (he says) "made by Saussure, Brunner, Lewy, and others, it appears that air in the open country contains quantities of carbonic acid varying from three to ten volumes in 10,000 volumes of air. As an average number it has been found that four volumes in 10,000 represent the usual composition of air as regards carbonic acid. . . . Whilst forming the staple nutriment of the vegetable world, carbonic acid, when present in certain quantities, acts as a violent poison on the higher orders of animal life; nor is the limit at which this gas begins to be hurtful to the animal very far removed from the quantity which at present exists in the atmosphere: for we find that Leblanc and Péclet assign a limit of fifty in 10,000, whilst Reed and Arnott give a much lower limit to the non-injurious effect of this gas. . . . We know that there are a great number of causes continually at work, some of which tend to increase the amount of atmospheric carbonic acid, whilst there are others which tend to effect its diminution, so that a continual circulation of atmospheric carbon takes place. The animal gives off the waste portion of its body, mainly as carbonic acid, and thus deteriorates the atmosphere, which would soon become unfit for his further use if the vegetable world did not absorb the poisonous gas, at once retaining the carbon in the solid form and exhaling the oxygen, wherewith the higher organism again removes his spent materials. . . . The amount of carbonic acid present in dwelling-rooms, &c., has been made the subject of experiment by Leblanc, Pettenkofer, Roscoe ('Chem. Soc. Quart. Journ.' x.), and Smith, and their results show that, whereas in well-ventilated rooms the amount should never exceed eight volumes in 10,000, in badly-ventilated rooms it rises to ten and twenty volumes, and sometimes even as high as seventy volumes in 10,000."

Now, we have already seen that the quantity of carbonic acid that is produced by the daily combustion in London of 40,000 tons of coal amounts in weight to 147,000 tons, which is equal to a volume of 2,838 million cubic feet; and, in the ratio assigned by Péclet and Leblanc of fifty in 10,000, that quantity of carbonic acid would, in a perfectly still atmosphere, render injurious to health no less than 567,600 million cubic feet of air. Such a volume of vitiated air represents *a column which, if extending twelve miles in all directions around Charing Cross, would reach to a height of forty-five feet*; while a five-days' fog, accompanied by an almost absolute cessation of wind, such as London has sometimes experienced, if ever it should entirely paralyse ventilation and hinder the removal of the products of combustion, would contaminate a similar column to the extent of 250

volumes of carbonic acid to 10,000 of air, which is *a degree of impurity that would much more than suffice to suffocate and destroy the whole population and all animal life throughout the Metropolis.*

Nor should the circumstance be lost sight of that the consumption of coal in London and its suburbs is rapidly increasing. During the last fifteen years it has increased 50 per cent., and a similar rate of progress would raise the daily consumption to 60,000 tons in fifteen years' time, and to 90,000 tons thirty years hence ; so that we have to look forward to a period not very remote, when the quantity of carbonic acid that will have to be dealt with will be double what it now is. It may, therefore, be confidently asserted that the time has arrived when the inhabitants of the Metropolis ought to regard the subject as one that involves imminent danger in the near future to every individual, and one that demands immediate and serious attention from the London County Council.

Such partial remedies as have usually been advocated would plainly be very insufficient. Even the total suppression of smoke in domestic chimneys, which would diminish its filthiness and, to a certain extent, improve the colour of fog by lessening the number of sooty particles that it contains, would not affect the innumerable smoky gas flames which burn in the open air, and neither would it decrease the amount of sulphurous, nor of carbonic acid, which are the worst enemies to the respiratory organs. The drainage of the marshes where much of the fog originates would be an equally incomplete remedy, and it would, in fact, be useless to expect thorough relief from the infliction by any less efficacious means than those by which Nature herself ordinarily clears the atmosphere. We never have a fog when there is a high wind, and indeed a gentle breeze is quite sufficient to blow it away ; while, in these days of improved ventilation, it might not be an impossible task to rid ourselves of a dense fog by an artificial imitation of Nature's gentle breeze, than which there is no more wholesome purifier of the atmosphere. Whether it would be possible to effect this out-door ventilation on a complete scale is practically a question of cost, and consequently a fit subject for calculation and discussion : and the first step towards a solution is a determination of the quantity of air that would have to be set in movement, and of the mechanism that would be necessary in order to render such artificial-wind-ventilation successful.

It must not be assumed that ordinary fogs cover at any one moment the whole of the area comprised within the twelve-mile radius, for that is very rarely, if ever, the case. Howard, who was the *first to classify* clouds, and published a work in three volumes on the

"Climate of London," containing his daily journal of the weather during many years, describes several very dense fogs. Of one of these he says: "No further to the northward than the back of Euston Square the weather was clear and bright, and southward of London the fog extended as far as Clapham;" of another he writes: "At one o'clock the fog in the City was as dense as we ever recollect to have known it. Lamps and candles were lighted in all the shops and offices, and the carriages in the streets dared not exceed a foot-pace. But at the same time, five miles from town, the atmosphere was clear and unclouded, with a brilliant sun." Again: "The fog of Wednesday has seldom been exceeded in opacity in the Metropolis and its neighbourhood. It began to thicken very much at about half-past twelve, from which time until near 2 P.M. the effect was most distressing, making the eyes smart, and almost suffocating those who were in the street, and particularly asthmatic persons. It cleared off about 2.15 P.M., but returned with all its intensity in the evening."

These are very much like the dense fogs which we have all experienced. Owing to the almost complete absence of wind at such times, the products of combustion, which are slightly heavier than the moist, foggy atmosphere, are unable to rise, and they sink from the chimney-pots to the level of the streets, exposing the passers-by to the danger of asphyxiation. But the comparatively limited area over which fogs extend encourages the belief that the volume of air which would have to be set in motion might be adequately dealt with by creating such upward currents of ventilation as would be produced by a number of air-propellers, or ventilating fans, placed in succession along certain routes. The characteristic stillness of the atmosphere during fogs, and the tendency of these to stagnate, would by this means be neutralised, for innumerable currents of wind would be artificially created, breaking up the fog and drawing before them the noxious products of combustion, as they issued from the chimney-stacks.

Without entering into unnecessary detail, the following figures may be taken as sufficiently indicating the means by which the ventilation of the streets could be effected, and its approximate cost, on the assumption that 40,000 tons of coal are burnt every twenty-four hours, and that the amount of fog to be driven daily through the fans should be at the rate of 300 cubic feet for every pound of coal that is burnt. If air-propellers, two feet in diameter, are used for this purpose, each of these would deliver and drive upwards a column of 160,000 cubic feet of air, or fog, per hour; and, if placed at a distance of fifty yards apart, there would be thirty-five propellers per mile, setting in

rapid motion and driving forward 5,600,000 cubic feet per hour; besides the surrounding volume, equal, or even larger in amount, which would be necessarily displaced and set in motion by the vacuum created in the rear of and around the driven column. When propelled by electricity, each ventilating fan of this size takes one-seventh of a horse-power to drive it, and with a force of 1,000 electrical horse-power, which at the ordinary price of electricity (8*d.* per Board of Trade unit) would cost £25 per hour, it would be possible to have 7,000 such fans at work, delivering hourly 1,120 million cubic feet of fog, in 7,000 columns of ventilation, placed at a distance of 50 yards apart and equally distributed over 200 miles of the streets of London. Special means would be adopted for the generation and distribution of the electric current at so many points.

The primary purpose of these air-propellers might moreover be supplemented by applying them during periods of epidemics and at other times to a very complete and inestimably useful ventilation of the worst parts of the congested districts at the East End, and of many of the narrow streets and courts which abound throughout the greater part of London; while the electric current, when not required for ventilation, could at any moment be switched from the motors to electric lamps, and used for purposes of illumination. If carefully combined with these other useful objects, it must be acknowledged that the cost at which the lungs and respiratory organs of the inhabitants of London would by this means be relieved in times of fog would be quite insignificant; and the realisation of such a plan would probably be followed by a considerable improvement in the climatic conditions of the Metropolis, and a notable reduction in the spread of epidemics.

OWEN C. D. ROSS.

POETRY AND POLITICS.

POLITICS do not seem at first sight a very promising subject for poetry, nor is there any apparent relationship between the two. The former seem too prosaic and too matter-of-fact to do other than clog the wings of fancy in its flight. Politics are by no means "an airy nothing," which it is the poet's function to clothe with shape and form, and to which he must give "a local habitation and a name." On the contrary, they are a grim reality to many. Nevertheless, the bulk of verse dealing with political subjects is very considerable, and Mr. George Saintsbury, in his volume of "Political Verse," has just made a delightful anthology of this kind of poetry. It may perhaps be objected that what Mr. Saintsbury sagaciously calls "political verse" is not poetry at all. That is a plausible objection, but until a satisfactory definition of poetry can be made it can hardly be sustained, if indeed it could be then. At all events there can be no harm in adopting Mr. Saintsbury's phrase and in calling political verse a species of "applied poetry."

Political verse may be divided broadly into two kinds; namely, that which takes the form of satire, and that which takes the form of popular song. The first kind is by far the most usual, and it is for that reason that political verse seems to thrive best during a middle state of human development. It is not of very early growth, partly because political life in its more refined state usually makes its appearance late in human society, partly because printing is so necessary an aid to it, and partly because politics in their earliest form, being both rude and crude, afford little opportunity for its successful existence. It cannot cope with brute force, and brute force would in early times be the object of its satire. Neither, on the other hand, does a very advanced state of society favour its development, because, though a high state of civilisation and the spread of education greatly increase the number of readers, yet it does not necessarily follow that there is a like gain in depth of thought as there is in a more widely diffused level of general intelligence. It has been thought by some (and Mr. Saintsbury is inclined to agree with them) that there

really ethical, and not political at all, and Juvenal, though he lashed about him in a thorough and unsparing fashion, directed his shafts rather at the prevailing vices of the time than at the shortcomings of emperors and statesmen. That would have been too unequal a combat. Autocrats make short work with censorious critics.

In English literature we find very little political verse of any account before the seventeenth century. But during that period the Puritans, who were a great political as well as a great religious party, paid the penalty for their peculiarities by laying themselves open to the ridicule of their opponents. Bishop Corbet is one of the Cavalier wits who emptied the vials of his satire upon them. It is noteworthy that though no edition of his collected poems was published in his lifetime, yet he lived to enjoy a great literary reputation. It is an instance of those cases to be presently referred to, where, under certain conditions, political verse can live and thrive without the aid of printing. But by far the greatest of the anti-Puritan verse-writers was Samuel Butler. His "Hudibras" is really the prototype of all English political verse. He may well claim the honour of being the pioneer in this department. And not only is "Hudibras" remarkable as marking an epoch in English literature. It is equally remarkable for its prodigious practical success, and for the influence that it exerted. For about fifteen years Butler seems to have been brooding over and constructing this extraordinary poem. But it was not until the Restoration that he felt himself safe in publishing it, and then he immediately became famous. Everybody who could read, did read it; and those who could not, talked about it. It was recommended to the notice of Charles II. He was delighted with it. Indeed he must have been infatuated with it, if we are to believe the following lines:

> He never ate, nor drank, nor slept,
> But Hudibras still near him kept;
> Nor would he go to church or so,
> But Hudibras must with him go.

It was certainly one of the greatest literary successes of any age or country, so far as immediate popularity and influence go. It provided Charles II. and his court with a most powerful weapon for wounding their opponents, and Butler therefore performed for them a great political service. Nevertheless he languished in the shade of a cold neglect. It is discreditable to Charles II. that he should have permitted him to drag out a miserable existence. He seems to have died so poor that his friend, Mr. Longueville, had to bury him at his own expense. It was not until some fifty years afterwards

that Mr. Barber, then Lord Mayor of London, did something in hi honour, by putting up a memorial tablet in Westminster Abbey, i the inscription on which he is rightly called :

Satyrici apud nos Carminis artifex egregius.

It is astonishing that not even then could poor Butler be suffered o have his due. For Pope, either moved by envy or mere humoro caprice, forthwith penned the following couplet on the incident :

But whence this Barber? that a name so mean
Should joined with Butler's on a tomb be seen.

Since Butler, the greatest master of political verse of the satirical kind is unquestionably Dryden. He is perhaps the greatest of all English political verse-writers, or, at all events, of those of the heavier kind. He knew exactly what political verse ought to be like, and his powers were equal to his knowledge. In his dedication of his translation of Juvenal and Persius to the Earl of Dorset, he enters at large upon this subject. He rightly says that satire is improperly used for purposes of personal spite. "In a word," he says, "that form of satire which is known in England by the name of lampoon is a dangerous sort of weapon, and for the most part unlawful. We have no moral right on the reputation of other men. It is taking from them what we cannot restore to them." And he goes on to say that this sort of satire can only be justified on two grounds. Either it must be the only means of reparation left open to us, or else the object of the satire must have become a public nuisance, whose castigation would be a public benefit. And then he goes on to speak with some pride of his own example : "I have seldom answered any scurrilous lampoon when it was in my power to have exposed my enemies : and, being naturally vindicative, have suffered in silence, and possessed my soul in quiet." It certainly redounds t Dryden's honour that he rarely, if ever, prostituted his great satirica powers, or expended them in the mere unworthy gratification o private pique. Moreover, he achieved what Mr. Saintsbury describe as the first requisite in political verse, namely, "an easy and amuse disdain."

The aim of political satire, and indeed of all satire, should be the first place to render its objects ridiculous, and only detestable in t second place. Horace, though his satire was not political, possess this quality in a high degree, indeed in a far higher degree th Juvenal.

Persius notes this quality in Horace when he writes :

Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit, et admissus circum præcordia ludit.

The satire of Horace always provoked a smile from its victim. But Juvenal was always almost choked with indignant fury and a noble rage. His own words, "facit indignatio versus," sum up the quality of his satire. It is strange that Dryden should have expressed his own preference for Juvenal over Horace, whose wit he says he found almost insipid. "Where he barely grins himself and only shows his white teeth, he cannot provoke me to any laughter." And yet no one knew better than Dryden what was the highest quality of satire. His own words declare it: "The nicest and most delicate touches of satire consist in fine raillery. . . . How easy it is to call rogue and villain, and that wittily! But how hard to make a man appear a fool, a blockhead, or a knave without using any of those opprobrious terms." That is hard indeed. Satire is not a bludgeon, but a rapier.

> Satire should, like a polished razor keen,
> Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.

There must be, to use Dryden's phrase, "no slovenly butchering" of a man, and the satirist must be like Jack Ketch, to whom alone, as his wife said of him, it belonged "to make a malefactor die sweetly." Now it was precisely this fine quality of satire that Dryden used with such telling effect in his political verse. His first political poem was "Absalom and Achitophel," which will always remain a literary masterpiece. Like Butler's "Hudibras," it is not only remarkable as pure literature, but also for its immediate and extraordinary popularity. This is not the place to enter into a description of the poem. Suffice it to say that it was written against Lord Shaftesbury, who was charged with inciting Monmouth and his party to rebellion. The political atmosphere was very stormy at the time, and party spirit ran high. Such a poem as "Absalom and Achitophel" would be sure to be well received at any time, but at a moment of great political excitement it was certain to cause a sensation. And this was actually the case. Dr. Johnson says of it that the sale was so large that his father, an old bookseller, told him that he had not known it equalled but by Sacheverell's trial. It is true that it failed in its immediate object, because the Bill of indictment against Shaftesbury was, notwithstanding, ignored by the Grand Jury. But it struck with telling effect.

Its success is proved by the fact that it provoked the extreme resentment of those who felt its sting. There was no direct personal attack upon anyone, but there were many who applied the allusions in the poem to themselves and felt that the cap fitted. The result was that an extraordinary number of replies were immediately pub-

lished. Amongst these were: "Absalom Senior," by Settle; "Azarai and Hushai," by Pordage; "Towser the Second," by Care; "Poetical Reflections," by Buckingham; and an anonymous poem entitled "A Whip for the Fool's Back." The fact that so many of the literary men of the day should have thought it worth while to reply is a proof, if proof were needed, of its wonderful power and popularity. The friends of Shaftesbury celebrated his escape by striking a medal in his honour. This gave an opportunity to Dryden to return to the attack, which he did with equal ability and success in his second great political poem, the "Medal." There is a peculiar interest attaching to this poem, because there is a story, not in itself improbable, that Charles II. himself suggested the subject of it to Dryden. If true, the "Medal" occupies a unique place in political verse, for there is probably no other instance of a monarch thus enlisting a poet in his service for political ends. The success of the "Medal" was such as to call forth a plentiful crop of replies, the most famous of these being Pordage's "The Medal Reversed"; Shadwell's "Medal of John Bayes"; and Dryden's "Satire on his Muse," which has rightly or wrongly been ascribed to Somers. So that this period of English history must have been singularly fruitful in political verse.

The name of John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, cannot be passed over among the political verse-writers of this period, because he has left to posterity two of the most brilliant epigrams ever written, namely, the epitaph on Charles II., and "The Commons Petition to the King." The first is too well known to be given here, but the second may, perhaps, be not quite so familiar, and it may be permitted to quote it here:

In all humility we crave
Our Sovereign may be our Slave,
And humbly beg that he may be
Betrayed to us most loyally;
And if he pleases to lay down
His sceptre, dignity, and crown,
We'll make him for the time to come
The greatest Prince in Christendom.

THE KING'S ANSWER.

Charles, at this time having no need,
Thanks you as much as if he did!

These epigrams contain all the elements of the best political verse, and have the merit of terseness and brevity, which are wanting in the longer and more laboured compositions of Dryden. It was said of Rochester by Sir Car Scroop, whom he had furiously satirised:

Thou canst hurt no man's fame with thy ill word ;
Thy pen is full as harmless as thy sword.

This is probably not true, because Rochester was sometimes coarse and disgusting in his personal attacks. And, if it is true, it contains something of a compliment, because it is the function of political satire rather to prick than to wound. The brightness and pungency of the raillery should make the victim laugh almost in spite of himself. And this is what Dryden himself claims to have done in his "Absalom and Achitophel," for he remarks that the person for whom the character of Zimri was intended was too witty to resent it as an injury.

The strength of Defoe lies in his prose writings. Yet his political poems must rank high for their practical importance. They lack many of the qualities of the finest political verse, but some of them obtained a wide popularity. The "True-born Englishman" was the greatest success of all. Defoe was moved to write it by the fact that some people had taunted William III. with being a foreigner. This monarch admired Defoe, and admitted him to an intimacy which was honourable to them both. The taunt therefore angered Defoe, and he vented his indignation in the "True-born Englishman." He not only turned the tables upon the English in the following lines :

A true-born Englishman's a contradiction,
In speech an irony, in fact a fiction,
A metaphor invented to express
A man akin to all the universe !

but he went further and charged them with disloyalty to the king :

He must have been a madman to rely
On English gentlemen's fidelity ;
The foreigners have faithfully obeyed him,
And none but Englishmen have e'er betrayed him.

The success of the poem was enormous. In a very short time nine genuine and twelve pirated editions were published, and 80,000 copies were sold in the streets. It was an epoch-making book in Defoe's life. It became his title to fame, and he loved afterwards to describe his works as being written by the author of "The True-born Englishman." Defoe's other political verses are much less well known. "The Mock Mourners," however, went through seven editions in its day. "The Ode to the Pillory," too, is a famous political poem, because it achieved a great and immediate popularity, and because it must have had some effect in putting the High Church party to a perpetual shame. There is a fine ring of manly independence in the following lines :

Tell them the men that placed him here
Are scandals to the times;
Are at a loss to find his guilt,
And can't commit his crimes!

To the period of William III. belongs that extraordinary production, "Lilliburlero." It is a specimen of that kind of political verse which consists of popular songs rather than of satire. Though very different in aim and in form, they are just as truly political verse as the best satire. Both are alike in dealing directly with politics and in exerting directly practical, and sometimes important, influence in the political world. "Lilliburlero" is the veriest rubbish as a poem, but, unworthy as it is, it has won for itself an important place in literary history. It contributed in no slight degree to the Revolution of 1688, and Wharton, who claimed to be the author of it, boasted that he sung a king out of three kingdoms. Its popularity was rarely, if ever, equalled. "The whole army, and at last the people," says Bishop Burnet, "both in city and country, were singing it perpetually, and perhaps never had so slight a thing so great an effect."

The collection called the State Poems belongs to this period also. One of the best things in it is the epigram on Somers, which may be given here:

ON SOME VOTES AGAINST THE LORD SOMERS.

When envy does at Athens rise,
And swells the town with murmurs loud,
Not Aristides, just and wise,
Can scape the moody, factious crowd.

Each vote augments the common cry,
While he that holds the fatal shell
Can give no cause or reason why,
But being great and doing well.

It might have been expected that Swift and Pope would both have contributed something notable to English political verse. But this is not the case. Swift possessed indeed an admirable vein of irony, but he was pre-eminently a prose-writer. Pope, indeed, aspired to be a satirist. He wished, he said, to

Brand the bold front of shameless guilty men,
Dash the proud gamester in his gilded car,
Bare the mean heart that lurks beneath a star.

Moreover, he fancied that he succeeded, for he writes:

Yes!—I am proud—I must be proud to see
Men not afraid of God afraid of me,
Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
Yet touched and shamed by ridicule alone.

Yet his satire, like that of Horace, was rather ethical than political. The names of Churchill and Akenside cannot be entirely passed over, though they contributed little to the political verse of the period. The fame of the latter, indeed, as a political verse-writer depends upon a single poem, called the "Epistle to Curio," which is an admirable satire upon Pulteney for his desertion of the Whig principles which he had so loudly professed. The collection of poems known as the "Rolliad" is nothing more than a series of lampoons upon Pitt and his party, but they are very amusing. And they had their sting, and were remembered, as the following story shows. Ellis, who was one of the contributors, wrote a bitter satire upon Pitt, whom he described as

Pert without fire, without experience sage.

It so happened that at a later period he became a follower of Pitt, and co-operated with Canning in writing in the "Anti-Jacobin." Canning introduced him to Pitt, who had not forgotten his former association with the "Rolliad." Ellis was evidently embarrassed, but Pitt, with admirable tact, set him at his ease by a felicitous quotation from the Æneid.

Immo age, et a prima dic, hospes, origine nobis.

The writings of Wolcot, who wrote under the name of "Peter Pindar," cannot be passed over in silence, for they form some of the most successful political verse of the latter half of the eighteenth century. This remarkable man first practised as a physician, then took orders, and went out to the West Indies to fill a family living, and finally returned to England and turned painter and political rhymer. He was everything by starts and nothing long. But that did not prevent him from achieving a wide popularity as a poet. Not that his verses possessed much literary finish, but they tickled the popular fancy and were very amusing. Indeed, he is one of the few political verse-writers who have exerted a real practical influence on the world of politics. It is said that his pungent satire on George III. was so annoying that the Government offered him a considerable pension to desist from writing for the future.

The paper known as the "Anti-Jacobin," which was founded in 1797 by Canning and his friends, contains some of the finest political verse ever written. The paper had a short life and a merry one, for it had a lease of existence of only about nine months. But it is needless to say that some of its pieces have become classical. Canning, Frere, and Ellis were among the contributors, and even Pitt himself is said to have had a hand in it. The lines on Fox's bust beginning—

The Grecian orator of old
With scorn rejected Philip's laws
Indignant spurned at foreign gold,
And triumphed in his country's cause—

are said by Boswell to have been contributed by Pitt.

If that is true, Pitt must have had considerable poetic gifts, for the poem has a stateliness and dignity which raises it quite above the average of political verse. There is so much of first-rate excellence in the "Anti-Jacobin," that it is almost impossible to quote from such an embarrassment of riches. The following lines, however, from the "New Morality," are famous for giving rise to a memorable scene in the House of Commons:

Give me the avowed, the erect, the manly foe,
Bold I can meet—perhaps may turn his blow;
But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,
Save, save, oh! save me from the candid friend!

Sir Robert Peel had quoted them in the course of his speech, and Disraeli, rising to reply, turned them against him with tremendous effect, and delivered one of those speeches full of bitter invective which have since become historical.

Canning himself continued to write long after the "Anti-Jacobin" had ceased to exist, and he is certainly quite one of the finest of our English political verse-writers of the lighter kind. His poems possessed all the best qualities of political verse, and some of them—"Elijah's mantle," written in memory of Pitt, for instance—have a lofty dignity which is worthy of the sublimest efforts of poetry, as in the following stanza:

Is there among the greedy band
Who've seized on power with harpy hand
And patriot worth assume,
One on whom public faith can rest—
One fit to wear Elijah's vest,
And cheer a nation's gloom?

It is not too much to say that Canning might have attained equal fame as a poet as he did as a statesman.

The political poems of Byron are few and not particularly good. In this department of verse, Moore was greatly his superior. Indeed, it may be questioned whether any one ever wrote so much political verse of such uniformly high level as Moore. He wrote verse of this sort for about thirty years, and published several volumes of it, which were very successful. "The Extinguishers," the "Consultation," and "Paddy's Metamorphosis" would be difficult to beat. Moore was succeeded by a political poet of almost equal ability, William Mack-

worth Praed. He may with Moore and Canning divide the honours of writing the best political verse of the lighter kind. A few lines from the "Stanzas to the Speaker asleep" may be given as a specimen of what he could write.

> Sleep, Mr. Speaker ; it's surely fair,
> If you don't in your bed, you should in your chair.
> Longer and longer still they grow,
> Tory and Radical, Aye and No ;
> Talking by night, and talking by day ;
> Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep, sleep, while you may !

It has been said of Bishop Corbet that no volume of his Anti-Puritan verses was ever published in his lifetime. It is an example of the way in which really good political verse will make its way among a select circle of readers, or even pass from mouth to mouth among the illiterate. Perhaps the best example of that is Giuseppe Giusti, the Italian poet. Giusti was quite one of the finest political verse-writers that ever lived, and he exercised a tremendous influence over the Italian politics of his day. His verses made the petty Italian princes wince again, and he was regarded by the Italian Liberals as a powerful auxiliary in their campaign against the Austrian domination. And yet many of his verses passed about only in manuscript form long before they were printed. They were in every-one's mouth, high and low, rich and poor. He became an object of suspicion to the various Italian Governments, and was watched by the police, who fancied him a conspirator. It is even said that the Grand Duke of Tuscany remonstrated with him, and advised him to turn his talents into less dangerous channels. But Giusti was not to be suppressed in this fashion, and he continued to write until cut off by an early death. Among the many Italian patriots who worked for their country's independence by speech, pen, or sword, Giusti will always hold an honoured place. And if we take immediate and practical results as a criterion of political verse, it may be claimed for Giusti that he is one of the greatest of all political verse-writers. In this respect there has been perhaps no English writer to compare with him. Some of his poems, too, have a moral which fits them for all times and places, and are not merely of local Italian interest. The "Toast of the Weathercock," for instance, may be usefully taken to heart by all time-serving politicians and light-hearted opportunists. The poet that most nearly resembles Giusti is Béranger. He, too, wrote verse of somewhat the same form, and likewise satirised the French authorities into bitter hostility. But, more unfortunate than Giusti, he found his way into prison several times.

It is impossible to take leave of Giusti and Italy without mentioning another Italian poet, who was likewise a patriot and who wielded a considerable influence in his day. This is Goffredo Mameli. He will always be remarkable as the author of "Fratelli d'Italia," which may justly be called the "Marseillaise" of the Italian Revolution. If Giusti was the satirist, Mameli was the popular song-writer of that interesting and important movement.

No account of political verse would be complete without a mention of the great political poems of America, which have come from the pen of James Russell Lowell. The "Biglow Papers" are indeed a very notable contribution to political verse. The first series, at all events, which relate to the war with Mexico, had an important influence in their day, and Lowell himself was surprised at their success. He says of them: "Very far from becoming a popular author under my own name, so far, indeed, as to be almost unread, I found the verses of my pseudonym copied everywhere; I saw them pinned up in workshops, I heard them quoted and their authorship debated." And, furthermore, he says that he endeavoured by generalising his satire to give it what value he could beyond the passing moment and the immediate application. It is this that makes the "Biglow Papers" so peculiarly instructive even in these days, long after the events to which they relate, and in a country separated by many miles of ocean. Such, for instance, are the verses upon time-serving politicians:

A marciful Providence fashioned us holler
O' purpose that we might our princerples swaller;
It can hold any quantity on 'em, the belly can,
An' bring 'em up ready for use like the pelican;
Or more like the kangaroo, who (wich is stranger)
Puts her family into her pouch wen there's danger.
Ain't princerple precious? then whose goin' to use it
Wen there's resk o' some chap's gitting up to abuse it?
I can't tell the wy on't, but nothing is so sure
Ez thet princerple kind o' gits spiled by exposure.

Excellent, too, are the lines descriptive of those politicians who care everything for the fleshpots of office and nothing for the country:

In short, I firmly du believe
  In Humbug generally,
Fer it's a thing that I perceive
  To hev a solid vally;
This heth my faithful shepherd ben,
  In pastures sweet heth led me,
An' this'll keep the people green,
  To feed ez they hev fed me!

So, too, is the picture of the candidate who will go for any policy likely to get him votes, and who is like the man who said, "These are my principles, gentlemen, but if you don't like them they can be changed"—

> I'm an eclectic; ez to choosin'
> 'Twixt this an' thet, I'm plaguy lawth;
> I leave a side thet looks like losin',
> But (wile there's doubt) I stick to both;
> Ez to my principles, I glory
> In hevin' nothing o' the sort;
> I ain't a Wig, I ain't a Tory,
> I'm jest a canderdate, in short.

There are some excellent lines, too, on the "people's friends" who are

> used to convincin' the masses
> Of th' edvantage o' bein' self-governing asses;

and who meet in order

> to agree
> Wut the people's opinions in futur' should be.

There is some wisdom, too, in this:

> Nor it don't ask much gumption to pick out a flaw
> In a party whose leaders are loose in the jaw.

C. B. ROYLANCE KENT.

THE BELLS AND THEIR MAKERS.

IT is given to but few ever to see a church bell. We all have a general idea what bells are like, but usually think of them as merely magnified copies of the tinklers we see outside schools and factories and iron churches. We hear them often enough—sometimes a great deal too often; we use them on many joyful occasions, and on the sad ones which come to all of us sooner or later, yet we rarely *see* a church bell. For all that, there is much instruction to be got from a visit to the belfry of a grey old village-church. You ask where the sexton lives, than whom no one is better known, and if at home he will generally be willing enough to accompany you up the tower, and accept the small fee which you naturally offer him for his trouble. Up a dark and winding stair you go, round and round, or perhaps there is a very rickety-looking and almost perpendicular ladder instead. If the tower is not very high, the bells are probably rung from down below on the floor of the church; but, as a rule, there is a rough stone-walled room half-way up, called the ringing-loft. Here are the ropes by which the bells are rung, and most likely, from a wooden cupboard on one side, comes the solemn tick of the clock. Our destination, however, lies a little higher still. A few more rounds of the narrow stone steps and we feel the wind blowing in freshly; it gets lighter, and the ancient bells, which perhaps have hung there from the old days before the Reformation, are before us. The massive timbers are roughly hewn, telling of the woodman's axe and the adze of the village carpenter rather than the shriek of the steam saw-mills; but they are as sound as English heart of oak usually is, and will see many generations pass away even yet. Looking around us we shall probably not be impressed with the neatness or good order of the breezy apartment we have reached. The condition of many belfries is anything but what it should be. "Out of sight, out of mind" is forcibly impressed upon one when coming from the spick and span, perhaps somewhat "over-restored," church, into the neglected and half-ruinous belfry. Although it is easy enough to keep them out

with wire, all the fowls of the air, in many cases, make it their abode; and a very dirty abode too. The rubbish they bring in to make their nests with has probably been the cause of many fires in church towers. We shall soon see that each bell has a compartment, or "pit," to itself, and after getting between the beams, and carefully testing the floor (not always very strong, for the weight of the bells is carried solely by the beams) with the feet, we stand close to one of them. Some letters or words running round the upper part of it will probably attract notice at once. It is quite the exception to find a bell with no inscription upon it, but the type of the lettering and the general character of inscriptions vary greatly. Perhaps this is in much-abbreviated Latin and in black-letter type, as difficult to read as the worn-out brasses on the tombs below. If such is the case it is probably an invocation to one of the Saints, or a line out of the Psalms, and at intervals between the words there are perhaps small shields with armorial bearings or devices, which, to the initiated, tell unmistakably the name of the founder. Such bells, however, are rare now; the wear and tear of centuries, recasting after fracture—selling, even, for old metal by churchwardens of the whitewash-and-plaster school of not long ago—have reduced their number to but a fraction of what they once were. On more modern bells the founder's name and the date are usually to be found, accompanied perhaps by a couplet of doggerel verse or a few words breathing a quaint spirit of old-world loyalty and devotion to Church and King.

Generally speaking, the older a bell is the harder is the inscription to read, and it becomes necessary to "take a rubbing" of it. A small piece of what shoemakers term "heel-ball" and some strips of paper, two or three inches wide, will be required. If the paper is held steadily over the lettering and carefully rubbed with the heel-ball, a sufficiently good impression can be got to enable the inscription to be deciphered at leisure. When the strips are laid out on a table in their proper order, and the whole of the wording is visible at once, it is generally easy to see what it really is. In most cases nothing of the kind will be necessary, and if two persons tackle a bell together, one on each side, they can make out its inscription very quickly. It is best to begin with the treble, or smallest bell, and take the others in their proper order, ending with the "tenor," or largest. We shall observe, still standing in the bell "pit," that there are two or three handles on the top of the bell, forming part of the casting. These are termed "cannons," and through them are passed iron bolts, which meet above on the top of a thick balk of timber, fitted with a short axle at each end. The slight-looking grooved wheel at one side

is the lever by which the bell is rung, whilst the wooden post fixed at the end of the balk is the "stay," to keep the bell from turning a complete somersault during ringing. When the bell is nearly upside down the "stay" catches against the "slide," a horizontal bar fixed at one end to the frame below the bell, and prevents the latter from going right over. Perhaps two or three of the bells have been left upside down, or "set," by the ringers, in which case the novice had better not touch them, for they are only just a-tilt, and very little would bring them sweeping round and crashing through anything which might come in their way. A terrible instance of the danger of touching bells when they are "set" occurred quite lately at Presteign, in Radnorshire. Some of them had been left "set" after ringing for evening service the previous day, when one of the ringers ascended the tower to execute some trifling repairs to the wheels or other part of the ringing machinery. About an hour afterwards two of the bells were heard to sound, but no ringing was commenced, and little notice was taken of the matter. The ringer, however, returned not, and on his companions at last seeking him in the belfry, his body was found across a beam, amongst the bells, with the head completely smashed. It is supposed that in the course of his work he dislodged one of the bells, and to save himself clutched at the wheel of another, causing it to swing round before he could get out of its way.

The edge of the bell is generally rough and jagged, instead of being nicely finished and smooth, as we should, perhaps, expect. A bell is tuned by chipping the edge till the proper note is obtained, although sometimes a "virgin bell," *i.e.*, one that was in tune when it came from the mould, is found. Passing the hand underneath the bell, we shall find a smooth place, or even a perceptible cavity, caused by the clapper or "tongue" striking there. In course of time the metal wears so thin at this point that the bell suddenly cracks, and possibly a large piece breaks off at the same time. Cracked bells are common enough, and many a tower contains one or two, or even more. The crack is, however, often caused by a defect in the casting, which cannot be detected. We have seen cracked bells mended with strips of iron bolted across the fracture, holes being drilled for the bolts; but the tone of course can never be made right again by anything short of re-casting.

The art of bell-founding is undoubtedly of great antiquity. Saxons are known to have used bells in their churches, probably but small ones, for the Venerable Bede, writing at the end of the seventh century, alludes to them in terms which seem to show that *they* were not unfamiliar things. The towers of the Saxon

have belfries of considerable dimensions, in most cases; and at Crowland Abbey, in South Lincolnshire, there was a famous peal of seven bells many years before the Norman Conquest. The monks at that time, and for long after, were the chief practitioners of the art of bell-founding—which, indeed, is one of the many things those well-abused men have handed down to us. Their bells were rarely without inscriptions, often in very bad Latin, containing perhaps some obscure joke, the point of which is quite lost. More often they were of a religious nature, sometimes, we fear, not unmixed with a dash of superstition, as when the bell declares that its sound drives away the demons of the air who caused pestilence and famine, lightning and thunder-storms. As a rule, unfortunately, they put no dates on their bells, a defect which has been in some measure overcome by the researches of many enthusiastic campanologists, but which is likely to keep the early history of bells shrouded in darkness for a long time to come.

There are, however, a few exceptions to the rule. At Claughton-in-Lonsdale, a small village a few miles east of Lancaster, is a bell dated A.D. 1294, and there is another at Cold Ashby, near Rugby, bearing date, we believe, 1316. The old bells, cast before the Reformation, were formally blessed, according to a prescribed ritual which is still in use in the Roman Church. They were often called by various names, sometimes pious, sometimes much the reverse. For instance, the monks of Ely, early in the fourteenth century, had two bells named respectively Peter and Bounce. A few years later they cast four more, which they called Jesus, Mary, John, and Walsingham, which latter was the name of the Prior.

The Rev. J. J. Raven, to whose most interesting "Church Bells of Cambridgeshire" we are considerably indebted, gives a graphic account of the casting of these bells, with many curious details from contemporary records.

Most mediæval bells, whether of secular or monastic origin, are beautifully cast, with scrolls and patterns of flowers and figures, or delicately-executed armorial bearings and ornamental lettering, done in a manner we certainly could not surpass nowadays.

The bell-founders of old times were often desperately hard-up for metal. It was usual to send out persons to beg for contributions of copper and tin, or to purchase it when it could not be had otherwise. The difficulty of conveying such heavy things as bells when no roads worth the name existed was another of their troubles. Water carriage was used wherever practicable, but not unfrequently the founder took his furnace-*men, his moulds*, and his stock of odds and

ends of metal to the place where the new bell was wanted, and erecting a temporary foundry there, cast the bell on the spot. The present "Great Tom of Lincoln" was originally cast in the Minster-yard by William Newcombe, of Leicester, and Henry Oldfield, of Nottingham, two celebrated founders in their day, in the year 1610. Being cracked it was re-cast by Mears, of London, in 1835, and now hangs in solitary state high above the fen country in the beautiful central tower of, surely, the grandest cathedral in England.

The mould for a bell is usually formed in a pit in the ground, and consists firstly of the "core," which is built of bricks and covered with clay to about the size of the bell required to be made. This "core" is neatly smoothed and shaped by a piece of wood, cut to the outline of the bell and made to travel round the core on a pivot. This done, a slow fire is lighted inside the mass of bricks to dry the core. A clay bell is then formed upon the latter, shaped with the "sweep" as before, and allowed to dry. The "cope," or outside mould, of clay or loam, is then made over the clay bell. It is held together with iron bands and fitted with hooks. When lifted it brings the clay bell with it. The latter is broken out and the cope is put down again over the core, there now being a space between them of the exact shape of the future bell. The whole being thoroughly dry, the metal is poured in carefully, a hole being provided for the displaced air to escape by. The casting is left to cool for a length of time extending, in the case of large bells, to several days. The metals employed are copper and tin, about eighty per cent. of the former to twenty per cent. of tin, but the proportions vary. There are legends in various places of silver having been used in the casting of this or that bell, but they will not often bear examination; and we strongly suspect our worthy ancestors set too high a value upon the precious metal to employ it in so useless a fashion. An idea is often current that an exceptionally sweet-toned bell owes its quality to a certain amount of silver having been used in making it; but, so far as we know, this has never been proved to be the case.

The trade of bell-founding has often been carried on by various families for many generations. The old foundry at Norwich, long and justly celebrated for its fine-toned and beautifully-cast bells, was in the hands of the Brasyers for at least 150 years before the time of Queen Mary. It then became the property of the Brends, who carried it on for another century or so. The Oldfields cast bells at Nottingham from the middle of the sixteenth century down to 1748, when their business passed to the Hedderlys, on the death of the fourth founder, who bore the name of George Oldfield. Another

ed both on the same bell. "Jesus spede us omnia fiant ad Dei. 1617," is what he has on a cracked bell at Girton, but en he contents himself with the brief and appropriate "Cum admoneo." A great bell-founding family were the Rudhalls, cester, whose bells were sent during the seventeenth and ith centuries over an immense range of country, from Shrop- Hampshire, and all over the West of England. At the time our best-known firms are Messrs. Taylor, of Lough-, and Messrs. Mears & Stainbank, of Whitechapel, both of ave been casting bells for little less than a hundred years, ssrs. John Warner & Sons, of Cripplegate, E.C., who date from ack as 1763.

character of the inscriptions found upon bells varies much, a rule, each founder kept to his own favourites. Prior to the ation, as we have said, the bells were often named, and fre- bear the names they were called by; but at a later period the seems to have been discontinued entirely. Augustine was a e name, the idea being that as St. Augustine was a great r, so was a bell, sounding aloft to all far and near. "Vox ni sonet in aure Dei" (Let the voice of Augustine sound in of God) was a frequent inscription of the mediæval founders. was "Sit nomen Domini benedictum" (May the name of d be blessed); whilst every saint in the calendar was appealed a pro nobis." At Christchurch Priory, Hants, are two fine old hich call themselves Touzeuns and Augustine. After

The five old bells into six was run,
With additional metal near a ton. 1758,

says the jovial tenor of St. Mary's, Whittlesea, in the same county.

The spelling of the inscriptions often exhibits the refreshing unconventionality of a period when Shakespeare himself seldom signed his name twice in the same way. On the sixth bell at Wimborne Minster, Dorsetshire, we find

Sounde out the belles in God regoyce. I.W. 1600.

A bell at Fen Ditton, near Cambridge, has

Feare the Lord and on him cavl,
William Havsley made vs all. 1623;

whilst at Trumpington, not far off, we find on the first bell—

John Darbie made me 1677,
Thomas Allen gave me
A Treabell for to be,

as ingenious a way of spelling "treble" as can well be devised.

Occasionally bells are found with the alphabet, or a portion of it, upon them. A Leicester founder, Hugh Watts, in the time of James I., was remarkably partial to the alphabet as a bell-inscription. It certainly must have saved a great deal of trouble when fresh ideas for inscriptions ran rather short. Another eccentric founder writes his inscription backwards; others turn the figures of the date upside down, and indulge in all sorts of fusorial waggery.

Very mild indeed are some of the rhymes occasionally found. At Stanford, Northamptonshire, near Rugby, the treble has

Ser thomas cave
this bell he gave. 1631.

Its next companion has

I. H. S. Nazarenvs rex judæorvm
Fili Dei, miserere mei. 1624.

This last inscription, by the way, was a favourite one with several founders about the middle of the last century, though somehow it seems a little out of joint with those times. The kindly sentiment,

Peace and good neighbourhood. E.E., W. E. 1726,

is found on the first bell at the splendid old Priory Church at Cartmel, Lancashire. The initials are those of the founders, Evan Evans & William Evans, of Chepstow. But mere founders', rectors', and churchwardens' names characterise an immense number of the bell-inscriptions of the last two centuries or more.

Until the invention of change-ringing in the seventeenth century,

bells were probably not so numerous as they afterwards became. Quality and size were preferred to a number of lightish bells; but with change-ringing a vast amount of jangling set in, and many a fine old bell was cracked or broken by reckless practising of the new discovery.

The first to reduce the art of change-ringing to a system was one Fabian Stedman, a printer of Cambridge, who is said to have printed his changes on slips of paper, and taught them to his companions in the well-known Saxon tower of St. Benet's Church in that town. His book, the "Tintinnalogia," was published in 1668, and during the following century change-ringing became a very popular amusement. Ringing societies were formed all over the country, whose members went about from place to place, and treated the inhabitants to lengthy exhibitions of their skill with the bell-ropes.

The system of change-ringing is simple, consisting merely of altering the order in which the bells are pulled each time. To preserve the desired order, however, and the proper interval between the bells, and to prevent any two or more sounding simultaneously, requires much care and practice, otherwise the ringing would soon become a mere senseless jangle and clatter. Each bell awaits its turn upside down, ready to be pulled over and sounded the instant it is wanted; but with a small number of bells, the resting-time of some of them is exceedingly brief.

As the number of changes which can be rung on large peals of ten or twelve bells runs into millions, and as it takes about three hours' hard work to get through 5,000 or 6,000, it is plain that change-ringing, fortunately perhaps in some respects, has its limits. Nevertheless it is a healthy and invigorating pastime, and we are quite in agreement with the sentiments expressed on a board in a church tower in Huntingdonshire:

> All you young Men y^t^ larn ye Ringen Art
> Be sure you see, and well perform your parts;
> no Musick with it can Excell
> nor be Compard to ye Melodeous bells. 1757.

We wish we could say that the names of some of the "peals," *i.e.*, arrangements of changes, are as "Melodeous" as the peals themselves, when skilfully rung on good bells, undoubtedly are. But Bob Minor, Bob Major, Bob Maximus, Oxford Treble Bob, and Norwich Court Bob are certainly more grotesque than musical, nor are Grandsire Triples, Grandsire Caters, and Grandsire Cinques, or Imperial the Third, very much better. Many very fine peals of bells were cast during the latter part of the last century and the early part of this, when change-ringing was at the height of its popularity.

Those at St. Peter Mancroft, Norwich; at St. Mary's, Cambridge; at Bow Church in London, and many others, will long be, let us hope, eloquent proofs of the perfection to which our fathers carried the ancient art of bell-casting.

The bells of an ordinary village church weigh about 7 or 8 cwt. apiece, ranging from the treble, or first bell, of about 5 cwt., to the tenor, or last, of perhaps 12 cwt. In peals of eight bells the tenor should weigh not less than 20 cwt. When the tenor is above 30 cwt. or so, it is necessary to have two men to ring it; but such bells are not very numerous. Most of the really large bells are never "rung" at all, in the technical sense of the word employed by ringers, *i.e.*, swung upside down and then down again. The strain upon the tower, to say nothing of the labour required, would be too great, and a fairly good effect can be produced by pulling the clapper against the side with a rope. Our biggest bells, however, are not often heard, save through the medium of the clock-hammer. The celebrated "Great Tom of Oxford," at Christchurch, is one of the exceptions to this rule, being tolled 101 times every night, in accordance with ancient usage. "Tolling," by the way, as distinct from "ringing," is simply swinging the bell gently to and fro till the tongue or clapper strikes the side.

The bell in question, with its namesake at Lincoln, and the one which did duty as the largest at St. Paul's Cathedral till lately, is one of our largest old bells. They weigh $7\frac{1}{2}$, $5\frac{1}{2}$, and about 4 tons respectively; but "Great Peter" at York and "Big Ben" of Westminster weigh $10\frac{3}{4}$ and $13\frac{1}{2}$ tons. Both of the last-named were cast by Messrs. Mears, of London, in 1845 and 1858. The Westminster bell made a bad start in life. It was first cast in 1856 by Messrs. Warner, at Norton, near Stockton-on-Tees, and was brought to London by sea. Before being raised, experiments were made upon it with much too heavy a hammer, under which the bell was speedily cracked. It was then re-cast by Messrs. Mears, after being smashed up where it lay, with a falling weight. Its dimensions are: height, 7 feet 6 inches; diameter across mouth, 9 feet. There is a flaw in it again, which developed after it was got up, but it is so slight as not to affect perceptibly the tone of, certainly, one of our finest bells.

The new "Great Paul," cast by Messrs. Taylor, of Loughborough, a few years ago, is a very grand bell both in tone and size, and weighs close upon 17 tons. It had to be taken up by road, by a traction engine, being too large for a railway truck.

The town halls at several places, notably Manchester, have some

eavy modern bells; in most cases, however, intended only for the to strike upon. In truth, bells for ringing are somewhat out of in large towns nowadays. There are noises enough and to and the echo of a heavy peal with high buildings all round is somewhat distressing. In crowded streets, too, people have ıe leisure necessary to appreciate bells, however fine or well these may be. In the country the case is altogether different, ew sounds are more soothing and grateful than those of a well- l peal of bells floating across the meadows on a summer ng, or ringing the Old Year out and the New Year in, after the le fashion of our worthy old bell-loving ancestors.

W. B. PALEY.

THE GREAT FOREST OF SUSS

THROUGH the counties of Surrey and Kent runs a long chalk hills, whose eastern extremity is crowned by Castle. Along the coast of Sussex stretches another mighty of chalk, terminating abruptly at Beachy Head. Between th chains of hills, which may be conveniently described as th and South Downs, is included an extensive tract of beautiful country, whose soil consists of clay and sand, and which is k the Weald of Sussex, Surrey, and Kent. Midway between th and South Downs, a range of sandy hills bisects the Weald third range, called "the Forest ridge," commences at Fairlig Hastings, and extends through Sussex by way of Battle, Da (once famous for its chase), Heathfield, Crowborough Beacon it attains a height of 800 feet), Ashdown forest, Tilgate for Worth, and St. Leonard's forest near Horsham, at the extremity of the county.

Let us take our stand, in imagination, on the summit of D Beacon, the highest point of the South Downs, and ind highest ground in all Sussex. We are now nearly 860 feet ab English Channel, and a splendid panorama of the Weald li before us, bounded only by the chalk hills of Surrey in the far d At our feet the main line from Brighton to London emerges f Clayton tunnel, which has been driven under the range of th

Between St. John's Common and Ardingly, remains of a paved street have been discovered, which may have connected this camp with a garrison in the neighbourhood of London.

After passing the village of Street, in the neighbourhood of Ditchling Beacon, the road probably avoided the clay soil of the Weald, and followed the foot of the chalk Downs past Firle Beacon, until the important landmark of Beachy Head came into view, and the traveller arrived at *Civitas Anderida* (Eastbourne), with its marsh-girt port in Pevensey Bay. It is not improbable that there was a line of communication across the marshes which lie between Pevensey (*Portus Anderida*) and Wartling Hill. The line produced would pass through or near to the villages of Boreham Street, Boodle Street, Cade Street, Street End, and Lake Street on the Forest ridge, whose names imply the neighbourhood of a Roman *stratum* (probably of later construction than that just mentioned), which led northward from the vicinity of *Portus Anderida* towards London. In Western Sussex another Roman road, called Stone Street, of which traces still remain, ran from London to Chichester, passing Billingshurst and Pulborough in its course through the Weald.

Now, "in days of yore, and in times and tides long gone before," the Weald was covered by a dense forest, whose tangled brakes and thickets harboured the wolf and the wild boar. Its glades and open heaths afforded pasturage to herds of wild deer; while its lowlands were swamps and marshes, the haunt of innumerable water-fowl.

> And the bittern beat his drum,
> Booming from the sedgy shallow.

Such was its condition when the Venerable Bede wrote.

Although the ruthless and reckless havoc of centuries has removed the splendid timber which once clothed the Weald, yet the passenger who travels at express speed between Three Bridges and Hayward's Heath cannot fail to recognise in the rough woods, heath-clad banks, and brushwood coppices, which he sees on every side, remnants of an ancient forest land. The extensive beds of sandstone, which underlie the forest ridge and other parts of the Weald, are very rich in iron ore; and probably supplied the inhabitants of the country with material for their scythed chariots and weapons of war, long before the coming of the Romans. Roads there were none, and the devious and miry tracks, which threaded the mazes of the forest, must have been utterly impassable to the native waggons. Pack horses were probably the only means of transporting heavy loads then, as they continued to be until recent times.

The Britons called the forest *Coit Andred*, which signi wild wood, or the wood without inhabitants; and Roman softened the Barbarian appellation into *Silva Anderida*. Nam given to localities take deep root, and survive all revolutions—p political, and lingual; and so we find, centuries later, the conquerors of Britain retaining the ancient designation, when the desolate waste *Andredeswald*. It is described by the Chronicle," under the year 893, as measuring 120 miles in leng east to west, and 30 miles in breadth from north to south. habitants, to whom St. Wilfred, "the apostle of the South S preached in the seventh century, were, from the nature of singularly rude and unpolished in their manners. "A nation, in a rocky district, amid uncultivated woods and thick br which rendered it difficult for them to approach even th lands; a people ignorant of God, and given to vain idols."

A glance at the map of the Weald will reveal the fact tha large number of the place-names contain the syllable "hurst." is Hurstpierpoint, Herstmonceux, Hurst Green, Ashurst, N Fernhurst, and a multitude of other hursts. Now *herst*, or *h* old English means a wood, and even if no description of the forest had come down to us, the etymologist would still hav able, by the help of these local names, to ascertain the limits South Saxon Wald. Sometimes the prefix "hurst" takes th of *hors*, and since Herstmonceux is pronounced "Horsemo by natives of the place, it is evident that Horsgate, Horseye, lunges, and Horsted, belong to the same class of names. exceedingly common termination to Wealden village names We find it, for example, in Mayfield and Heathfield, and it is explained as signifying an ancient clearing in the forest, wh timber has been *felled*. But though Mayfield, Heathfield, an field is the conventional mode of writing those names, yet th pronunciation is Maövul, Hefful, and Linvul respectively; a possible that, in many cases, the termination originally "field," but "wald," or "weald." In Domesday Book W appears as Westewelle, and Hartfield as Hertevel.

The name of "forest," still applied to certain districts, als witness to the former wild and unenclosed state of the county. down forest contains 10,000 acres, including a considerable e heathy ground, and black game were abundant there at the be of the present century. It once formed part of Pevensey which covered all the Rape of Pevensey, and devolved with P Castle; but it is called "Ashdon" in a grant of lands in

to John of Gaunt. The numerous "gates" and "hatches" of
strict, such as Barn's Gate and Prickett's Hatch, indicate the
laries of an old deer park. The forest of Worth contained,
ding to a survey made three centuries ago, some 5,000 acres.
e forest and St. Leonard's forest at the western, and Darvel
and Dallington forest at the eastern, extremity of the Ridge
other wide stretches of wooded country.

ntil recently, the woods of the Weald were haunted by monsters
pirits innumerable. Here ran the black headless hare, there a
n, in form of a sable hound, scoured the country, while in
own forest a decapitated corpse sprang into the saddle behind
elated traveller, and so accompanied him on his journey.

lthough Sussex cannot boast of any hero of romance such as
n Hood, yet its thickets sheltered many a ruffianly outlaw and
ayman, who took toll of unprotected wayfarers, and added
er terror to the dangers of travelling.

n the forest ridge was fought the great battle between the
ans and Saxons. The Duke of Normandy had disembarked
e force at Pevensey bay, where Julius Cæsar is believed to have
ed a landing eleven centuries previously. The marshes, which
ened between the forest and the sea, formed a natural barrier
st invasion, so the enemy were obliged to march along the
till they reached the high ground near Hastings, and there they
ped. The English king had chosen a very strong position upon
ot where Battle Abbey afterwards stood ; and his contingent
sex villeins, armed "with clubs and great picks, iron forks and
," rendered good service in fortifying the spot with a ditch and
surmounted by a wattled palisade. Early one autumn morning
d's scouts kept coming in with the news that the Norman army
last on the move, and advancing along the forest ridge. A
le march brought the enemy to the "heath land," within sight
English camp, and, with much noise and blowing of trumpets,
egan to form up for the attack. The Norman knights could
n donning their conical helmets and shirts of ring-mail. The
's assault was delivered at nine o'clock, and failed in its object;
e ancient ruse of a feigned retreat drew the incautious English
heir impregnable position, and with shouts of "Olicrosse!" and
mité!" they plunged through the furze bushes in pursuit of the
ers. Harold's mistake in leaving his first position was not im-
tely apparent, for though the English king had lost an eye by an
wound, yet he still remained in command of his army, and the
ans were getting very much the worst of it. But as the day

wore on the fortune of war changed, and at last a body of Norman knights charged down upon Harold's body-guard, captured the Royal standard, and beat the king down with their battle-axes. There was no quarter, and so long as strength and daylight lasted bands of Normans and Saxons, scattered up and down the forest, continued to fight with deadly hate. The English, it is believed, left upon the field some 20,000 dead and dying—"a prey to the wolves," as the old poem, *De bello Hastingensi*, tells us.

It is difficult now to picture the Weald as having been anything else than an agricultural or pastoral country; nevertheless, it was long the centre of English iron mining and iron manufacture. By day the woods echoed with the din of great hammers, driven by water-power; at night the whole district was aglow with the glare of roaring blast furnaces. Drayton's ponderous lines, published in the year 1612, commemorate the period:

> When as the anvil's weight, and hammer's dreadful sound,
> E'en rent the hollow woods and shook the queachy ground;
> So that the trembling nymphs, oppressed through ghastly fear,
> Ran madding to the Downs, with loose dishevelled hair.

And William Camden:

> Sussex is full of iron mines in sundry places, where, for the making and founding thereof, there be furnaces on every side, and a huge deal of wood yearly burnt; to which purposes divers brooks in many places are brought to run in one channel, and sundry meadows turned into pools and waters, that the same might be of power sufficient to drive hammer-mills, which, beating upon the iron, resound all over the places adjoining.

Charcoal supplied the place of coal for smelting purposes, and an army of "colliers" found employment in converting the lavish stores of wood, which nature had provided, into charcoal. So long as the supply of that useful commodity lasted, not only iron foundries, but other factories, such as glassworks, and gunpowder mills, which were dependent on a supply of good charcoal, continued to flourish in the Weald. But the annual consumption of timber for fuel was enormous; one furnace at Lamberhurst alone required two hundred thousand cords of wood every year to feed its flames. This waste of timber, continued century after century, began to tell upon the old forest of Anderida. It shrank and dwindled, until there was hardly sufficient wood left to supply the blast furnaces with fuel. Then came competition with other parts of England where coal was found in close proximity to the iron ore, and the whole process of manufacture could be conducted at less cost than in the wealds, which were destitute of workable coal, and so the Southern iron trade grew less and less, until, in the first quarter

the present century, Ashburnham forge was the only one out of many scores of Sussex ironworks which continued at work. Indeed, the very existence of ironworks had been forgotten, did not some of the great "hammer-ponds," to which Camden alludes, and some of the immense heaps of slag, locally known as "cinder-beds," remain to attest their former importance. These old cinder-beds are scattered far and wide over the Weald, and sometimes cover many acres of land. The heavy slag, of which they are composed, furnishes excellent material for road-making, and is commonly employed for repairing the highways which cross the iron district. About half a century ago an ardent archæologist happened to observe, in a heap of slag by the roadside, a fragment of Roman pottery. This discovery led him to examine a cinder-bed at Maresfield, from which the heap in question had been obtained, and he then found that it was full of broken pottery, coins of Nero, Vespasian, and Diocletian (which belong to the period ranging from the year 54 to 286 A.D.), and other relics of antiquity, which left no room for doubt that the Romans had, during their occupation of this country, worked iron mines in Ashdown Forest. Similar remains have been discovered at Chiddingly, where there was a foundry in existence comparatively recently, for the bells of old Eastbourne Church were sent there to be re-cast in 1651. A great common in Chiddingly parish, called the Dicker, was denuded of timber by the iron-masters of the neighbourhood.

There are many old references to the iron trade in the county of Sussex. King Henry III. made a grant to the people of Lewes in 1266, empowering them to levy a toll of one penny on every cart-load of iron, and one halfpenny on every horseload of the same metal, which passed through the town from the Weald. An inhabitant of Lewes supplied the ironwork for the tomb of the same king in Westminster Abbey. In Edward I.'s reign iron was being smelted in St. Leonard's forest, and complaints were made by the ironmongers of the City of London in regard to certain manufactured articles supplied by the smiths of the Wealds. In the following reign, the sheriff of Surrey and Sussex was ordered to supply 3,000 horseshoes and 29,000 nails for the expedition against Scotland. The ancient banded guns, which were used by the English in the fifteenth century, are believed to have been made in Sussex. A good specimen of this kind of artillery, and, according to tradition, the first gun ever made in England, formerly stood at Eridge Green. On holidays the people fired it at a hill some distance off, dug out the shot, fired it off again, and so on, until their supply of ammunition was

exhausted. The first English gun of cast-iron was made at Buxted, in Henry VIII.'s reign. Cannon balls are often dug up in the vicinity. There were other ordnance factories at Heathfield and Robertsbridge; from the latter village ordnance was carried by river to Rye, and exported. Fuller remarks, "It is almost incredible how many great guns are made of the iron in this county." The massive railings round St. Paul's Cathedral are monuments to the departed trade of Sussex. They were made at Lamberhurst, and cost £11,000. I am indebted for these and many other facts contained in this account of Old Sussex, to the excellent papers on the subject comprised in the "Sussex Archæological Collections," especially those from the pen of Mr. Lower. John Ray, the author of "A Collection of English Words" (1674), has preserved an account of the process of manufacturing iron in Sussex, during the seventeenth century, as given to him by his friend Walter Burrell, of Cuckfield.

The iron-ore, or *mine*, as the natives called it, was generally obtained at a depth of from four to forty feet, and the various qualities were judiciously mixed together. A heap was then made, consisting of alternate layers of iron-ore and charcoal, and the whole was set on fire, care being taken that the ore did not *loop*—that is, melt—and run into a mass. This process had the effect of rendering the ore soft and friable. It was then broken into small pieces with iron sledge-hammers and thrown upon the top of the charcoal in the blast furnace. In the course of twelve hours or so, the iron melted and flowed into the *hearth* at the bottom of the furnace. The slag, or "cinder," floated upon the surface of the molten metal, and was let out at intervals; and finally the pure iron was run into a *sow*. The hearth, or lower part of the furnace, was always built of hard sandstone, the upper part was lined throughout with brick. When the furnace had been built, the fire was allowed to burn for several days before the blast was turned on. Then they began to blow gently, and gradually increased the blast, until at the end of ten weeks or more the climax had been reached.

A working week of six days was technically called a *founday*. During the last few foundays that a furnace remained in blast, much more iron was produced than during the first foundays; but the average yield was eight tons per week.

The effect of the powerful blast was to gradually wear away the hearth and increase its capacity, so that while it contained at first sufficient metal to make a sow of six hundredweight, it contained at last sufficient for a sow of seventeen hundredweight. A hearth made of good stone would last for forty foundays—that is, forty

weeks—and during that time the fire was never allowed to go out. The hearth was never used more than once, though it might have been in blast for six weeks only.

When the sow had cooled, it was taken to the forge and rolled upon the *finery* fire. A piece weighing three-quarters of a hundredweight, called a *loop*, was broken off, drawn from the fire with shingling tongs, beaten with sledge-hammers, and finally placed under the great water-hammer, where it was gently pounded, so as to force out the cinder and dross. Then the force of the blows was gradually increased by turning on more water-power, until at last the loop had assumed the form of a *bloom*, or four-square mass, about two feet in length. The above operation was known as *shingling the loop*. The bloom was then returned to the finery fire, and by dint of heating and hammering it was converted into an *ancony*—that is, a bar three feet long, shaped in the middle, but having a square lump of metal left rough at each of its extremities. The ancony was then sent to another fire, called the *chafery*, where its two rough ends were drawn out and finished, so as to correspond with the middle part, which had been already shaped at the finery fire.

The Statute Book contains frequent reference to the rapid destruction of forest trees in England, but so luxuriant was the growth of timber in the Andreds Weald—

> Jove's oak, the warlike ash, vein'd elm, the softer beech,
> Short hazel, maple plain, light asp, the bending wych,
> Tough holly, and smooth birch—

that the district was always excepted from the operation of the measures passed to restrain the waste. Thus, an Act of Henry VIII.'s reign does not extend its protection to "woods within the wilds of Kent, Surrey, and Sussex, other than common woods within the said wilds." And another Act, of the first year of Queen Elizabeth's reign, forbids the conversion into coal or other fuel for the making of iron, of any timber trees of oak, beech, or ash, of the breadth of one foot square at the stub, and growing within fourteen miles of the sea or any navigable river, and expressly excepts the county of Sussex, the "weild" of Kent, and certain portions of the "weild" of Surrey from its operation.

Again, the Statute 23 Elizabeth, c. 5 (1581) refers to the decay of timber caused by the erection of iron-mills, in places not far distant from the Downs and sea-coast of Sussex, and prohibits the conversion of wood into coal, or other fuel for making iron, within twenty-two miles of London, or four miles from the foot of the Downs which lie between Arundel and Pevensey, or within four miles

of Winchelsea and Rye, two miles of Pevensey, and three miles of Hastings, and further prohibits the erection of new ironworks within the same limits; but there follows a proviso: "This Act shall not extend to any woods growing in the weilds of Surrey, Sussex, and Kent."

But four years later was passed the Statute 27 Elizabeth, c. 19, which recites that "by the overgreat negligence, or number of iron works, which have been and yet are in the weilds of Sussex, Surrey, and Kent, it is thought that the great plenty of timber, which hath grown in those parts, hath been greatly decayed and spoiled, and will in short time be utterly consumed and wasted, if some convenient remedy be not timely provided"; and goes on to enact that, in future, no new iron-mill, furnace, finary, or bloomary, shall be erected in the district. It was chiefly in the interests of ship-building that these laws, restrictive of waste of timber, were passed by the legislature, for in the days when our ships were "hearts of oak," great quantities of timber were sent from Sussex woods to Rochester and other ports. William Gilpin, in the course of his remarks on forest scenery, mentions how "the noblest oaks in England" used to grow in Sussex, and sometimes required a score of oxen to move them. They were mounted on a sort of waggon, appropriately called "a tugg," dragged for some distance through the mire and clay, and then left for another tugg to take up when opportunity offered. Several years sometimes elapsed before a tree reached its destination, and it had plenty of time to become seasoned while on its road to the ship-building yard.

The "Surveyor's Dialogue," published in 1607, contains some interesting remarks on the subject which we are considering: "Some countries are yet well stored, and for the abundance of timber and wood were excepted in the Statute (of Henry VIII. cited above), as the welds of Kent, Sussex, and Surrey, which were all anciently comprehended under the name of 'Holmesdale,' and yet he that well observes it, and hath known the welds of Sussex, Surrey, and Kent, the grand nursery of those kind of trees, especially oak and beech, shall find such an alteration within less than thirty years, as may well strike a fear lest few years more, as pestilent as the former, will leave few good trees standing in those welds. Such a heat issueth out of the many forges and furnaces for the making of iron, and out of the glass-kilns, as hath devoured many famous woods within the welds, as about Burning-fold, Lopwood Green, the Minns, Kirdford, Petworth parks, Eberknow, Wassals, Rusper, Balcombe, Dallington, the Dicker, and some forests and other places infinite."

Another party to the dialogue answers: "It is no marvel if Sussex and other places you speak of be deprived of this benefit, for I have heard there are, or lately were, in Sussex near 140 hammers and furnaces for iron, and in it and Surrey adjoining three or four glass-houses. The hammers and furnaces spend each of them in every twenty-four hours two, three, or four loads of charcoal, which in a year amounteth to an infinite quantity, as you can better account by your arithmetic than I."

One of the most famous smiths of the Weald was St. Dunstan, Archbishop of Canterbury. Mayfield in Sussex is the site of an ancient archiepiscopal palace, and here, according to some, took place the terrific encounter between St. Dunstan and the Devil. At any rate, the anvil, hammer, and tongs, which are alleged to have belonged to the saint, are still preserved at Mayfield Palace. In the neighbouring parish of Heathfield is a locality called Cade Street, where the notorious rebel, Jack Cade, was slain in 1450. Shakespeare, it will be remembered, places the scene of his death in Kent, but the better account of the event is that he was shot by Alexander Iden, "the esquire of Kent," as he was playing at bowls in a garden near Heathfield, in Sussex, and died from the effects of the wound as he was being conveyed in a cart to London.

The Weald enjoyed the distinction of possessing the very worst roads in England. "Sussex full of dirt and mire" was a byword in Leland's day, and Queen Elizabeth, during one of her progresses through Kent and Sussex, is reported to have made the remark, that there were more dangerous rocks and valleys, and much worse ground, there than in the Peak of Derbyshire. Fuller, too, describes the district as "a fruitful country, though very dirty for travellers therein, so that it may be better measured to its advantage by days' journeys than by miles. Hence it is that, in the late order for regulating the wages of coachmen, at such a price a day and distance from London, Sussex alone is excepted, as wherein shorter way or better pay was allowed." And the writer of "A Tour Through Great Britain" in the year 1724 saw no improvement in this respect:

"I came to Lewes from Tunbridge," says he, "through the deepest, dirtiest, but many ways the richest and most profitable, country in all that part of England. The timber I saw there was prodigious, as well in quality as bigness, and seemed in some places to be suffered to grow, only because it was so far off any navigation that it was not worth cutting down and carrying away. In dry summers, indeed, a great deal *is carried* away to Maidstone, and sometimes

I have seen one tree on a carriage drawn by two-and-twenty oxen, and even then it is carried so little a way that it is sometimes two or three years before it gets to Chatham, for if once the rains come on, it stirs no more that year, and sometimes a whole summer is not hot enough to make the roads passable. Here I had a sight, which indeed I never saw in any other part of England, viz., the going to church at a country village not far from Lewes. I saw an ancient lady, of very good family I assure you, drawn to church in her coach by six oxen. Nor was this done in frolick or humour, but mere necessity, the way being so stiff and deep that no horses could go in it."

In the middle of the last century a coach started once a week from New Shoreham, and ran through Brighton, Lewes, and Croydon, to London, but took two whole days to accomplish the journey. It was usual to attach a pair of oxen to the coach, in order to help it over some of the worst bits of road. The journey was broken at East Grinstead, a place of some importance then, for assizes were held there, as the judges did not care to penetrate further into the country whose roads were described by Lord Chancellor Cowper as "bad and ruinous beyond imagination."

Perhaps Dr. Burton's description of a journey through Sussex in 1751 is the most amusing of all. It is written in Greek, so I quote from Mr. Blaauw's translation contained in the eighth volume of the "Sussex Archæological Collections." "Not even now, though it is summertime, is the wintry state of the roads got rid of, for the water retained even till now in this mud, is sometimes splashed upwards all of a sudden, to the annoyance of travellers. Our horses could not keep on their legs, on account of these slippery and rough parts of the roads, but sliding and tumbling on their way, and almost on their haunches, with all their haste got on but slowly."

In another account, written this time in Latin, he says: "We were carried in a Sussex cart, or two-horse waggon, and while the driver on foot at our side drove the horses with his whip and a sort of discordant bellowing, we, like prisoners, turned back to back, were tossed forward, jolted asunder, and tumbled together!"

The learned scholar is full of caustic humour, and remarks upon the high-pitched voices and sing-song tones of the Sussex boors, and how at church the ear is offended "when they bellow to excess, and bleat out some goatish noise with all their might." He also ungallantly suggests that the reason why the oxen, swine, *women, and other animals* of Sussex are so long-legged, is that the constant pulling of their feet out of the stiff mud stretches the bones and muscles.

statute of the year 1584 required the occupiers of ironworks, ery six loads of coal or mine, and every ton of iron, conveyed g the winter months (October to May) along the "highways, under any of the hills, commonly called the North Downs of y and Kent," to carry upon the same highway one cartload of r, gravel, stone, sand, or chalk, and lay the same thereon, ding to the direction of the justices of the peace residing in the ct, or the surveyors of highways. Through an error of the htsman, this Act did not apply to the highways of Sussex ; but 97 (39th Elizabeth) another Act was passed, by which the iron- rs of that county, as well as of Surrey and Kent, were required to highway rate of three shillings for every three cartloads of coal neral, and every ton of iron, conveyed a distance of one mile the road, between October and May, and for every 30 loads of r mineral, and every 10 tons of iron, conveyed along the road g the summer months, to carry and lay one cartload of such rials as are mentioned in the previous Act.

burneys were almost invariably performed on horseback, and es of commerce were measured by the *seam* or horseload, which xed at 100 pounds weight by the Statute of Assize in Edward ign ; so a narrow track of cinders, laid along the centre of the was sufficient for the requirements of ordinary traffic, but it was safe to venture off the track in wet weather.

he scene has changed. The umbrageous forest of oak, ash, and as disappeared, and with it are gone the ghosts and goblins who m haunted its shades. The wind whistles across unsheltered hlands, where once the woodman's axe rang, the cattle graze only the heron could feed. The roads are no longer churned nud, and converted into quagmires by the heavy wheels of carts with timber, charcoal, and mine. The great ponds, whose s drove furnace bellows and forge hammers, are drained, but ron still lies in abundance beneath the soil, while in some cts fragments of iron-stone may be found upon the surface of elds. Should the search for coal, which is now being diligently cuted in a neighbouring county, prove successful, it is possible he blast furnaces may again spring up, as by magic, on their old ; but all who love the rustic beauty and peaceful repose of Sussex ry will express a fervent hope that that day may as yet be far it.

THOMAS H. B. GRAHAM.

ADDERS OR VIPERS.

"Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest."—*Pope.*

ON the broad expanse of the chalk downs, where the scant vegetation consists chiefly of furze bushes and dwarf juniper upon the velvet turf, it is common to find an adder or viper (*Pelias berus*) lying at ease, basking in the full enjoyment of a midday sun. Later than three o'clock in the afternoon they are seldom seen, for all good adders then have gone to bed; in the forenoon only they revel in the genial warmth of the solar heat. There is a physiological reason for this habit of exposure to the vertical rays of the sun, for as adders are the only species of British snake ovo-viviparous by nature this external influence, doubtless, is of material assistance in hatching the eggs within the parent body as the female lies upon some warm and wind-sheltered bank, according to its daily routine at certain seasons of the year. The viper and adder, in spite of some confusion in the rural mind, are one and the same species—the only poisonous snake that we possess in Great Britain. Waterton, in one of his essays, refers to the harmless grass-snake (*Coluber natrix*) as the adder, which is a manifest error, the usual distinction between adder and viper arising from the several varieties of *Pelias berus*, which naturalists are now agreed form but a single species.

On the southern downs I have myself found three well-marked varieties, colour and size being the main points of difference in the various specimens. The first is very small and slender, rarely exceeding ten inches in length, the colour being of a rich yellow brown—golden yellow in the bright sun. I believe this to be a young adder that has cast its first skin. It is a ferocious little reptile when unduly irritated. I have bent over one, impeding its course meanwhile with a stick; it raised two-thirds of the body from the ground, darting at the face with incredible rapidity, and narrowly missing it in its object. A few of these yellow adders can always be found during the late spring in suitable localities. The second kind is of full size—eighteen to twenty-four inches in length—thick in proportion to length, and of a uniform dull black or brown appearance, easily mistaken for a stick or bit of old iron lying in the path. The chief

danger, indeed, arises from incautiously handling that which seems to be an inanimate body : undisturbed adders seldom initiate an attack. The third variety is the typical form, of equal size with the last, but varying in colour from grey to green shades, according to the incidence of light, and always characterised by the zigzag pattern of darker hue extending down the back ; or rather markings which assume this shape as the snake wriggles away. A close examination shows that all three varieties have this peculiarity—a sure sign of the poisonous adder ; but on the yellow or black skins the pattern is less readily detected, though always present. Change of colour in itself is no evidence of specific distinction, and where the structural parts agree in every detail, we may fairly assume that all these varieties of the adder are referable to the same species.

More than once I have watched a field - mouse crouching immovable beneath the influence of the fixed stare of an adder ; it is so far paralysed with fear that any movement of the limbs appears impossible. The glassy eyes of the snake gleam through the protecting membrane with fatal power ; presently the mouth is widely extended, and the victim is bolted whole, its tail giving spasmodic jerks before the final disappearance. Under more ordinary conditions the mouse should be equally nimble in movement with the snake, but here the arts of fascination prevail.

The ringed or grass snake (*C. natrix*) generally exceeds the adder in length ; I have seen one in the Isle of Wight which measured upwards of four feet. The yellow ring bordered with black which surrounds the neck at once distinguishes it from the injurious kind; the upper parts are bluish grey with a green tinge, two rows of black spots running down the body, which underneath is grey marbled with black. The general habitat is in woodlands or by the water-side, frogs being a highly esteemed article of diet. One day, whilst hunting for fly-orchids in a coppice, I inadvertently placed my foot on a grass-snake lying curled up in the thick undergrowth : it hissed in a manner highly trying to the nerves as I withdrew with all the agility at command ; with a silent gliding motion it slipped away. Although non-poisonous, the rapidly protruded tongue, forked at the end, has a formidable appearance ; the teeth are likewise sharp enough to draw blood, although devoid of venom. Unlike the adders, the grass-snake does not bring forth the young alive. The eggs are not uncommonly discovered in some roadside manure heap of long standing, as strings of a membraneous, white-coated substance the size and colour of pigeons' eggs, with soft skin in place of brittle shell. These are readily hatched by artificial heat,

the baby snakes running about vivaciously so soon as they are released from the integument.

The rare *Cononella lævis* is the only other British snake, found in recent years at Bournemouth. The shape of the head and plates of the skull differ from the other snakes, and the colour is uniform grey with few spots ; like the grass-snake, it is harmless, but the teeth can bite sufficiently to draw blood. It might by chance be mistaken for an adder, although the typical markings on the back are absent. The only specimens I have found were in the pine forests of Austria, where charcoal-burners have their huts and the trees are grooved like a corkscrew for the turpentine to ooze forth. There it is the common snake.

The docile blind-worm (*Anguis fragilis*)—so often mistaken for a venomous adder—is not a snake at all, but rather a humble member of the Lacertilia, or lizard group of animals. It is, however, snake-like in appearance, crawling upon its ribs after the same progression as the true snakes. The neutral-tinted body, some twelve inches long, is covered with the same horny scales, in this case overlapping each other in semicircles of curiously regular form—a black line passes down the back. When the animal is suddenly frightened the muscles stiffen to such an extent that the tail drops off in the hand, after the manner of the lizard kind. Lizards' tails are capable of reproduction, sometimes two tails appearing as a fork from an injured stump, a phenomenon I have actually seen in Switzerland in a mutilated specimen of *Lacerta muralis*. I have no doubt that the blind-worm can also reproduce the damaged member. The *Anguis fragilis* is not a snake, because it has traces of rudimentary limbs of lacertilian kind. True snakes have a membrane over the eyes which gives the fixed glassy stare ; the blind-worm, on the contrary, can close its eyes. The jaws are of different construction. Snakes have the two halves of the lower jaws loosely united by ligaments and muscles ; they are connected by a movable bone to the skull, so that the animal can expand them in a remarkable manner, in order to swallow astonishingly large animals as food. The blind-worm has the jaws united firmly in front. It is absolutely harmless and very easily tamed. The blind-worm has solid teeth which are not in separate sockets. The snakes also have conical teeth, used only to hold the prey. In the harmless kinds the teeth are solid, arranged in rows upon the jaws and palate. In poisonous snakes the upper jaws are usually devoid of solid teeth ; the pair of poison-fangs are pointed backwards, and can be elevated by muscular action s required. Each fang is hollow, being perforated

by a tube communicating with a gland behind the eye where the secretion is stored. There are traces of grooved fangs, it is said, in some harmless snakes. In connection with the adder it may be remarked that the virus crystallises very beautifully beneath the microscope, on the application of a slight heat to the glass slide bearing the fluid.

One day I came upon an adder, lying strangely distended on the grass. I killed the beast, hoping to see the young ones wriggle forth from the mouth, or, at least, to find them in the abdomen. Bearing in mind the controversy which has existed from time immemorial as to whether the female adder temporarily swallows her young at the approach of danger, I hoped to verify the assertion. The swelling below the neck unfortunately in this instance proved to be nothing more than a field-mouse inside which had been recently bolted whole. And yet the point under dispute has never been fairly set at rest.[1] So far back as the sixteenth century, in William Harrison's "Description of England," written for Holinshed's great chronicle, we find an eye-witness of the reputed habit. "First of all," he writes in a summary of English beasts and reptiles, "we have the adder (in our Saxon tongue called the atter) which some men do not rashly take to be the viper. . . . I did see an adder once myself that lay (as I thought) sleeping on a mole-hill, out of whose mouth came eleven young adders, which played to and fro in the grass one with another, till some of them espied me. So soon therefore as they saw my face they ran again into the mouth of their dam, whom I killed, and then found each of them shrouded in a distinct cell or pannicle in her belly, much like unto a soft white jelly." (*Vide* "Elizabethan England," pp. 172–3.) Here we have a writer who has probably left the best record of English phases of life in mediæval times that we possess, testifying to an event witnessed by himself. Either he was lying when he wrote the passage in question, or it is a veracious account of what he saw. To this day the village labourers in those parts of the country where adders abound firmly maintain that the females really do swallow the young ones in time of danger, although it has been found next to impossible to verify the circumstances in those cases which have been inquired into, by scientific methods. Always some link in the chain of evidence has seemed incomplete, and it is not a little strange—if the habit be a true one—that no

[1] In the Worcester Museum there is a mounted group representing a female adder in the act of swallowing her young. The head is raised, and a young snake about two inches long is entering the extended mouth. Several others are ready to follow. I cannot trace the history of the group, but evidently the situation is to represent what was actually witnessed.

naturalist in these days of careful observation should be able to come forward to state that he has seen snakes thus dispose of the young ones. Gilbert White was exceedingly guarded in his references to the question. More than once he notes the popular belief as current in his day in Hampshire ; in one case he deals with his own experience bearing upon the subject. "On August 4, 1775," he writes, "we surprised a large viper which seemed very heavy and bloated as it lay in the grass, basking in the sun. When we came up to it we found that the abdomen was crowded with young, fifteen in number ; the shortest of which measured full seven inches in length, and were about the size of earth-worms full grown . . . there is little room to suppose that this brood had ever been in the open air before, and that they were taken in for refuge at the mouth of the dam when she perceived that danger was approaching ; because then, probably, we should have found them somewhere in the neck, and not in the abdomen." If Gilbert White was correct in his deductions, it follows that the young ones (not, however, actually stated to be alive) must have escaped through the ruptured oviduct into the abdomen ; but this important observation is omitted. It is interesting to note in connection with the above incident that the adder has been accused of cannibalism, as we shall see in other cases. The late Frank Buckland took infinite pains in the investigation of this subject, even offering a monetary reward to anyone who should establish the point in a clear and unimpeachable manner. That evidence he never obtained with any degree of certainty ; but meanwhile he recorded his opinion that there were no anatomical reasons why adders should not temporarily harbour their young in this manner, without injury to herself or progeny. The Rev. J. G. Wood says : "It is asserted that when danger threatens, the female viper opens her mouth and permits her brood to hide themselves, but this is by no means an ascertained fact."

Mr. Thomas Q. Couch, F.S.A., has recorded that on September 15, 1872, an adder was brought to him by a friend, who had killed it by a blow on the head with a stick. Owing to an undue protuberance he made a *post-mortem* examination of the body, expecting to find shrews or mice therein. Six young adders were found lying at length in the stomach, the oviduct being intact. The act of swallowing had not been witnessed ; the parent measured 18½ inches, the young ones varied from 5 inches to 6 inches. It is not stated that the young were alive, and Mr. James Kirby at once made the suggestion that the female had simply eaten her offspring. It is an established fact that they eat lizards, whilst Mr. Kirby has seen an adder in captivity exhibit manifest signs of anger against her young

ies. A correspondent in *Science Gossip*, under the signature "J. J.," rites that on October 25, 1879, his own brother killed an adder. o his great astonishment, eleven fully developed young ones came mbling out from the breach about eight inches from the head; ey attempted to escape, and had all the appearance of having seen aylight before. It is hardly probable that the eleven adders—still ving—could have been eaten at a single meal. On the other hand, is unfortunate that the condition of the oviduct is not stated. The me writer gives the testimony of two farmers bearing upon separate ses in which the act of swallowing had been witnessed ; the names nd locality are not recorded, and the events had taken place in ears gone by. The one saw five young adders spring suddenly own the parent's throat ; he was indignant if the fact was doubted. he other testified to the same incidents ; he killed the snake, nding the young ones within. Mr. Clement C. Carlyon supplements is evidence with the following additional testimony, taken down om the lips of an eye-witness of the proceedings. "About two years o (September 1878) I was in one of my fields, and observed on e hedge a large she adder, a grey one ; it looked unusually large. kicked her off the hedge on to the grass field, and whilst there I pped upon her tail, when there immediately issued forth from her outh nine young ones about four or five inches in length, which to appearances must have been in and out of the dam several times fore, they being well grown and some five or six weeks old. They ued from the mouth one by one, and shortly afterwards many of em entered in again. They appeared to be ensconced in the belly, t in a pouch. I am certain I was not deceived by any movement the tongue, for I afterwards killed the adder and the nine young es. The fact so struck me that I called several neighbours to the ot ; I could find at least one who could testify to the event." r. Carlyon adds that the locality is a favourite resort of adders, id rocky boulders, on high ground where gorse thrives by the a.

In the *Zoologist* (1863), p. 8,856, Mr. J. H. Gurney, a well-known turalist, of Catton Hall, Norwich, communicated as follows : "John alley saw a viper at Swannington, in Norfolk, surrounded by several oung ones. The parent perceiving itself to be observed, opened its outh, and one of the young ones immediately crept down its throat ; second followed, but after entering for about half its length, iggled out again, as though unable to accomplish an entrance. pon this Galley killed the viper, opened it, and found in the gullet, mediately behind the jaws, the young one he had seen enter, and

close behind that a recently swallowed mouse. Galley was of opinion that the first viper could not pass the mouse, and that consequently there was no room for the second young one." There is a ring of truth and accuracy in the above statement which is difficult to ignore.

The Editor of the *Zoologist* himself narrated the next incident somewhat bearing upon the point. "My late friend William Christy, jun.," he writes, "found a fine specimen of the common scaly lizard with two young ones, which, like the viper, brings forth its young alive. Taking an interest in everything relating to natural history, he put them into a small pocket vasculum to bring home; but when he next opened the vasculum the young ones had disappeared, and the belly of the parent was greatly distended; he concluded she had devoured her own offspring. At night the vasculum was laid on a table, and the lizard was therefore at rest; in the morning the young ones had reappeared, and the mother was as lean as at first." This is specific proof that reptiles smaller than adders can thus shelter the young ones.

The latest evidence bearing directly upon the question comes from the neighbourhood of Chepstow. On September 10, 1885, a viper was seen to swallow her young ones by the roadside between St. Arvans and Midcliff, Chepstow. When the snake had been killed by a blow from a stone, thirteen young vipers—nine alive and four dead—were discovered within. Nine were preserved in spirit by the writer "J. H. M.," in whose possession they remain. Here, again, we have a detailed statement which is most convincing in its directness; and if the testimony fails to carry conviction, the only alternative is that numbers of individuals are evolving deliberate untruths, an assertion that I for one emphatically repudiate.

In the attempted elucidation of this subject, it may not be irrelevant to inquire into the habits of some foreign reptiles in various parts of the world.

On the banks of the Homochitto Lake, near the Mississippi, Mr. Caleb J. Forshey, Fellow of the New Orleans Academy of Science, was engaged in survey work. He there had ocular proof that alligators swallow their young, thus establishing the truth of a universal tradition amongst blacks and whites alike in Louisiana. He writes: "The day was warm and sunny, and as I halted near the margin of a pond nearly dried up to pick up some shells, I startled a litter of young alligators that scampered off, yelping like puppies; and retreating some twenty yards, to the bank of the lake, I saw them reach their refuge in the mouth of a five-foot alligator. She evidently

en her mouth to receive them, as, in single file, they passed
ıd my observation. The dam then turned slowly round and
vn beneath the water, passing into a large opening in the
neath the foot of an ash tree. I made a communication of
s to Sir Charles Lyell, who visited me shortly afterwards.
otice was given of it, I think, in the volume of his 'Second
the United States.'" The writer adds, "doubtless the refuge
rary; the descent is partial, in no way interfering with the
of digestion." This, I think, is sufficient testimony to the
alligators at least possess the singular habit, which is also
for serpents.

merica, also, the rattlesnake has been many times reported
ow its young at the approach of danger. In one instance,
witnesses swore to the details before a judge, in order to
proof of the facts. A female serpent raised her head with
sound; upwards of a dozen entered her mouth, to remain
until the danger had passed away. Ultimately the small
were seen to come forth through the mouth in a lively
n.

ning to another quarter of the globe, I obtained convincing
nyself in Australia that the Black Snake (*Pseudechis por-
s*) performs the same feat. At the time that I was in
Mr. H. J. M'Cooey, a Fellow of the New South Wales Royal
well known in Sydney scientific circles, witnessed a female
vallow eighteen young ones. He startled the group amid
o at Coogee Bay, near Sydney. The parent made a strange
r gulping noise, and opened her mouth widely, into which
g glided with extraordinary rapidity, and disappeared down
at. Mr. M'Cooey instantly despatched the reptile, and on
g her killed thirteen of the young snakes, the remainder
heir escape in the grass. "Mr. M'Cooey," says the *Sydney*
March 28, 1888, "thus sets at rest a question which has
een regarded by scientific men with scepticism, viz., whether
kes swallow their young in order to protect them."

Taylor, a well-known Australian shipper that I met in
ne, also informed me that he had witnessed a black snake,
closely allied species, swallow her young on the banks of the
River, Queensland.

myself, I am convinced that alligators, rattlesnakes, black
nd lizards have, on credible authority, been proved to
n this peculiar habit, not from cannibalistic tendencies, but
e of protection in cases of sudden emergency. I am pre-

pared to find the English adder performing a similar feat. In several of the cases cited I admit that the evidence is incomplete; either the names of the actual eye-witnesses are withheld, the locality is not stated, or the events are related from memory after the lapse of some years. In some cases the facts are capable of alternative explanations; but there remains a formidable array of testimony which cannot be explained away. It appears to confirm a deeply rooted popular tradition, and I am driven to the conclusion that the incidents have been duly witnessed on more than one occasion.

C. PARKINSON.

ROYAL HOUSE OF STEWART.

In Two Parts.

Part I.

story of the Royal House of Stewart reads like that of a
ly doomed to destruction by inexorable destiny. Had
ct suggested itself to the poets of ancient Greece, the
would have been traced to an oracular prediction in ful-
hich so many puppets, morally irresponsible, would have
ented as unconsciously "dreeing their weird." Fate,
the ordinary acceptation of the word, had little, if any-
with the almost unbroken record of misery and disaster.
dual of the race filled up his, or her, own complement of
olly, and in due time was overtaken by the inevitable
es. Not that the Stewarts were sinners above all other
e in any respect worse than their contemporaries. Far
ot unfrequently they were in advance of the age in which
nd were, for the most part, more civilised and polished
le, tumultuous nobility in the midst of whom their lots
With rare exceptions, they were not only staunch and
iors, but were comparatively humanised by their love of
etters, and especially of poetry. Their intellectual gifts
ents, however, were barely tolerated by the Lowland aristo-
in the eyes of the Highland chieftains they appeared as
and visible signs of innate effeminacy and lack of manli-
arbarous Court would have shown more respect for an
lete and reveller, only controlled, if at all, by the unstable
nd unwritten laws of chivalrous sentiment, than for a
cultured prince, brave in the hour of battle, but averse
strife and purposeless bloodshed. At the same time the
re no milksops, nor were they deterred from atrocious acts
by any fear of bloodguiltiness. Though indulgent to their
ies, they could be harsh and unrelenting towards the
by whom they were surrounded. They were likewise

addicted to favouritism, a sure symptom of weakness and laxity of moral fibre in a monarch, and the invariable source of woes unnumbered to both prince and people. Their characters and dispositions were, moreover, hereditary in an unusual and remarkable degree. An astounding obstinacy, an incurable duplicity, and an extraordinary faith in their own divine prerogative, were transmitted as heirlooms from father to son, down to the last pretender to a Royal Crown. They were untaught, and unteachable, by experience. As in the case of the Bourbons, the lessons of adversity were wasted upon their self-sufficiency and unquestioning belief in the divine right of kings. In every remonstrance their answer would have been, "Gods and godlike kings can do no wrong."

Tradition traces the Stewart family from Bancho, or Banquo, thane of Lochaber, supposed to have been murdered by Macbeth about the middle of the eleventh century. His son Fleance is reported to have married Nesta, daughter of Gruffydd ap Llewellyn, Prince of Wales, and to have met with death at the hands of certain Welsh ruffians, three or four years subsequent to his father's assassination. Banquo's grandson, Walter, appears to have retired to the Court of Edward the Confessor, where he became involved in a quarrel which caused him to seek refuge with his mother's kinsman, Alan, Count of Brittany, whose daughter he married, and whom he accompanied in the Norman invasion of England. Misconduct or mischance still clinging to him, he incurred the displeasure of William the Conqueror, and had again to seek a new service. This time he returned to his fatherland, and was graciously welcomed by Malcolm III., who appointed him "Dapifer Domini Regis." His death is assigned to the year 1093.

His son Alan was enrolled among the followers of Godfrey of Bouillon, and was present at the taking of Jerusalem in 1099, after which notable feat of arms he made his way back to Scotland and was honoured with the dignity of Lord High Steward of that ancient realm. He was succeeded by his son Walter, whose name is affixed to several charters in the reign of David I., under the style and title of "Walterus filius Alani." We now emerge from the mists of fable into the clearer light of authentic history, and accept the assurance of Mr. Andrew Stuart, compiler of "The Genealogical History of the Stewarts," that this Walter was a real entity, though he dismisses the preceding four generations as spurious, or at least as mythical. It is, however, satisfactory to learn from Sir David Dalrymple that "in the reign of David I., before the middle of the twelfth century, the family of the Stewarts was opulent and powerful;" and that "it may there-

fore have subsisted for many ages previous to that time, but when and what was its commencement, we cannot determine."

In a charter dated May 24, 1153, Malcolm IV. confirmed the grant of certain estates made by his grandfather, David I., in favour of *Walterus, filius Alani, dapifer*, and conferred upon him and his heirs for ever, under feudal tenure, the office of Seneschal, which he had held during the reign of King David. Walter was succeeded by his son Alan, who, in his turn, gave place to his son Walter, indifferently designated *Senescallus* and *Dapifer*. He is also mentioned as *Justiciarius Scotiæ*, a distinct function—in later times hereditary. On the death of Alexander II.'s first Queen, Walter the Steward was sent to France to negotiate a marriage with Mary, daughter of the Sire de Couci, in which employment he was entirely successful. His eldest son, Alexander, appears in the historical records as holding, under Alexander III., the chief command of the Scottish army at the famous battle of Largs in 1263, when Haco and his Norwegians were totally routed. It is less certain that he conquered the Isle of Man and annexed it to the kingdom of Scotland, but there can be no doubt that he was one of the members of the Scottish Privy Council who swore to the King's faithful performance of the contract of marriage between his daughter Margaret and Eric, King of Norway. Riding in the twilight too close to the edge of the cliffs between Burntisland and Kinghorn, Alexander III. was thrown from his horse and, falling down the rock, was killed on the spot. The crown consequently devolved upon his granddaughter Margaret, commonly called the Maid of Norway, who died in her childhood in Orkney on her way to Scotland. James, son and heir of Walter the High Steward, had been appointed one of the Regency of six nobles who were to have governed the kingdom during the minority of the infant Princess, and he afterwards agreed to accept as sovereign Edward's nominee, John Baliol. It thus happened that he accompanied John de Warenne, Earl of Surrey, when marching to encounter Sir William Wallace near Stirling; but, as soon as it was seen that the English were being discomfited, he and the Earl of Lennox fell upon their late allies and made common cause with their own countrymen. Five years later the High Steward was one of the ambassadors sent to France to solicit aid from Philip the Fair on behalf of Robert Bruce; for which and similar demonstrations of patriotism he was specially excluded from the amnesty proclaimed by Edward I. To save his life and some portion of his estates, he ultimately accepted the rigorous terms imposed by that monarch.

At Bannockburn the command of the third "battle," or division,

men loved to sing or shout, "Jamais, jamais en France l'Anglais ne régnera." In the end, however, David recognised the High Steward's right to the Crown on his own decease, and conferred the Earldom of Carrick upon his eldest son, John, afterwards Robert III.

It was on February 22, 1370, that the sixth Lord High Steward of Scotland, by hereditary succession, ascended the Scottish throne as grandson of Robert the Bruce. He was then in the fifty-fifth year of his age, and had sadly degenerated from his warlike youth and prime of manhood. He suffered greatly from inflammation in his eyes, and consequently lived much in retirement, and to a certain extent was incapacitated from taking an active part in public affairs. He had, besides, grown indolent, while his easy, good temper made him reluctant to interfere with his restless and turbulent barons, continually occupied with border raids into England, or with intestine feuds. On the other hand, his love of peace endeared him to the people, who desired nothing so much as the unmolested prosecution of their agricultural and industrial pursuits. His reign was uneventful. His system of non-interference with his lawless nobles obtained for him twenty years' possession, perhaps enjoyment, of regal power and privileges, but laid the foundation of the long train of trouble and misery which, through so many generations, afflicted his successors and their subjects. His chief claim to be remembered by posterity was the accident that, in his person, perpetuated the title of the hereditary office of the family in the name of Stewart, which entirely superseded that of Alan, or Allan, though as years rolled on it was gradually softened or corrupted into Stuart.

His son John, Earl of Carrick, assumed the style and title of Robert III. on his accession to the throne in 1390. An amiable and sensible prince, he had unfortunately been lamed by an accident, and incapacitated for the martial exercises which alone were esteemed befitting men of noble or gentle blood. At a later period his love of justice might have proved alike honourable to himself and advantageous to the country; but at the close of the fourteenth century it was a quality obnoxious to a feudal aristocracy, and certain to bring him into collision with the great tribal chieftains and the high dignitaries of his court. He had, besides, two brothers of a totally different temperament. To the eldest, the Earl of Fife, his father, in consequence of Robert's infirmity, had committed the general government of Scotland; while the youngest, the Earl of Buchan—surnamed the Wolf of Badenoch, from his cruel and bloodthirsty disposition—was set over the northern part of the kingdom, which he kept in a state of incessant agitation and ferment. The Earl of Fife

possessed many of the qualities essential to the completeness of a vigorous ruler, but he was also crafty and vindictive, and suffered no moral scruples to stand between his conscience and the gratification of his caprices. It was clearly a mistake, however, to replace him by the King's eldest son, David, a proud, haughty, licentious young man, entirely devoted to sensual enjoyments. At that time he bore the title of the Earl of Carrick, but was created Duke of Rothsay on succeeding to the functions of the Earl of Fife, who was partially compensated by the dukedom of Albany. Notwithstanding his shocking mismanagement of public affairs, Parliament in 1398 appointed the Duke of Rothsay Lieutenant to the King, a post equivalent to that of Lieutenant-General of the realm in more modern times. In the hope of restraining his dissolute habits, his royal parents were persuaded by the Duke of Albany to select for him a wife from the noble family which should bid highest for the honour of a matrimonial alliance with the heir to the Crown. In the first instance the young prince was betrothed to the daughter of the Earl of March, but the contract was shamelessly violated in view of the larger dowry offered by Archibald, Earl of Douglas, to whose daughter, Elizabeth, Rothsay was accordingly married. He did not for that amend his ways, but associated with men of lower rank than was becoming to a prince in his position, and thus fell under the influence of Sir John de Ramorgny, an utter profligate, without a single redeeming point in his moral character, though of elegant manners and a cultured mind, and acquainted with foreign lands.

Rothsay's conduct to his wife was so cruel and disgraceful, that her father made common cause with Sir William Lindsay, brother of the lady who had been jilted, and, with the subtle support of the Duke of Albany, the two conspirators so worked upon the weakness of the King, that he consented to the arrest and temporary imprisonment of his unworthy son. Armed with this authority, Rothsay's enemies carried him off to St. Andrews Castle, whence he was shortly afterwards removed to Albany's Castle at Falkland, and thrown into a dungeon. If tradition may be credited, he was left for fifteen days without food or water, and after death was secretly buried in a monastery at Lindores. The Duke of Rothsay had a son, afterwards James I., whose education was conscientiously conducted by Henry Wardlaw, Bishop of St. Andrews, until he attained his fourteenth year, when the King, his grandfather, distrusting the Duke of Albany, proposed to send him to the Court of France. The royal boy was accordingly placed on board a ship, which was captured off Flamborough Head by an English vessel and conveyed to London.

Regardless of every proper consideration, Henry IV. imprisoned him in the Tower, where he was detained for twenty years, though in other respects well treated and thoroughly instructed in all the learning and accomplishments deemed at that time suitable to the high position he was born to occupy. This last blow proved fatal to the infirm and broken-hearted old monarch, who expired on April 4, 1406. The Regency naturally devolved upon the Duke of Albany, who lost no time in effecting the release of his son Murdoch, though he took no steps to obtain the liberation of his nephew, his rightful sovereign. After ruling the kingdom in his own name for upwards of twelve years, and after virtually holding the reins of government for thirty-four years, this unprincipled man passed away quietly in the ripe age of four score years, and was succeeded as Regent by his son Murdoch, destitute alike of ambition and ability. Emboldened by his incapacity, the Scottish nobles, who had been kept under some degree of restraint by his father, broke out into all manner of violent outrages, and order ceased to exist. Happily, this anarchy was of brief duration. The Duke of Albany died in 1419, and was followed by Henry V. in 1420. Four years later, on the marriage of James I. with Joan Beaufort, daughter of the Earl of Somerset, and closely connected with the Royal Family of England, the late King's brothers, the Dukes of Bedford and Gloucester, permitted his return to Scotland in the thirty-fourth year of his age.

James I. was a Prince of Romance. Born a poet of no mean excellence, he had been instructed in statecraft by Henry IV., had studied war in "the tented field" under Henry V., and was plentifully endowed by nature and education with the good qualities which befit the ruler of a civilised people. Unfortunately, alike for his happiness as an individual and for his usefulness as a monarch, his Scottish subjects were still in a semi-barbarous condition, and, like Oriental nations at the present day, had scant reverence for any consideration save only superior force. They had no sympathy with his ardent love of justice. They could not forget or forgive the threat imputed to him at an early period of his reign when he was reported to have said, "Let God but grant me life, and there shall not be a spot in my dominions where the key shall not keep the castle and the furze-bush the cow, though I myself should lead the life of a dog to accomplish it." He began, indeed, with a certain degree of circumspection, though he prevailed upon his first Parliament to vote certain notable measures, which plainly indicated the tendency of his mind. All men were exhorted to honour the Church and the Ministers of Religion. Private feuds and wars were

strictly prohibited, as also the practice of journeying with large bodies of armed retainers as an escort. Troops of sturdy mendicants were forbidden to pursue their vexatious calling, in which intimidation was more in request than solicitation—an exception, however, being made in favour of "royal beggars," or bedesmen.

Unfortunately, James I. was every inch a Stewart. He was vindictive to cruelty, and slow to forget a personal injury. He remembered with bitter resentment how the Dukes of Albany, father and son, had abstained from the slightest effort to shorten his long captivity, nor could he fail to see that Duke Murdoch and his kinsmen endured rather than reverenced the kingly dignity. Among the first acts by which he marked his accession to the throne was the legalised extinction of the Albany family, with the exception of the youngest son, James Stewart, who made his escape to the Highlands and subsequently to England. Five of Murdoch's most trusted agents, or associates, were torn to pieces by wild horses, and several powerful nobles lost their lives or estates, and sometimes both. Marching at the head of a well-organised army into the northern parts of the island, James put to death many of the most turbulent chieftains, and struck such terror into those with whom he dealt more leniently that tranquillity prevailed for some years in a quite unusual degree. The guiding principle of his government was the diminution of the dangerous power of the nobles, to counterbalance whose evil influence he courted the goodwill of the clergy, and thus excited the jealousy of the fierce barons, who began secretly to band themselves together against their common enemy. It is probable that the sudden arrival of the Queen in the Royal camp before Roxborough, and the hurried breaking up of the siege, were caused by the discovery of a plot to deliver the King into the hands of the English. Be that as it may, a conspiracy was shortly afterwards formed through the instigation of Sir Robert Graham, who had suffered imprisonment by the King's command, and was resolved upon a bitter revenge. He succeeded only too well. On the evening of February 20, 1437, he surrounded with a party of 300 Highlanders the Dominican Monastery at Perth, where James was holding high revel, and, amid circumstances of thrilling interest, murdered his sovereign with his own hand.

James II. was only six years of age when he succeeded to the Crown that was so often to be worn by minors. Although his father's murderers were put to death after suffering the most excruciating tortures, the nobles quickly regained the power of which the late King had partially deprived them, and abused it with their former

brutality. The young prince was entrusted to the care of his mother, while the government was conducted by Sir William Crichton, Chancellor of Scotland, and Sir Alexander Livingstone, Governor of Stirling Castle, to whom the Queen-Mother, weary of Crichton's vulgar arrogance and rapacity, fled with the infant King for protection. Both these men belonged to the class of minor barons, or lairds, and were completely overshadowed by the enormous power, wealth, and influence of the Douglas family. Archibald, fifth Earl of Douglas, Duke of Touraine, and Lord of Longueville, in France, died in 1439, leaving his vast possessions to his son William, a lad of sixteen. The temptation to crush this formidable family was too potent to be resisted by such an unscrupulous statesman as Chancellor Crichton, who was just then on good terms with Livingstone. They had come to a mutually satisfactory arrangement with regard to the custody of the King's person, facilitated by the Queen-Mother's injudicious marriage with Sir James Stewart. Entirely absorbed in promoting their own interests, they gave no thought to the miserable condition of the country, desolated by baronial brawls, by famine, and by pestilence. They could not, however, fail to see that their tenure of the control of public affairs was endangered by the irresponsible dominancy of the House of Douglas. The youthful head of that family, magnificent and overbearing, comported himself as a sovereign prince, and was suspected of aiming at the throne. His towering ambition was, in any case, a peril to the two governors, and Crichton was little likely to surrender his position without a struggle. He accordingly invited William Douglas to join Livingstone and himself in the government of the country, and with that view to be presented to the King in Edinburgh Castle. The flattering proposition was eagerly accepted. Accompanied by his brother David and Sir Malcolm Fleming, and attended by a very slender suite—a striking contrast to the retinue of a thousand friends and retainers with which his father was wont to ride abroad—the young chief, with the courage of his race, proceeded to Edinburgh. On his way he was splendidly entertained at Crichton Castle, and was received on his arrival in that city with the utmost distinction. James II., then a boy only ten years of age, was favourably impressed by the manners and bearing of his mighty subject, and delighted in his company. A banquet was given in honour of the guests, but before it had terminated the two brothers were rudely charged by Crichton with treasonable practices, and, being led out into the back court, were instantly beheaded. Three days later Sir Malcolm Fleming shared their fate, after undergoing the mockery of a trial. The King, it is said, clung

to his new friends, and with tears and remonstrances strove to save their lives, but was sternly bidden not to weep for his enemies.

It was a useless crime. As the estates of the murdered nobles were not confiscated, the Douglas family retained their dominant position, though no steps were taken to avenge their murder by their grand-uncle and successor, Archibald the Grim. Two years later the title and estates passed to his son William, who was inferior to none of his predecessors in ferocity and turbulence. He also inherited their warlike character and martial prowess, and as Lieutenant-General of the kingdom waged incessant warfare against the English across the border. His lawlessness and deliberate barbarity, however, more than counterbalanced his military services. Conscious of his inability to repress these excesses by legal means, James II. invited his masterful Lieutenant-General to Stirling Castle, as though he desired to acquire his friendship. The Douglas, with characteristic hardihood, at once repaired to his sovereign's presence, and was welcomed with every demonstration of pleasure. The mask was soon dropped. After an early supper the King retired with his guest into another room, where a few of his Privy Councillors and body-guards were alone in attendance, and entreated Douglas to rescind a treasonable agreement he had made with Ross and Crawford. The Earl scornfully refused to abandon his associates, and even upbraided the King with his mismanagement of public affairs. Thereupon, Stewart-like, acting upon the impulse of the moment, James stabbed him with his dagger, exclaiming, "By Heaven, my lord! if you will not break the league, this shall." The attendants then rushed upon the wounded nobleman, and, having speedily despatched him, flung him out of the window into the castle moat. No advantage was gained by that foul deed. The four brothers of the dead man collected their friends and followers and burnt to the ground the town of Stirling, though from the castle they were repulsed. For a time, indeed, James was disposed to flee from the country and seek an asylum in France, but was dissuaded by Kennedy, Archbishop of St. Andrews, and induced rather to excite the jealousy of the northern nobility against the arrogant border chieftains. So far as the royal safety was concerned, the counsel was wise and successful; but the country was torn to pieces by civil war, followed, as usual, by famine and pestilence. In the end, the Black Douglases were broken and brought low, though only to raise on their ruins the Earl of Angus, commonly called the Red Douglas, and other noblemen of the King's party.

Subsequently James II. displayed considerable firmness in re-

ssing feuds, and was much guided by Chancellor Crichton, in
om advancing years had developed moderation and sagacity. He
s also greatly influenced by the clergy, who constituted the least
barous portion of his subjects, for which reason they were gene-
y in antagonism to the nobility. Ambitious to recover the Castle
Roxborough, which had been retained by the English ever since
battle of Neville's Cross in the reign of David II., James
lated the truce with England and, under the pretence of embracing
cause of Henry VI., laid siege to that strong fortress. He relied
ich upon a train of heavy guns which he had placed in position
batter the walls, and especially upon a clumsy piece of ordnance
m Flanders, somewhat similar to the famous Mons Meg. Cannon
those days were made of bars of iron girded with iron hoops,
ich were tightened by oaken wedges driven under them. "More
ious than became the majesty of ane King"—as Pitscottie quaintly
erves—James stood close to the monster gun, which burst at the
t discharge. One of the wedges, f rced out by the sudden ex-
ision of the metal, killed the King upon the spot and seriously
nded the Earl of Angus standing by his side. James II. had
ely completed his twenty-ninth year, and was succeeded by his
James III., aged only eight.

The new reign began so far with favourable auguries—A.D. 1460
hat the Queen-Mother prevailed upon the nobles to avenge their
ng's death by prosecuting the siege which had cost him his life.
e fortress, indeed, was taken through famine rather than by force
arms, and its walls were razed to the ground. Berwick also was
overed, and, on the betrothal of the King to a princess of Norway,
Orkney and Shetland Islands were ceded to Scotland as her
wry. Internal affairs likewise were fairly well administered by the
hbishop of St. Andrews, but on his death in 1466 his brother,
bert Kennedy, in an evil hour, called in the aid of Sir Alexander
d to direct the Prince's military education. In this capacity the
tutor, who is extolled as "a mirror of chivalry," succeeded in
uiring an unbounded influence over his royal pupil, and, under
impulse of self-seeking motives, conspired with his brother, Lord
d, and some other nobles, to seize possession of the King's person.
es III. was then about fourteen years of age, and was residing,
out thought of personal danger, in Linlithgow Palace. One day
lst pursuing the chase he was persuaded or compelled to ride on
Edinburgh, in spite of the resolute interference of his tutor, Gilbert
nnedy, who was roughly assaulted by "the mirror of chivalry," Sir
xander Boyd. In Parliament James was made to aver that he

had left Linlithgow solely to please himself, but with curious inconsistency he at the same time granted a full pardon under the Great Seal to the nobles and gentlemen who had caused his evasion. The Three Estates thereupon appointed Lord Boyd Governor of the King's person and of his royal brothers, while the King's sister was given in marriage to his son Thomas Boyd, created Earl of Arran and endowed with large estates. The sudden elevation of the Boyds was, however, only the prelude to their equally sudden downfall. James soon resented the ignoble tutelage in which he was held, and was encouraged by his father-in-law, King Christian, to emancipate himself from such degrading bondage. Notwithstanding the royal pardon granted under the Great Seal, the King summoned the Boyds to appear before Parliament. The Earl of Arran, secretly warned by his wife, had already escaped to Denmark, but Lord Boyd raised his retainers and boldly marched against the King's forces. At sight, however, of the Royal Standard his followers were seized with panic and dispersed, while their leader rejoiced when he stood on English soil, and shortly afterwards died of age and chagrin. Sir Alexander Boyd was tried for abduction of the King from Linlithgow, condemned, and beheaded, and the vast estates accumulated by the family were declared forfeit, and were set apart for the maintenance of the eldest son of the reigning monarch for the time being. The Countess of Arran was recalled from Denmark, and, after being divorced from her husband, was bestowed in second nuptials upon the Lord Hamilton. A genuine Stewart, James III. began by yielding himself up to favourites, upon whom, when the glamour faded away, he turned with the unforgiving vindictiveness of his race.

After the fall of the Boyds, James III. affected to take the reins of government into his own hands, but held them with a feeble grasp. His timidity totally unfitted him for dealing with his turbulent nobility. He was also of a suspicious disposition, and too fond of money to part with it in a generous spirit. It was likewise against him that his tastes were to a certain degree artistic, and brought him into familiar association with adventurers of humble birth and quite mediocre attainments. In other words, he again fell a prey to unworthy favourites, and thoroughly disgusted the rude, uncultured aristocracy of the period. These creatures began by setting him against his own brothers, the Duke of Albany and the Earl of Mar, both of whom were extremely popular by virtue of their princely qualities and indisputable manliness. The Duke of Albany had received from his father, James II., the Castle of Dunbar, with the Wardenship of the families of Home and Hepburn, whose outrages

ıer that he was in danger of losing his life at the hands
:insmen. There can be no doubt that Albany had
ed his power, and had made many raids into England.
ses he was arrested and confined in Edinburgh Castle,
:ted his escape to France and was taken under the
ɔuis XI. His younger brother, the Earl of Mar, was
Various versions have been circulated of the manner
The least improbable, according to Fraser Tytler, tells
:ized with fever and became delirious, and that a
ıed a vein in the arm and another on the temple.
ɔaratively placid interval he was allowed to enter a
delirium returned, and in a sudden access of fury he
dages and bled to death.

: propensity to favouritism was largely developed in
l, as already remarked, his most familiar associates
'orthy of royal notice. Foremost among them was
ıchrane, who may have been an architect, though
ottish writers as a mason, upon whom were conferred
d perhaps the title, of the deceased Earl of Mar.
ɔser and musician, Leonard, a smith, Hommel, a tailor,
ı, a fencing-master, were also conspicuously favoured
d were consulted on affairs of the State in preference

Slights of that kind are seldom easily forgiven.
ge of a considerable gathering of the forces of the
r, in anticipation of war with England, the principal

His own timidity and superstition were his worst enemies. He lost heart altogether when he discovered that his eldest son, afterwards James IV., was the nominal leader of the rebel host. There recurred to him the predictions of the Flemish astrologer, that he would die by the hands of his nearest kinsmen, and that a lion was about to be slain by its whelps. The two armies met near Stirling, hard by the glorious field of Bannockburn. At first victory leaned towards the King, but amid the uproar of the conflict the little courage he still possessed entirely failed him, and he fled away towards Stirling. He was, however, a very indifferent horseman, and he happened to be mounted on a fiery steed, presented to him by Lord Lindsay of the Byres, with the remark that, if he could keep his seat, he need not fear to be overtaken whether advancing or retreating. Crossing the Bannock at Milltown, and galloping onwards at top speed, he frightened a woman drawing water at a mill-dam, who suddenly dropped her pitcher and ran into the mill. The clatter and sight of the broken pottery caused the horse to shy, and James fell heavily to the ground. Seemingly unconscious, he was carried into the miller's house and placed on a bed. Presently he came to his senses and begged that a priest might be sent for. Moved by vulgar curiosity, the woman insisted on knowing who he was, and James imprudently answered, "This morning I was your King." She thereupon rushed out into the road, and screamed for a priest to confess the dying monarch. Some stragglers from the Prince's army were passing at the time, one of whom came to the house-door and said that he was himself a priest. Fraser Tytler was of opinion that the man really was an ecclesiastic, and that he was one Borthwick, in the service of Lord Gray. Addressing the King in a kindly tone, he asked if medical aid might not still be efficacious, but James would take no thought for his body until he had relieved his soul by confession. The stranger then bent over him as if to listen, and with a dagger again and again stabbed him to the heart. It is said that he then carried off the body on his back without being questioned by anyone, and that it was found at no great distance, and buried in Cambuskenneth Abbey. After the King's flight became known his army retired upon Stirling, while the rebels speedily dispersed. Like his father and grandfather, James III. died in the prime of manhood, having barely completed his thirty-fifth year.

He was succeeded by his son, a lad of seventeen, whose reign of ...enty-five years was divided between amours, knightly entertain-...nts, and fits of remorse. Scotland, however, was never better

governed than under James IV. While repressing private feuds, he endeavoured by all means to conciliate his nobles, and to reconcile them with one another; nor did he at first make any difference between his father's adherents and his own. The treasures he inherited as the fruits of the late King's avarice were liberally expended on magnificent entertainments, which were enjoyed with greater zest from the knowledge that they would not be followed by additional taxation. Praise, too, must be given to the constant encouragement afforded by this monarch to naval enterprise. The royal patronage was specially extended to Sir Andrew Wood, the two Burtons, Sir A. Matheson, and other naval captains. James in person made several short voyages, studied navigation, and in various ways promoted the commerce of the country. At times he would ride forth unattended, with a riding cloak thrown over his shoulders, and a hunting-knife by his side. On one occasion he sallied forth with £26 on his person, and travelled on horseback, without a single companion or servant, from Stirling to Perth, and thence to Aberdeen and Elgin, returning, however, in state, with a splendid retinue. To insure the impartial administration of the laws, James would, now and again, unexpectedly appear in one court or another and quietly watch the proceedings. After a time his own sense of justice fell into default. He caused many of his father's loyal subjects who had fought for their sovereign at Sanchil Burn to be indicted on charges of high treason in giving pernicious counsel, and thereby bringing about the defeat of the royal army and the late King's death. Such as were possessed of hereditary offices were suspended from their respective functions for three years, while several of the great lords were deprived of their estates and driven into exile. It cannot, however, be denied that James put down theft, robbery, and murder with an iron hand; that he imposed a certain degree of order upon the rude Highlanders; and that he punished with seasonable severity the excesses of the not less turbulent border chieftains. On the other hand, he was dissolute and extravagant, and addicted to riotous pleasures unworthy of his high position. He was, besides, imprudent in provoking the resentment of Henry VII. by espousing the cause of Perkin Warbeck, in whose name he laid waste the county of Northumberland. Subsequently, indeed, he took to wife the Princess Margaret, daughter of the English monarch, though he gave himself little trouble to live on good terms with his brother-in-law, Henry VIII., who showed himself equally indifferent to the reasonable remonstrances of his Scottish kinsman.

DISTURBER IN CARGLEN KIRK.

IE wind is cold to-day as it sweeps down from Ben Ulin, rushing across the tree-tops in the "auld" and new "wuids," nning us with its wings as we sit on the stone dyke just out- ıe eastern porch of the kirk. It is Sunday, and though it is with a biting, chilly air—for the spring comes slowly up our there is a great throng of men, and women too, surrounding urch and trying to possess their souls in patience.

e glance at the company suffices to show that this is no ordinary palaver, but that some looked-for event is about to happen. ıot be that a great preacher will be heard from the pulpit, one ill discourse "on the open Buik withoot ony paper at a'," else men-folk would be trooping inside the kirk, taking their seats, ɔrtifying themselves with copious inhalations from their white ɔottles, each one eager to catch the first glimpse of the re- d preacher's face. No; the magnet that has attracted and ıt us out in the cold this morning is a different one. A two- ɔride will come up the avenue soon, the cynosure of all our

ɔreover, it is no common bride that we shall see, but a Carglen th a strange, almost fateful history. This history is known in to every soul in our parish, so you need not wonder that we re in our scores to gaze upon the bride. Round and about some faces seldom seen near the auld kirk in Carglen. They

There are here, too, some others who are seldom visible in the Lord's house on the Sabbath day. You dare not stay away altogether from the kirks in our parish, or you will be set aside as a rank unbeliever. None are so far down in the scale as that, save and except "awtheist an' unbelievin' Joe Forbes." But, as I have hinted, there are a few who contrive to maintain their religious good name by limiting their attendances to the lowest possible number, which we all take to be the "Sahcrimint" feast once a year, and at least two other diets of worship. Yonder there is Grizzie Mackeson, the wife of "daft" Johnnie Mackeson, of the Hill Croft, also Pete McKie and his spouse Elspeth, from Cauler Wells, as well as another stranger or two whose desire to see the bride has overcome their laziness, but whose consciences are now clean as polished steel from a sense of duty discharged. "Ae day mair at the kirk aye coonts for somethin', an' naebody can say that we dinna think o' oor latter end, as weel as ither fowk!" So they are perhaps saying; but it does not require much discernment to know that it is love and life which rule their thoughts to-day, and not death and judgment.

Still the wind keeps sweeping over our heads, and the notes of the Sawbath bell, rung out by "lang Tam Robertson," are carried far away through the parish. By many a hearthstone in many a farm tired workers are sitting, and as the sound of the holy bell (for it always does sound holy) is carried to their ears, they become for the time "guid," as they call it, and the day of rest does not pass by without a simple message even for them. Ay, away up within his little hut, dug in the solid rock upon the hillside of Drumean, we could almost swear, if swearing were allowed so near the sacred kirk, that Joe Forbes, the so-called awtheist, is engaged in reading at this moment—

> O day most calm, most bright!
> The fruit of this, the next world's bud;
> The indorsement of supreme delight,
> Writ by a friend, and with His blood;
> The couch of time; care's balm and bay;
> The week were dark, but for thy light;
> Thy torch doth show the way.

"Ay, I like weel the soon' o' the auld kirk bell," we have heard Joe say; "it's auld itsel' an' honest; as for the Free Kirk thing it soon's like the duntin' o' a muckle pot."

Joe Forbes is a reader of John Milton and George Herbert, but he knows little of Shakespeare. One play alone of the dramatist does he possess. Milton he cons with Johnson's dictionary in hand, as I have told elsewhere; Shakespeare, Joe thinks "easier readin'."

far ahint the subleemity o' Milton." Now, in "As You " (for that is the play) the awtheist has a favourite passage, this :

> But whate'er you are
> That in this desert inaccessible,
> Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
> Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time ;
> If ever you have looked on better days,
> If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,
> If ever sat at any good man's feast,
> If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,
> And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,
> Let gentleness my strong enforcement be.

nst the line "*if ever been where bells have knoll'd to church*," seen a large characteristic mark in Joe's hand, so that the g" of the Sabbath bell has a perennial music, it would for the awtheist's soul.

where is the bride? Why tarry the wheels of her chariot? chariot; for she will be driven in a smart conveyance to the he entrance to the kirk avenue. Her husband is tenant of est holding in our parish, Jabez Farquhar, of the big "nine farm of Whinny Knowes. But we shall hear more of her d his too, if we approach those two worthies who are sitting down the dyke, Andrew frae Claypots, and Francie Kemp iteeshun." They are in the thick of an animated conver- nd there can be little doubt as to its subject.

's nae ill-leukin'," says the man frae Claypots.

's far frae that, Aundrew, m' freen," declares the politician, udicial air ; "bit there's mair in that lass, far mair, than a face an' braw dress can iver get thegither. There's he'rt, ; he'rt, man. 'Oot o' the he'rt proceeds a' guid thing,'" s Francie, looking round to the kirk, as if he were quoting hich he had heard from the pulpit.

there's muckle in he'rt, Francie," rejoins Andrew ; "some ower weel what he'rt wull dae."

our friend from Claypots heaves a deep sigh, thinking of what "he'rt" has done for him, for while he was yet a youth had taken unto himself a buxom wife, and is now the happy ll we say sorrowing?—father of a dozen or so of sons and s. Turning to Francie he adds, "I thocht it said in the Buik, 'Oot o' the he'rt proceed a' evil thochts' ; disna it noo?" eel," says the politician, not a whit abashed, "it may dae ne'ertheless what I hae said aboot the he'rt is true, Buik or

nae Buik." Then as he sees the highly orthodox elder of Gelnabreich looking at him in sorrow, as if he had spoken heresy, he adds, just as a happy idea occurs to him, "No that I wud daur say onything against the Buik—the Lord forbid!—bit ye canna deny, Aundrew, it does say 'Oot o' the he'rt proceedeth baith blessin' an' cursin'.'"

Andrew has a dim idea that the "Buik" speaks of blessing and cursing as coming out of the *mouth*, but he rejoins, "I canna contradic' ye, Francie, ye're sae sharp in the tongue. Bit mair by token, when a's said an' deene, if a big he'rt and eident hands cud tak' ony body up tae hiven, there wud be nae fear o' Nancy Eyval gettin' there. Na, nane."

"She wus only a bairn when auld Wullie Eyval gaed oot ae dewy mornin', an' was nae mair heard o'," says the politician.

"Saxteen year auld," says Andrew.

"I mind it weel," says the politician. "I was ane o' them wha was awa' on the look oot for him up an' doon the hills for twa lang days an' nichts, bit nane ken whaur he is till this day."

"They say he is seen on the muirs at times haudin' awa' like as if he were after the sheep, an' 'tis said tee that Nancy is whiles disturbit wi' his speerit in the nicht."

"It maybe or it may na, Aundrew; bit his death, for dead he maun be, had somethin' gey queer in it," adds Francie.

"'Deed an' ye may say it, politeeshun," rejoins Andrew; "it's ane o' the things that even ye canna clear up, wi' a' yer lang head and yer skeel. It was a sair knock that tae auld Mistress Eyval an' young Nancy."

"Ay, it was a' that, an' it fell upon Nancy (an' she no mair than saxteen) tae keep meal in the girnel, cla'es on their backs, an' a hoose ower their heads," says Francie in chorus, "and there was fower a' thegither in the family."

"God's ain blessin' wus on her," says the man from Claypots, looking away towards heaven through the tree-tops, where the wind is still careering. "Hard wark was Nancy's, bit wi' her twa han's she keepit her dowie [sick] mither cosy an' comfortable by the ingle neuk till she de'ed, an' the twa bonnie lasses, her sisters, ha'e cause this day tae rise up an' ca' her blessed."

"Ye say what is richt, Aundrew," declares the politician, "an' nae doobt she's got *His* blessin' the day. We ha'e an ootward an' veesible sign o' it, but, man, it was a queer blessin' that, that awmost sent the lass tae a cauld bed in the saut sea here in bonnie Scotland, and led her that wild dance wi' a da—ahem!—hairum-scairum scamp across the sea in Amerikay."

"I'll nae pretend tae taich you, Francie, na, I'll nae dae that," owns the Claypots crofter, "bit wi' a' deferrence tae yer lang head an' cliver wut, I wud say that by His blessin' she wus saved frae that bed ye spak' o' in the saut sea, an' by the same blessin' did she git oot o' the grip o' that da—ahem !—scamp awa' in Amerikay."

"That's jest what I wus leadin' up tae," says the wily politician. "Ye're richt, Aundrew, ye canna taich me, bit I ha'e muckle skeel in leadin' fowk straucht up tae things."

Andrew turns to Francie with a knowing glance, as if to say, "Ay, ay, ye ha'e great skeel in turnin' iverything tae yer ain credit," but he says aloud, "Things aye are a' ajee in this queer warl'. T' think that the vera man wha saved her frae drownin' in the Moray Firth, the man forbye that she lo'ed weel, shud attempt her life in Amerikay ! Ay, it's an up an' doon warl' this."

"It's a' that," replies the politician ; "but ane wud think it's yersel' noo, Aundrew, that is queistinin' the weys o' Prohvidence. Dinna say anither wurd, man, I'll nae argy wi' ye ; bre'th's ower short for that."

"Aweel, say yer says, Francie," rejoins Andrew. "A wilfu' man maun ha'e his way. Bit, noo, Francie, jest tell us a' that did happen in that weary Amerikay. Ye ken mair nor maist fowk, I'll nae deny."

The politician looks down the avenue and farther away down the road, and seeing yet no signs of the bride and bridegroom, he clears his throat, and tells this tale :

"Ye'll ha'e seen the fisher chiel', Donal' Robb, nae doot. Weel, Aundrew, a fine fallow he was tae leuk at, an' it wus him that swam awa' oot an' brocht the lassie Eyval safe tae the shore doon at Bankton, whaun she had been bathin' i' the sea an' was near drooned. Ay, an' she lo'ed him weel for it, and for himsel', an' he made a great wark o' her. B' this time her mither wus laid in the grave, and the ither lasses were deein' weel for theirsel's, sae she was mair free like. Aweel, Donal' maun aff tae Amerikay, as what they ca' an' emigrant, wi' a promise that Nancy should follo' whaun he was fair settl'd doon, an' had a hame for her. Ay, an' syne the ither lasses were tae gang oot tee, after her. Aweel, by an' bye he writes a letter, an' awa' Nancy goes, an' tak's ship tae Amerikay. Noo, I'll nae pretend tae declare that what took place ower the sea was jest what I'm gaun tae say, bit I'm nae far oot, Aundrew, I'm nae far oot, man. Awa' into ane o' the back pairts oot there he took 'er, an' I'm thinkin' he had gotten intae real bad weys an' amang ill-deein' men. It's said, Aundrew, that Nancy had *a guid bit o'* money, for she wus aye a'

savin' lass, an' she had gi'en it a' tae Donal', whaun she gat over there. That was jest a' that he wantit, the da—ahem !—scamp, sae as they were walkin' awa' oot thro' the countra tae what he ca'd his hame, they cam' tae a place where there wus a lot o' craigs. Aweel, est in a jiffey he took the puir lassie by the shoothers an' sent her awa' ower ane o' thae craigs, an' aff he ran thinkin' her clean dead. Bit as ye talk o' blessin' an' prohvidence an' siclike, a mercifu' prohvidence wus near her then, an' her life wus somehoo' savit by a muckle prick'y bush growin' on the side o' the craig. Ay, she gat safe up tae the tap again, sair cut an' knockit aboot, nae doot, an' she got her siller back tee. Ye see, it wus nicht comin' on, an' she leukit a' here an' there for a licht frae some hoose, where, puir thing, she micht get shalter an' a bed. There wus bit ae little ane tae be seen an' she made for it."

Here the politician pauses for a moment, and Andrew helps him on with his story.

"I'm thinkin'," says he, "when she gat there she fund naebody inside."

"Tell 't yersel', Aundrew, if sae be ye ken it," cries the politician, bristling up, but as Andrew now looks contrite he proceeds: "Aweel, as ye say, she fund nae one inside, bit jest as she was gettin' oot again she heard the soon' o' voices comin' near, an' amang them was that o' the vill'in Donal' Robb ! Sae she wus then jest fair in the de'il's moo'. Gang oot and he had 'er ; bide in and she wus catch't like a bird. Bit she's a lass wi' a head on her shoothers, Nance Eyval, an' jest at that minut' she cast her e'en upo' a heap o' strae up i' the corner. Afore ye cud coont sax she was clean inside the strae an' a covered up. Syne in cam' the men, three o' them, an' they sat doon tae eat an' drink. I hae niver heard what their talkin' was aboot bit Nancy heard it a', an' ye may weel say it wus jest awfu', jestin an' lauchin' aboot her death maybe. Bit afore they gaed tae the bed, Nancy heard Donal' say they had better awa' oot an' bury th siller tae mak' it safe, an' she heard the place named by the side o bit burnie that tum'lit doon awa' at the hinder end o' the hoo Aweel, when the men were safe oot, up gat she an' oot tae. She h hersel' in the bushes till the men cam' back, entered the hut—it w only a hut, Aundrew, nae a house—an' lockit the door. Syne, she up again an' ran doon to the side o' the burn an' fund the place where her siller was. She diggit it oot wi' her ain sma' hands, an' then a queer thocht cam' in till her head. She had a sma' testament in her pooch, an' she took it oot, wrote inside the cover, 'I'm no dead but alive.—NANCY EYVAL,' and syne covered it up in the hole. My certie,

Aundrew, I'se warrant Donal' had a queer feelin' when he f'und the Buik instead o' the siller! Aweel, how the lassie gat back tae the big toons an' the ships, an' syne awa' hame here, I canna say; but it's true eneuch she did, for she's here the day."

"Ay, ay," says Andrew in acquiescence.

Then he adds: "Jabez Farquhar had a sair job tae get her consent, the fowk say."

"Ay, that did he," rejoins Francie. "He's a guid man, Jabez; guid tae his ain fowk an' tae a' puir bodies, and he's weel eneuch tae leuk at; bit Nance wud ne'er hae had 'im had it no' been for twa things. News cam' that Donal' wus dead, shot in that weary Amerikay; an' then the lassie thocht hersel' free, for tho' she cud niver mairry Donal', Nancy thocht hersel' b'und tae him as lang as he lived. There's something in Scripture tae that effec', Aundrew, though I mindna the preceese wards. That was the first thing. Weel, the ither wus this. Jabez wus oot ae day in the field, and the muckle red bull gat in a rage an' made at 'im. He ran, an' it ran, an' it gat him doon aince or twice, bit, in God's mercy, he gat through the palin' awa' frae it. Aweel, he lay there unable to move, an' wha shud come alang bit Nancy Eyval! He wus bleedin' sair aboot the head an' face, bit she gat 'im up an' helpit 'im hame. The bluid, his warm bluid, fell on her bonnie bare arms, an' fowk a' say she lo'ed Jabez frae that minut'. There's nae better wife in a'——"

But here Francie's story is cut short by the "ringin'-in" and the sound of approaching wheels. Down steps the bridegroom Jabez Farquhar, and down steps Nancy Eyval, now Mistress Farquhar. Arm-in-arm, with confusion upon their faces, they pass up the long avenue, knowing that every eye is turned towards them. Emotion is swelling in all our hearts as we look upon this bride, who has twice been snatched from the cold grip of death, and, of a sudden, old Meg Donaldson gives expression to our feelings. "God bless ye baith!" she cries in a loud voice; "ye ha'e a bonnie an' a guid wife, sir."

"Ay, ay," mutter we all, and we hurry after them inside the kirk.

But where is the disturber of whom we have all this time been purposing to speak? Patience a little longer, and he will appear.

Inside the parish kirk we sit on most days in an atmosphere of gloom, but to-day there is a faint sense of joy abroad. The Rev. Saunders Macdonald undoubtedly means to improve the occasion, for he is now reading in drawling tones, "Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth." Yonder is our friend Andrew frae

Claypots, and he looks across at the minister, as if to say, "There's ower muckle o' that on the earth already, Saunders, my man," but he holds his peace.

It will not be forgotten that we have with us to-day old Grizzie Mackeson, wife of daft Johnnie Mackeson, of the Hill Croft. Now Grizzie's last injunction to daft Johnnie before leaving had been that punctually when the hand of the clock pointed to twelve, he should take down the big brown jar full of good salt butter, cut out a certain small portion, and put it in the barley broth boiling on the fire. "Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth," the minister is saying, and Claypots Andrew is looking aslant at him, when noisy footsteps are heard on the stairs leading up to the "loft," and in an instant daft Johnnie rushes forward and calls out to his spouse, "Grizzie, Grizzie! com' awa' hame! com' awa' hame! the butter's a' tae watter! the butter's a' tae watter!" We are all scandalised beyond measure, but some of the young folks can scarcely restrain their laughter. The minister is arrested in his progress. The only persons who feel relieved are the newly married couple, for they know that now the congregation are no longer gazing at them. Grizzie herself is endeavouring to quieten her husband by fearful facial contortions, but to no effect. Johnnie keeps calling out, "Com' awa' hame! com' awa' hame! Ye needna glumpse an' glower! ye needna glumpse an' glower! The butter's a' tae watter! the butter's a' tae watter! It's a' fa'n oot o' the brown pig! it's a' tae watter! it's a' tae watter!" A wave of tittering, the like of which has never before been seen in Carglen auld kirk, ripples through the congregation, and the minister now interferes. "You had better go with him, Grizzie," says he kindly. Thereupon the couple march away together, but we hear that Johnnie is being subjected to a terrible scolding from his wife in low but querulous tones as they descend the stairs. Looking over our shoulders, too, through the gable window, we can see as they pass down the avenue that Grizzie is shaking her hand ominously at her simple "man."

That is my little story of a Sunday in Carglen, and you may be sure it is remembered to this day as the Sawbath when Nancy Eyva came to her "kirkin'" after being a bride, and when folks' thoughts were suddenly turned from her by daft Johnnie rushing into the sacred house and calling out, "The butter's a' tae watter! the butter's a' tae watter!"

ALEXANDER GORDON.

"THE 'DVERTISER'S SHAKESPEARE."

GREAT crime is in course of perpetration. Miscreants are seeking to deface one of our national glories. We are stomed to boast, and justly, of our literature; great in many our country is greatest in its books. And of all those whom ishmen honour for their works, Shakespeare stands first and st. It is at Shakespeare that the blow is aimed. The sacred o which scholars have given the devotion of a lifetime is to be the sport of Grub Street hacks. The lofty thoughts which cheered, inspired, and elevated generations, are to be twisted defaced to puff the wares of advertising tradesmen. We raise rotest at once against this profanation. We echo George Eliot's emnation of such a "debasement of the moral currency." The dist is a buffoon, standing where he ought not; but what parody the original, advertisement is to parody. Anthony Trollope rded how the music of a beautiful passage in the Master was ver spoiled for him, because he misread "damaged" cheek for nask." But now it is proposed that all the beauties shall be mis-. For our young men and maidens the stream of so much ious knowledge is to be poisoned at the fount!

We expose at once the nature of the contemplated outrage. By dent there recently fell into our hands a circular marked "strictly ate and confidential," intended, apparently, for a well-known rtising soapmaker. We give this precious document to the d verbatim:

"THE ADVERTISER'S SHAKESPEARE!

'This is the age of advertisement. The man who finds a new od of attracting public attention earns the gratitude of all com-cial men. Such a method has been devised by a syndicate who about to publish, through an eminent firm of publishers, 'The ertiser's Shakespeare.' The scheme of the work is, by judicious ndations of the text, to include in the body of Shakespeare's

Advertiser's Shakespeare,' not merely to the student, but *coram populo.* For the advertisements will enable us to distribute the book almost gratuitously ; thus Shakespeare will be given away with a pound of tea. So will he reach the nursery, and the beauties of his plays and the excellence of the advertised wares will become fixed in the earliest memories, longest retained, of childhood's hour. Thus, as Professor Henry Morley says, will 'the old coinages of ancient wit again be current.' We are rendering a service to the Bard of Avon in bringing him up to date. We are rendering a service to commerce in introducing its commodities to the quiet of the study and the leisure of the busy man ; to the library and the kitchen alike. But the purity of the text must be maintained. All prices of advertised goods, addresses, and the like must be relegated to foot-notes, which will appear in larger type.

"To the objection that it may savour of anachronism for Shakespeare to be made to praise articles not manufactured in his time, there is an obvious reply. Shakespeare foresaw futurity. He is 'not of an age, but for all time.' As has been well said, he described, though he never saw, the treadmill : 'Down, down thou climbing sorrow.' So, life assurance does not date back to the 'spacious times of Queen Elizabeth'; yet we read (in 'The Advertiser's Shakespeare'):

> "*Macbeth.* But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
> And take a bond of fate ; nay, not of fate,
> But in the ——— effect a policy
> Where life's mischance, and fire's devouring tongue,
> May be insured against : nay, more, where now
> They do Fidelity, and Guarantee,
> And Liability for Accidents
> Insure at cheapest rate.

How wonderful is Shakespeare's view of life ! As has been said of another, 'he saw life steadily and saw it whole.' From the cradle to the grave he leaves nothing untouched, nor unadorned.

> "At first the infant,
> Mewling and puking for his X.'s food ;

and so to the last stage of all, with spectacles, false teeth and everything. Nay, he stops not at the grave :

> "Imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
> Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.

The 'Cæsar Draught Excluder !'—there is a fortune in the name. So death and life alike serve Shakespeare's and the Advertiser's turn. The infant in arms we have already seen a clamorous advertiser. Then

advertisement. 'O God, that men should put an enemy ıouths to steal away their brains!' What an opportunity ıker of temperance drinks! Whole scenes of 'The Merchant ' turn on the wedding rings-- beautiful, 22-carat rings, with rom P. and Q.'s on the Rialto. It is clear that Shakespeare dised by the advertisers of his time. How obviously the Autolycus was an advertisement, and how much valuable e of Elizabethan life was lost when the printers spoiled it ng alternate lines! The historian of prices would have complete version for more than the price of the whole ack. It is here conjecturally restored:

" Lawn as white as driven snow;
Go to White's for drapery,
Cyprus black as e'er was crow,
Kerchiefs and fair napery;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses;
Nash's velvet, all three-pile,
Masks for faces and for noses,
Corsets in the newest style;
Bugle-bracelet, necklet amber,
Make you look like maids of wax;
Perfume for a lady's chamber—
Jockey Club, Opoponax;
Golden quoifs and stomachers;—
(*See this sweet Morisco gown,*)
For my lads to give their dears
All the wares from London town.
Pins and poking-horns of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel.
Please step in and ask within, do,
For what you don't see in the window.

four hours' traffic of the stage is so often concerned with el and panoply of state, that it is little wonder that the tailor ıle opportunity for professing the merits of his goods. For ıestic wear, what passage in literature points more naturally uchio's dialogue, or the scene between Cloten and Guiderius rth act of 'Cymbeline,' to the 'sweet uses 'of advertisement? ılsterers find their special opportunity in the stage directions. -A chamber in the castle of Elsinore, handsomely up- by M. and W., Tottenham Court Road and Westbourne To be sure, the play-bills have anticipated us in this respect; ıills have no permanence such as our standard edition will 'he songs, especially, a golden mine of advertisement, adapt s to the purposes of the price-list.

"King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He said, 'I' faith, they are not dear;
I bought them, certes, in London town,
At M. N. O.'s shop, which is down
By Houndsditch way.'

Or, again:

"Fear no more the heat of the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy J——r hast put on,
Light, yet warm, it suits all ages;
When thy weekly task is done,
That's the place to spend thy wages.

"Note here the true Shakespearean rhyme of the first and third lines. And everywhere, as here, we shall adhere with the closest fidelity to the best approved text. Even in the denunciation of the Stores, the version of Delius has been but little altered. We hope that this edition will be universally used in schools (to which it will be distributed gratis); and that the readings here given will be accepted as the final and standard version of the immortal works. We propose to make arrangements for the use of our emended text in future Shakespearean revivals at the Lyceum. When we add that so accomplished a man of letters as Mr. Peter Shortt is the editor, it will be seen that no further guarantee is necessary for the care and completeness with which the work of revision will be executed. Mr. Shortt will contribute a new Life of Shakespeare, containing many hitherto unpublished incidents; and also an essay on the Sonnets. In this essay it will be demonstrated that 'Mr. W. H.' was not, as has been supposed, the Earl of Pembroke or the Earl of Southampton, but William Hurlbatt, the great advertising shopkeeper of Shakespeare's time; and that, inasmuch as he employed the poet, when a young man without resources in London, to write to order plays and verses to advertise his wares, he was the true and 'onlie begetter' of those immortal poems."

This is the infamy we denounce. We call on all who love our noble tongue to assist in preventing its completion. If public opinion is not strong enough to frustrate the execrable scheme, let the Government act. Let the Attorney-General apply to the courts. Let Mr. Shortt be called upon by writ of *quo warranto* to show by what authority he usurps the office of Delius, Gervinus, and Aldis Wright. True, other poets have occasionally embedded contemporary flies in the amber of their poesy. Byron refers to "thine incomparable oil, Macassar;" Goldsmith recalls "Calvert's butt and

s black champagne ;" Calverley immortalised a tobacconist.
se "abide our question." Shakespeare should be free—free
e lies and hucksterings of the mart. "The Advertiser's
eare," forsooth! The advertiser may render hideous the streets,
ke railway stations obscure, he may even defile our landscapes
ill ; but at Shakespeare, "Nature's Darling," let him stay his
Cæsar as a draught-excluder is bad, but that is congruity itself
ide of Shakespeare as a hoarding for soapmongers and quacks.

EDMUND B. V. CHRISTIAN.

PAGES ON PLAYS.

TWO years have gone by since I began to write these monthly notes upon the contemporary drama. It may therefore be neither inappropriate nor inadvisable to take advantage of the anniversary to glance back upon those two past years and to see what progress, if any, has been made in the time. It is, of course, inevitable that there should be complaints as to the condition of the drama. There always have been complaints as to the condition of the drama. It is nearly 130 years since the greatest Englishman of his age—one of the greatest Englishmen of any age—sought to find the causes "for our present weakness in that oldest and most excellent branch of philosophy, poetical learning, and particularly in what regards the theatre." Mr. Burke deplored in 1765 what our advanced critics deplore to-day, what I have little doubt that advanced critics deplored in the dawn of the drama, in the days "When Thesis drove his cart afield." The causes, or some of the causes, which Burke was able to find for the decay of the theatre in his time are not impertinent to consideration of the theatre in our own time. "I shall here only consider," he wrote, "what appears to me to be one of the causes. I mean the wrong notion of the art itself, which begins to grow fashionable, especially among people of an elegant turn of mind with a weak understanding; and these are they that form the great body of the idle part of every polite and civilised nation. The prevailing system of that class of mankind is indolence. This gives them an aversion to all strong movements. It infuses a delicacy of sentiment, which, when it is real and accompanied with a justness of thought, is an amiable quality and favourable to the fine arts; but when it comes to make the whole of the character, it injures things more excellent than those which it improves, and degenerates into a false refinement, which diffuses a languor and breathes a frivolous air over everything which it can influence."

There is an aptness about these words to anyone who earnestly [illegible] the situation of the stage at this moment. In the protests of the sentimentalists against anything that displeases, that shocks, that [illegible] in the rapeurs with which paradox and wiredrawn cynicism

on the one hand, and old-fashioned simplicity of farcical effect on the other are received; in the passion real or simulated for the pleasures of the music hall, may be found the effect of that languor, of that frivolous air of which Burke complained in the last century, and of which many complain now.

But this element of frivolity has not been allowed to influence the stage unchallenged during the past two years. It has been fought against with vigour, sometimes almost with ferocity. While it should be sturdily maintained that the whole purpose of the theatre is not merely to divert the sluggish hours that succeed to a late dinner, it should not be forgotten by the champions of reform that it is a part of the purpose of a theatre to please, that it is the mission of all art to delight. The champions of the Scandinavian drama may well be forgiven if their zeal carries them a little too far in their devotion to their new gods. The debt that we owe to the men who fought for Ibsen is very great. They gave a new purpose to playwriting; they proved that a man of genius had arisen in the North who looked at life in a new way, who put human beings upon the stage, and who had shaken himself free from many of the conventions that had bound about the drama as strictly as the heart of the faithful servant of the tale was bound about with bands of iron. Enthusiasts always, and fortunately, perhaps, go too far; the passion of enthusiasm, like the passion of love, is given to man in exaggerated proportion, in order in the one case that the world of flesh and blood, in the other case that the world of ideas and ideals, may be kept going. One thing at least has been gained in the two years' war: the genius of Ibsen is universally recognised, his position as the greatest of living dramatists is recognised by men of judgment, even when their own inclinations are strongly opposed to his methods, and to what they are pleased to call his teaching.

But, perhaps, the most curious thing about the past two years is the comparatively small effect which the genius of Ibsen has had upon our own drama, upon our own dramatists. Even on the stage of the Independent theatre, which has done such good work for the art, the few original English plays that have been produced cannot be said to show many signs of the influence of Ibsen. The same is the case with the dramatists of the old guard. Mr. Pinero, who thinks that Ibsen was brought into this country too soon, to the injury of all that was making for progress—Mr. Pinero still practises the old methods and adheres to the old traditions. At one time Mr. Jones showed some sign of the alien influence; where he showed it most, in "The Crusaders," he achieved his greatest

artistic success, but the influence was transient, and in his latest play he has gone back artistically to the period before "Judah."

There are few things more instructive, if there are few things more depressing, in the passing moment of dramatic existence, than to read Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's play, "The Crusaders," which has just been published by the Macmillans, and to see Mr. Jones's play, "The Bauble-Shop," which is now being played at the Criterion Theatre. "The Crusaders" was, I suppose, what may be called a failure; "The Bauble-Shop" is undoubtedly a success. But it smacked of honour and of heroism to fail with "The Crusaders": how can it be said that there is anything heroic in this success of "The Bauble-Shop"? The success is unquestioned; the success is in its way honestly won; so far, Mr. Jones may be heartily congratulated. The play that can draw full houses is commercially a good play; and "The Bauble-Shop" draws full houses—argal, "The Bauble-Shop" is a good play. But it is so far below the level of "The Crusaders" that it is difficult to believe that it is by the same author. "The Crusaders," taken "with all faults," as the booksellers say, was a play with ideas, with originality, tingling with promise of better things. "The Bauble-Shop" is in its conception and construction as commonplace as the farces of H. J. Byron, or the adaptations of, as distinguished from the original work of, T. W. Robertson. That its dialogue is animated, often even witty, was to be expected; that it should be so wanting in character-study was not to be expected.

Mr. Jones has been censured for the astonishing inaccuracies in his treatment of public life and of the machinery of the House of Commons. From a certain point of view the censure is not pertinent. If a play is a good play, it really matters very little if the dramatist blunders over matters of Parliamentary procedure. It is not necessarily portion and parcel of the equipment of a dramatist to have Erskine May by heart. Moreover, Mr. Jones has written to the newspapers to explain that his errors are deliberate; that they are not the blunders of the ignorant; that he knows all about the ways of Parliament, and has perverted them according to his own good pleasure and the convenience of the play. Now this is not merely a bold defence, it is a well-founded defence. Mr. Jones certainly studied the House of Commons carefully during one session; he was its frequent visitor, and he is known to have had the advice of counsellors best qualified to assist him in the treatment of technical details. But after all there is something to be said for the other view of the case. It does not condemn a play out of hand that its pictures of parliamentary life are ludicrous, but would a play which

pretends to be a picture of contemporary social political life be any the worse for having its details accurate? In the mass of Mr. Jones's audiences there are probably very few persons who are at all seriously annoyed by the action of the leader of the House in moving the second reading of an important bill at nine o'clock; by the laxness which allows a private member to immediately move the adjournment of the House in order to attack the private character of the statesman; by the conduct of the Opposition in howling down the leader of the House on the strength of a piece of lobby gossip; by the impertinence of the leader's party in forcing their way into his private room to demand an account of his private life, or by the extraordinary transformation of that private room, which, in actual fact, is overcrowded by five persons, into a palatial apartment capable of containing the whole body of a minister's supporters. If a play is meant to be a picture of real life, it would be as well to have it turn upon possibilities, not, as in the case of "The Bauble-Shop," upon impossibilities. The errors are the more regrettable as there was no special reason for bringing in the House of Commons at all. Mr. Jones's plot is, after all, only the old familiar plot of the wicked baron and the virtuous maiden over again. It is "Saints and Sinners" lifted up in the social sphere and given a new twist. It is less true to life than "Saints and Sinners"; even less true than "The Dancing-Girl." It is impossible not to feel disappointed. Mr. Jones took an ambitious theme; the promise of "The Crusaders" led to the hope that he would be equal to his theme and to his ambition. But in this he has failed. Still, he has written a popular play—a play that will be as popular as "The Dancing-Girl."

Consolation for failure in one form of the drama is not vouchsafed us through success in another. If "The Bauble-Shop" is an example of how little we can yet do in the way of the modern drama of life, character, and manners, "Becket" at the Lyceum is an example of how little we can do in the way of what is called the poetic drama. It is one of the whimsicalities of life that great men are haunted by a passion for doing something wholly outside the circle of their greatness. Richelieu was not content to be the greatest statesman of his time—the foremost man of France; he must needs sigh for the laurels of the dramatic poet, and make himself the butt for shafts of mockery. Tennyson was not content with his glory as an elegiac poet, even as a lyric poet; he, too, must needs sigh for the laurels of the dramatic poet. It was an unhappy ambition. No amount of plays, however bad, could take away from the glory that Tennyson

had gained in other fields of art. Sir Walter Scott's dramas do not tarnish the fame of "Rob Roy" or "The Antiquary." But Tennyson's plays are bad plays—lifeless, loveless, bloodless, passionless, academic imitations of a most unacademic original. They are unattractive plays to read; they are unattractive plays to see acted. They do not cheer the solitude of the study; they do not animate the stage.

Frankly, "Becket" is a bad piece of work; its characters are as wooden as the creatures in a Noah's Ark. It is asserted by some of its admirers that every detail of the piece is accurate, that every word is authentic. But the accuracy whose absence is to be deplored in Mr. Jones's play does not make "Becket" live. The characters still remain the shadows of great names. A critic, with whose views I agree, declares that, "Did not the King swear lavishly by God's Eyes, you would not know him from Becket. Becket is scarcely distinguishable from Queen Eleanor, nor Queen Eleanor, again, from Louis of France. They all speak much alike, act much alike; are uniform in dulness. Take away the names, and you might almost fob off a speech by any one of them upon another. As for the four knights, they are as stolid as Gog and Magog, and as pulseless as the strong Gyas and the strong Cloanthes. Such a quadrilateral of puppets never stamped across a stage before. The influence of Mr. Irving or the action of Lord Tennyson has eliminated Walter Map from the acting version. So far, at least, the acting is better than the reading version, but both are tragic in a sense very different from the sense intended by poet or by player. Yet, in a remark made by Walter Map we may find the key of the failure. 'Map,' says Herbert, 'tho' you make your butt too big, you overshoot it.' Lord Tennyson took the Shakespearean drama for his aim, but the arrow failed of its mark. Goethe saw long ago the danger of Shakespeare to the ambition of a poet. A productive nature, he said to Eckerman, ought not to read more than one of his dramas in a year if it would not be wrecked entirely. 'Shakespeare,' he added, 'gives golden apples in silver dishes. His imitators get, indeed, the silver dishes by studying his works, but they have only potatoes to put into them.' The judgment would not be too severe to pass upon 'Becket.' Indeed, one may even question the silver of the vessel. Lord Tennyson studied the Shakespearean drama to his bane. The result is a chilling parody; there is no pulse of life in it."

Yet its very faults gave Mr. Irving an opportunity to do better work than he has done for many a year. It has been his fortune often to fail in Shakespeare, but always to succeed with Tennyson. It is seventeen years since Mr. Irving played the part of Philip

Spain in another play by Lord Tennyson, "Queen Mary." Here, as in "Becket," the play was nothing; Mr. Irving was everything. In the lapse of years since then Mr. Irving has done nothing very much better than his Philip of Spain, with the exception of his latest performance, with the exception of Becket. If "Becket" be, like "Queen Mary," a failure as a work of art, like "Queen Mary" it has given Mr. Irving a great chance which he has used greatly. Out of its very nothingness he has contrived to create something. He has seen at once that the part is a melodramatic part; he has brought to bear upon it the full force of his abilities as a melodramatic actor, and he has turned what might have been a disaster into a triumph.

The only reputation that has gained by "Becket" is the reputation of Mr. Henry Irving. For some time back he had been drifting farther and farther away from the service of his art: he had been attempting the unsuitable; he had been failing again and again. His Becket has redeemed a wilderness of failures. In its simplicity, its directness, its absence of all straining after effect, of dependence upon regrettable mannerisms, it contrasts luminously with so many impersonations which, unfortunately for the actor, won a kind of honour from most uncritical audiences. Mr. Irving's Becket makes it hard to understand how the same man could have played so many of the parts that preceded Becket after the fashion in which he chose to play them. When the mind turns to "Lear," converted to "a driveller and a show," or to the regrettable Mephistopheles of a travesty of one of the world's great tragic poems, or to the tawdry hero of a pitiful piece of sham revolutionary clap-trap, one is only the more spurred to express enthusiasm for the man who, after so many blunders, should have at last purged himself of his faults, and presented the lovers of acting with so beautiful a creation as Thomas Becket. For the word "beautiful," immeasurably too strong for the character itself, is not at all too strong for Mr. Irving's rendering of the character. Mr. Irving, by a skill which for the first time it is almost impossible to differentiate from genius, deserved the applause which was too lavishly offered where it was undeserved by the uncritical, an applause which the judicious withheld, but which they are now able to accord in full measure, without stint, with delight. It is the highest proof of Mr. Irving's ability that he has been able to learn a lesson. It is his duty now to hold the ground he has conquered. The old faults have disappeared in Becket, never, it is to be hoped, to reappear.

I wish it were possible to find solace for disappointment at recent

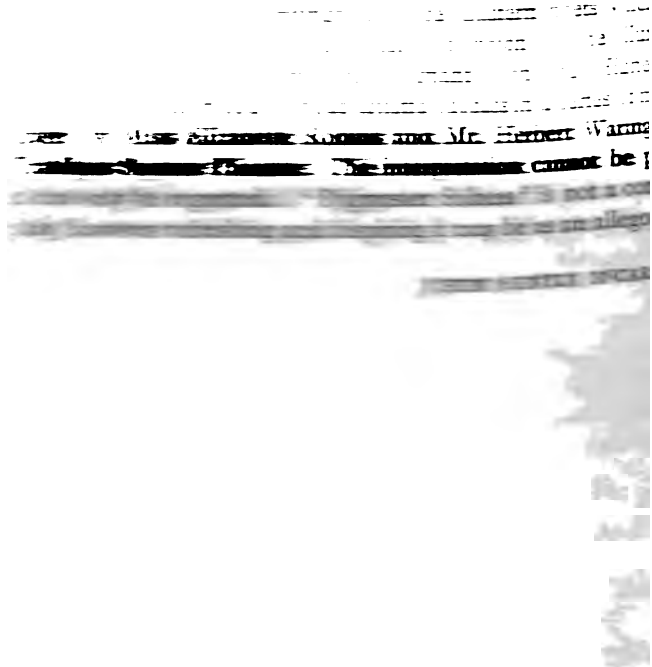


TABLE TALK.

"Secret Service under Pitt."

NORANT as is the average Englishman of the history of Ire-land, I do not know whether to be more amused or horrified e revelations contained in Mr. Fitzpatrick's "Secret Service Pitt," of which a second edition has just been published.[1] do I know whether England or Ireland has more cause sh over the revelations Mr. Fitzpatrick supplies. If England to control by the agency of spies the indignation she had by her system of government of Ireland, she only acted con-bly with the system propounded by Machiavelli and practised irresponsible, and some supposedly responsible, Governments. all Irish schemes miscarried was proof of the soundness of the The betrayers of the Irish leaders were not, meanwhile, from the dregs of the people, but were men of culture, posi-and refinement. These things are well enough known to the nt of Irish history, and, indeed, of all history springing from or ected with the French Revolution. What Mr. Fitzpatrick has is, however, with unerring skill to trace out the spies. The ers in which he hunts down the famous chief agent, known as Downshire's friend, is a model of ability and skill. Thanks to ours the gloomy "romance of rebellion," already shown with tic force and intensity by Mr. Froude, becomes even more esque and stirring. A work more romantic, more saddening, picturesque, has rarely seen the light. It is fair to Mr. Fitz-k to say that the State papers bearing upon the subject have placed at his disposal. The use he has made of them has exemplary.

Holbein's "Dance of Death."

F all countries, England is that in which moralisings upon death and kindred subjects are held in highest favour. In the last ry, Young's "Night Thoughts," Dodd on "Death," Gray's

[1] Longmans & Co.

"Elegy in a Country Churchyard," and Blair's "Grave," came to be regarded as classics; and if we add prose composition, such as Hervey's "Meditations among the Tombs," an extensive list of works dealing with

Sculls and coffins, epitaphs and bones,

might be compiled. The one great masterpiece in that line, however, we cannot claim as ours. This is the series of pictures known as the "Dance of Death," the authorship of which is attributed to Hans Holbein, a native of Augsburg. It says something, however, for our recognition of this work, that the painter established himself in London, where he obtained the friendship of Sir Thomas More and the patronage of Henry VIII., and where, after many years of prosperity, and, as is said, of debauch, he died of the plague. Of all the illustrations of the omnipresence and omnipotence of death, these designs are the most popular. A long and, as I think, somewhat foolish series of inquiries into what were the best books, and what the most popular, was made a year or two ago in newspapers and reviews. If a similar thing could be undertaken with regard to illustrations, these designs would be among the foremost. Innumerable editions have seen the light in different countries, the latest being issued within the present year, with a preface by Mr. Austin Dobson.[1]

Origin of "The Dance of Death."

IT is curious how little exact information concerning the "Dance of Death" is possessed. The origin of the mural paintings in Basle commonly known as La Danse Macabre is traced back, in the "Recherches historiques et littéraires sur les Danses des Morts" of Gabriel Peignot, to the practice in Egypt of presenting a skeleton at a banquet, a practice which passed to Greece and Rome. A well-known passage in the "Banquet of Trimalchion" of Petronius tells how, towards the close of the orgie, a slave appeared, and placed on the table a silver skeleton, with practicable joints and articulations. These he worked in lifelike fashion, while Trimalchion declaimed verses on the insignificance and nothingness of man. For a long time the authorship of the figures was in doubt, and it is only in recent days that they have been shown on authoritative evidence to be by Hans Holbein the Younger. Hitherto the first edition has been held to be that published in 1538 under the title, "Les Simulachres & Historiées Faces de la Mort avtant elegamment pourtraictes, que artificiellement imaginées. A Lyon, soubz l'escu de Cologne"—a work

[1] G. Bell & Sons.

ecuted by Trecksel Brothers, German printers settled in Lyons. . Ambrose Firmin-Didot, however, has described three editions ıich he holds to be anterior to 1538. In these conclusions, how- er, he is not generally followed.

Editions of "The Dance of Death."

THE reputed first edition has, in France, brought as much as one thousand six hundred francs, or between sixty and venty pounds. Other early French editions have brought consider- ıle sums. A reproduction was given in Venice in 1545, and one, ılarged, in Augsburg in 1554. In England, an edition etched by ollar seems to have appeared in 1647. It passed into Holland, ıere Diepenbecke added allegorical borders, which are found in ıbsequent editions, etched by Deuchar, so late as 1803. According Mr. Dobson, they were reproduced upon stone by Joseph Schlott- ıuer, professor in Munich, and were re-issued in this country by ohn Russell Smith in 1849. Under the title, "Emblems of Iortality," a free copy by John Bewick, which attained much popu- ırity, was issued by Hodgson, of Newcastle, in 1789. Dr. Lippmann dited for Mr. Quaritch, in 1886, a set of reproductions of the engraver's roofs in the Berlin Museum. A facsimile of the *editio princeps* was ex- cuted in 1884 for Hirth, of Munich. The designs were issued in hoto-lithography by H. Noel Humphery in 1868, and for the Holbein ociety in 1879. The designs in the latest edition of Messrs. Bell & ons are reproductions of those engraved in 1833 for Douce's Holbein's Dance of Death." Since "Æsop's Fables," no plates can surely have en so often reproduced. They appeal, however, directly to wise, rious, and reflective tastes. I have not attempted to deal with the bjects of the plates, judging that there is no one to whom they are t familiar.

New Letters of Heine.

FOLLOWING closely upon the appearance of my observations upon Heine under the head of "Jewish Wit and Humour" mes the publication in the *New Review* of some letters of Heine ıich had not previously seen the light. To the estimate generally rmed of Heine as a wit these add little. Addressed, as they are, his mother and sister, they convey a good idea of his domestic lations, while they are very confidential, both as regards his rsonal sufferings and his nuptial experiences. If ever letters ere not intended for publication these are they, and it needs the

shall have to endure the burden of the caprices without the alleviating sympathy. At other times I am tormented with realising the helplessness and want of reflection in my wife in case I should die, for she is as inexperienced and senseless as a three-year-old child." Not a very damaging character is that for a husband avowedly suffering from hypochondriac fancies to give his wife. These passages were written, however, by a son to a mother loved and prized as Jewish mothers are, and such utterances are, or should be, *sacrosanct*. They are given to the world, however, with the sanction of the family, by the nephew of the poet. There is, accordingly, nothing to be said but that "to-day knows naught of yesterday," and that the dead, at least, will not be troubled by the revelation.

"EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY VIGNETTES."

OF modern writers upon the eighteenth century in England Mr. Austin Dobson stands avowedly foremost. The eighteenth century in France, the development of which was widely different, has many able historians. In England, the keen interest inspired by the Elizabethan and Jacobean drama, and by the lyrics of the times immediately subsequent, and the absolute renaissance in poetry which was witnessed at the outset of the present century, and has since grown and developed, has made us less than just to the period between. The London of the Georges is, however, neither less picturesque nor less interesting than that of Stuart times, and to that London Mr. Austin Dobson is an enchanting guide. His poems have the very ring of what the Laureate in sufficiently familiar lines calls—

> The teacup times of hoop and hood,
> Or while the patch was worn.

In his prose writings, also, Mr. Dobson has left us the most lifelike and delightful pictures we possess. I have before me now the recently-published "Eighteenth-Century Vignettes,"[1] from the perusal of which I have just risen. A second gallery of portraits so exact and satisfying as this contains I do not know. Steele, Fielding, Johnson, Goldsmith, Chesterfield, Cowper, and a dozen others of hardly less eminence, are presented with unsurpassable fidelity. It is, of course, impossible to give, in a few paragraphs, an insight into a work consisting of twenty detached essays. The whole I may, however, say, is saturated with knowledge of and feeling for the subject, and the reconstitution of Vauxhall Gardens is an absolute triumph. Mr.

[1] Chatto & Windus.

Austin Dobson has, of course, given us works of substantial authority on Bewick and other eighteenth-century celebrities. I am not sure, however, that this gallery of miniatures, each one a portrait, is not equally valuable and welcome with any of the more ambitious paintings in oil which we owe to his brush.

"New Winchelsea."

FEW prospects more picturesque than that from the heights at Fairlight over Winchelsea can be found in England, and few scenes are richer in historical associations. Sufficiently enjoyable is a trip to the once memorable seaport, some trace of whose former greatness is preserved in the fact that it is one of the Cinque Ports. The visitor, however, who counts upon finding shelter in what is now scarcely more than a village will do well to secure his *pied-à-terre* beforehand, or he may have to stretch his journey to Hastings. Among the inhabitants of Winchelsea has long been Mr. F. A. Inderwick, Q.C., who seeks on its picturesque plateau a peaceful and pleasing contrast from the scenes in which his life avocations are placed. With a capacity which is rare, and a zeal which is to be commended to general imitation, he has constituted himself an historian of the place of his adoption. Winchelsea possessed already an historian of the conventional order. Very different from a local history is, however, Mr. Inderwick's "Story of King Edward and New Winchelsea."[1] It exhibits, indeed, as its second title denotes, "The Edification of a Mediæval Town." Work of this class has unparalleled interest. We see how, under the fostering influence of the First Edward, Winchelsea rose into importance, and how loyally it repaid the obligation by its contributions to the wars with France. An animated picture is given of the various trades that assembled in the spot the King delighted to honour. The very names of the traders are given, and one of the most interesting contributions to antiquarian literature ever made is supplied. A mere enumeration of the classes of inhabitants—military, naval, clerical, and the rest; and of its charities, its institutions, including the pillory and the ducking-stool—would occupy many pages. I can attempt no criticism; but holiday time will come again, and I can fancy no more enjoyable effort than that of the traveller who, with the aid of Mr. Inderwick's delightful book, attempts on the spot to reconstitute Winchelsea.

[1] Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

APRIL 1893.

MARTIN THE SHEPHERD.

BY LILLIAS WASSERMANN.

THE bare, leafless trees in the little dell (or dene, locally speaking) creaked and groaned in the sad winter wind, and the waters of the burn foamed and fretted about the great grey boulders continuously. A dull, red sun scarce managed to pierce through the prevailing greyness, and masses of blue-black cloud lay low upon the horizon.

Anyone familiar with the district—that wild, bleak, barren country contiguous to the Cheviot range—would have known instinctively that bad weather was in store, that the long-expected snow would make its appearance ere long. Between the fitful gusts of wind there was something solemn and impressive in the aspect of nature, and in the heavy, lifeless atmosphere; something that suggested a breathless waiting for the coming storm.

Meanwhile, the scattered flocks of sheep moved in a leisurely fashion along the steep sides of the fells, and a pair of lovers lingered in the dene, too absorbed in their own insignificant portion of the world's business to pay much attention to the impending trouble.

The girl was young, and on her cheeks bloomed the roses of vigorous health, but she was poorly dressed; while the young man, who was enacting—after a somewhat mean fashion—the part of lover, looked prosperous and well-to-do.

"It's hard upon me, Ralph; you must confess that!" she exclaimed, with a touch of bitterness, as her blue eyes looked wistfully up through a mist of tears. "It isn't ma fault that aw canna keep him straight, and yet aw'm te be punished for it, as if it was!"

Ralph turned his head away. He could not bear to meet the

pathetic appeal of her eyes. He had imagined himself stronger until that moment. It had required some courage to face the ordeal, which proved worse than he had anticipated.

He was a fine, athletic-looking young fellow, but there was a feebleness about his mouth and jaw that did not promise much moral stamina.

"It's to be all ower betwixt us, then, because yer feyther wishes it?" the girl went on, in a tremulous voice.

Ralph shuffled about from one foot to the other for a minute or two, then he burst out:

"How can aw say it—what would ye hev me do, Nelly? If the aad man turns me off aw've nowt o' my own te live on. Aw mun stick te the farm and te him—damn him! Ye wadn't like te see me hire oot for a hind or a shepherd—me that's been browt up decently?"

Nelly knew nothing of the world. In this remote north-country nook had her whole life been passed, and from the larger life that books might have opened out, her lack of education had debarred her. Nevertheless, she was a woman, and had intuitions. It crossed her mind now that a man who loved a woman truly and unselfishly, might, without much self-denial, do more heroic things for her sake. But she said nothing.

She loved him, and she wished to believe the best of him.

As Ralph Wilson looked at her he recognised that for himself, as well as for the girl, this separation which circumstances had rendered imperative was a real hardship.

Where, in all that country-side, could her equal be found in looks, manners, sweetness of disposition, loyalty of heart? Though she was only the child of a drunken, disreputable old shepherd, she could hold her own against any of the farmers' daughters in the neighbourhood.

It was this fact of her unfortunate parentage that had proved the stumbling-block to their happiness. They had been thrown together from childhood, for Martin Daglish, the shepherd, had grown old in Farmer Wilson's employment, and an attachment had sprung up between them when Nelly bloomed into womanhood; but, alas for the course of true love! it had from the first been shadowed by the shame and degradation of the girl's father.

During the course of the year that was drawing to a close, the drunkard had made a tremendous effort, for the sake of his child, whom he fondly loved, to reform; and Farmer Wilson had, rather reluctantly, given his consent to the marriage. He thought that Ralph might have done better, in a worldly sense, than marry Nelly

Daglish. There were farmers' daughters about who had both money and good connections, and the lad was a fool to throw himself away; but she was a good, useful, industrious girl all the same, and, if only the old man fulfilled his promise and kept steady, there wasn't much to be said against the match.

That "if"! A month before this, the shepherd had broken out again, worse than ever for his enforced abstinence, and had become the object of public scorn and contumely.

Then it was that Farmer Wilson interfered with a high hand, and withdrew his consent peremptorily. It was all very well to marry a poor girl—though even that was a foolish concern when capital was required to develop the resources of the land; but to marry a poor girl whose father was a shame and a disgrace to the neighbourhood, was too idiotic an act to be tolerated, without some endeavour being made to put a stop to it.

The farmer had, therefore, a rather stormy interview with his only son. At first the lad stuck to his resolution to marry Nelly at all hazards, and trust to their united efforts either to keep the old shepherd steady, or to give him the cold shoulder. But Farmer Wilson was a man of the world, and he knew the fallacy of these hopes. Old Martin Daglish was past reformation in his eyes; and even Ralph acknowledged that he was not himself sanguine about it. And Nelly would stick to her father through thick or thin; that was the worst of it!

Ralph Wilson was weak, though well-intentioned, and he proved as wax in his father's hands.

Before the conclusion of the scene he had promised to see Nelly, and to induce her to give him back his plighted troth.

The interview now proceeding was the result of that promise.

"Don't you imagine that you have the worst of it, Nelly," said Ralph, as he felt again the charm of her presence; "these things come more hard to a man than a woman, because they're not so patient."

Nelly sighed.

"But men can go away, and forget all about their disappointments! They ha' lots to think about. But we women folk—we just ha' to bide it, and say nothin', though our hearts be ever so sore! Oh Ralph, lad, I wish we'd never seen one another!"

Ralph, moved by a sudden impulse, drew the girl to him, and, with passionate vehemence kissed her lips over and over again.

"I cannot help it—they are the last," he muttered apologetically, as he reluctantly released her; "but it *is* cruel—downright cruel—

that we ha' to part! And all for the sake of a drunken good-for-nothing, that might have broken his neck half a dozen times this winter, if that mistaken providence that watches over suchlike wastrels hadn't prevented it! Hang him! I wish he was dead!"

"Don't Ralph! I cannot bide to hear you!"

"What good is his life? It doesn't benefit one living creature—not even himself! You ought to wish it too, Nelly, instead of chiding me. Ay, and you would, if you cared half as much about me as I do about you."

Nelly drew herself slowly away, and looked him straight in the face.

"You don't mean a word of what you're sayin', or I would give you a bit of my mind for bein' heartless! Poor old dad! He's never said a cross word to me in my life—not even when he was the worse for drink! He's nobody's enemy but his own, there's that to be said for him, anyway. If ye won't marry me because I mean to stick to my aad feyther, wey aa'll ha' te bide it as best aa may. But as for me wantin' him deid—ma poor, good-hearted dad, that'll never, never be, and so I tell ye plainly, Ralph!"

At this conclusion the young fellow hung his head, feeling rather ashamed of his ill-nature, and the pair walked in a leisurely and dejected manner towards the farm. Where the two roads joined they parted, sullenly miserable, without their customary kiss or even a friendly handshake.

Again the little dene appeared deserted, and resumed its normal aspect of expectation, the spell having been broken momentarily by the young and eager presences.

But the solitude and silence did not have long to reign. Up one bank of the stream straggled a thicket of ragged shrubs, alders and hawthorns; and from thence there emerged, a few minutes afterwards, the figure of a man. He crawled up to the level ground upon his hands and knees, like some prowling beast that had been in hiding.

When he reached the road he rose to his feet and stood upright, or at least made as near an approach to that position as his own condition would allow, for he was evidently greatly under the influence of alcohol.

He rubbed his hand across his eyes, and gazed, in a bewildered fashion, in the direction taken by the pair of lovers.

"Ma canny Nelly! Ma bonny lass!" he muttered in a tremulous, husky voice, the voice of a whisky-drinker, "just te think she should ha' stuck by me like yon!"

He stood silent for a moment after this, as though endeavouring

to master the situation ; then he gave himself a shake, like as a dog does on emerging from the water.

"You boozy, dram-drinkin' old soaker, dinna ye feel ashamed o' yersel' ?" he burst out, at last. "What's wrong wi' ye? Lemme think."

But it was of no use for him to try and consider. The earth reeled around and met the sky, and the road rose up and hit him in the face. His brain was on fire, and he *could* not think.

He stumbled down to the edge of the stream again, and, at the imminent risk of meeting death by drowning, managed to lave his face and head in the icy cold water, and to gulp down great draughts of the same ; making, it must be confessed, a wry face at the latter part of the programme.

Then he sat down on a heap of stones, and, resting his face in his hands, made another effort.

He was the miserable wreck of a fine, stalwart man. Although little past the prime of life, drink had done its work, and he looked a broken-down old toper on the brink of the grave. He had the bleared, unsteady eyes of a drunkard, a drunkard's loose, slobbery mouth. But his features were of an originally good and pleasing type ; and it was not difficult to trace in his face a likeness to pretty Nelly.

"He was reet, the confoonded young sweep was reet, and ma canny bairn was wrong ! There *is* no use in a life like mine—none whatever ! An' if I was deid, he'd marry her, and she'd be happy—she'd be happy !"

It was not a pleasant retrospect that life of his, look at it how he might. Lost opportunities, hopes that had died unnatural deaths, ambitions that had been drowned under that thirsty sea that had engulphed his manhood, and made of him the sot he was.

God forgive him ! The face of the wife whose heart he had broken rose before him now, in his maudlin repentance, to add to his misery. He remembered the look in her eyes as she feebly took his hand in her own dying ones, and laid it upon the head of her baby girl.

"Be good——to Nelly——and——and dinna make her life——like mine has been——through that——cursed drink !"

He had promised, with the tears of maudlin grief in his eyes, and he had honestly meant to keep that promise.

And now her life, the life of that child, was to be wrecked through his !

"It would be all reet, if I were only deid !" he said again, despairingly.

Nelly, ye break ma hairt wi' yer tenderness. Do ye not wish me deid, then?"

For answer, Nelly came across to where he sat, put her soft loving arms around his neck, and kissed the poor, bleared, drink-sodden face over and over again.

Many a time afterwards did the memory of those kisses rise to the girl's mind, and comfort her inexpressibly.

. . . . . .

Before daybreak the clouds had resolved themselves into a storm of snow, the most penetrating and persistent that had been known, even in that bleak district, for many years.

Long ere dawn Martin Daglish was up and away over the fells, to look after the outlying flocks in his charge.

On these extensive border farms, where the grazing land is composed both of valley and fell, and where the sheep travel miles away from any place of safe shelter and refuge, the utmost precautions are necessary in rough seasons to prevent the flocks from perishing from cold, or being engulphed in a living grave of snow-drifts.

In the hollows these same drifts form to an alarming depth, and many a fleecy clad carcass lies buried beneath every considerable fall of snow, unless the greatest care is taken to prevent such catastrophes.

Martin was a good and careful shepherd, and, spite of his failing, was never known to neglect the safety of his sheep.

But on this morning, as he crossed the moors in the face of that blinding storm, he recognised the fact that it would take him all his time to prevent many of them from perishing in this storm. The other shepherds were off, also, in different directions; but the district under Martin's special charge was the most remote and the one soonest in danger, because it lay in a situation that exposed it to the inclemency of the weather.

The snow came down in that fine, powdery, impalpable sort of fashion which denotes a protracted and heavy fall; and it was all that Martin could do to keep to the track. Had he not been the most experienced and weather-wise of pedestrians he must have inevitably been lost at once. The snow glued his eyelids together, penetrated his clothing, and froze upon his face. Even his dog Rover, a colley of great sagacity and experience, required some encouragement to induce him to face the storm, and every now and again he whined, and drew closer to his master's heels, as though protesting against the cruelty of Nature.

Long before they reached the place where the last flock of sheep

HOW TO SEE ANTWERP.

THE Bank Holiday and the Great Eastern Company, with, perhaps, the *exploiting* aid of the late excellent Mr. Cook, ave rather helped to vulgarise this interesting and antique city. But has large and more ennobling associations. The very name stirs e soul, and furnishes what Boswell calls "bark and steel to the ind." We should exclude all guide and guide-book elements, and ster, as it were, the romance of the thing. The old Flemish city is, as ! not altogether what it was. The improvers and demolishers id "trouble tombs" have been at their favourite work. Still, much mains.

A great deal depends on the method of your first acquaintance ith an ancient town of this kind. The arrival at the terminus, the mnibus, the hotel, the visit to the Cathedral and to other "Lions," he hateful guides, the general staring, the general *doing* of the place, s it is called: these are but dreary prosaic elements, and sad dis-llusionments. There is an art in looking at things; you must come prepared, and properly furnished. Nigh twenty years since, I found my way in a small yacht from the quaint Dutch town of Flushing, and spent a whole day in wearily tacking from side to side up "the lazy Scheldt." There was a charm in the sad-coloured, low-lying lands on each side; in the calm tranquillity of the pastures, with the patches of red tiling seen afar off, contrasting with the full fat green of the pastures. Huge steamers, slowly splashing their way up to the old city, were constantly passing us, in charge of Flemish or Dutch pilots; for the river is tortuous enough, and winds and bends. Thus the day wore by, and evening and night; not until close on midnight were the irregular lines of twinkling lights of Antwerp seen approaching. It was curious, this gliding up the strange and novel port—the long stretch of pier lined with sleeping vessels; beyond them the rows of antique houses, the spire of the famous Cathedral, outlined in a shadowy way, the moon behind, rising almost over our heads. A little punt brought us to the steps by the old arch or water-gate, where a *douanier* was waiting suspiciously. Then came the pleasant

short walk through the narrow, darkened, solitary streets; and as we emerged on the familiar "Green Square," or *Place Verte*, the chimes of the Cathedral broke out into welcome, in disorderly, halting tunes, a sort of musical-box aloft in the clouds. At the corner, the Hôtel St. Antoine—then an old-fashioned hostelry, not the "swell," high-priced house it has since become—received us; the sleeping old porter being roused with difficulty. There was much romance in that mode of entrance. It was a present made to the memory of a picture, not "laid in fading colours," to be often recalled.

The traveller who would see his Antwerp aright will thus take care to arrive by water, entering it as he would Venice and Genoa. No one ever forgets the approach to Genoa, on some sultry morning—the cobalt glistening sea, the romantic terraces of the amphitheatre before him. And so, in the Scheldt, it is delightful, between five and six o'clock, to be aroused by the vessel stopping abruptly; to look out and see the sullen, leaden-looking Dutch waters about us—sullen because of the shoals and quicksands and low-lying coast. We are waiting off a rather grim-looking fortress, with bastions—the entrance to a harbour and shelter for a little town which lies securely ensconced behind. There is a not unpicturesque tower of a church, sad and solitary, and the usual faint janglings are borne towards us out of the mist, sounding, like Mr. Raddle's protest, as if coming from under "distant bed-clothes." A stout, business-looking sail-boat is approaching, and presently the pilot scrambles on board. Then begins the winding journey up the Scheldt, and one ever welcomes the novelty of the low-lying green tracts stretching away on either hand, with the strangest air of monotonous solitude, having yet a most original feeling, from the sudden contrast to the English pastures and fair landscape, seen only the evening before. When about a couple of hours have stolen away, the river gradually contracting, some sailor points out a white speck afar off, needle-like, and tells us that "that yander is Antwerp spire!" or, as Mrs. Gamp would call it, "the Ankworks spire;" and for an hour or so, as we "zigzag" on, it seems now on the right, now on the left, but always growing. It has a strange charm, that snowy needle, for no town is visible; the plains and the spire have it all to themselves. It grows and grows, and at last we have a glimpse of a town at the corner, as it were; another turn brings us suddenly into the fine old port. Presently we are gliding past Napoleon's Docks and the jetties, alas! now made hideous by modern commercial "improvements." Not so many years since, there was the old Flemish wharf, lined with its old green trees, behind which rose a long row of antique houses, with their

red-tiled roofs, while over all beetled the exquisite Cathedral spire, at which the passengers gazed with astonishment and pleasure. Now this pleasing vision has been ruthlessly swept away. An interminable row of hideous iron dock sheds has been interposed, a new wharf has been thrown far out into the river, the quaint old houses and the trees have been levelled, and the old picturesque charm is abolished.

About the *Place Verte*, which lies at the foot of the Cathedral, there is always something captivating. The trees have the air of a shrubbery. In some lofty chamber in a hostelry close by it is pleasant to be awaked betimes, as I was lately, by the melodious tinklings of the bells in the spire. Nothing can be more appropriate than the really fine and romantic statue of Rubens, which stands in the centre. This showy *flamboyant* figure supplies a tone to the scene, as we think of his innumerable pictures close by and scattered through the town, of his house but a street away, of his great fame in every land. There is an animation about this statue which is sadly lacking in our stiff, dead-alive things at home, where we crowd and huddle our bronze figures together. A really important figure should dominate and inspire the area about it, and "have it all to itself;" it should be the central object.

When we call up the image of Antwerp, the Cathedral will surely present itself. It is, indeed, the *note* of the city. From almost every quarter can be seen, gently and persuasively reminding all of its power, that elegantly-graceful and unique spire, which has been likened to a piece of Mechlin lace, and was admired by Charles V., who declared it ought to have a case to protect it. It seems to have a sort of life and movement of its own, from the perpetual presence and melodious jangling of its tunes. As we stand below, ever looking up with wonder, their song breaks out in abrupt fashion; and, after a sort of rumbling, straggling performance, which is pleasing enough, it stops as abruptly. The body of the Cathedral, large as it is, is so adroitly encompassed about and hidden away in by-streets and houses, that the spire completely asserts itself. We even like the quaint, grotesque bulb, *mangold-wurzel* shaped, which covers the dome; but the fellow-tower, which is unfinished, is sorely disfigured by a bit of slated roof, and an ugly peak. The mouldings and little columns should surely have been left, all jagged, as it were, to show that the building was interrupted; but the spaces have been walled up, and windows inserted, apparently to make a sort of dwelling for the "guardians." The other treatment, which is to be seen at Malines and Rouen, at once suggests that the towers are unfinished.

This charming spire, as I say, influences the community; it is

always present with them ; it is the centre of all. From every quarter the eye turns to it with an affectionate interest. No other monument seems to call up such associations, such dramatic changes ; for it has looked down on the wonderful struggles and tumults that have gone on during centuries at its very feet. The average tourist may look on such things as antique fossils. He has an indistinct idea that they are kept up as things to be exhibited, as "show places" for him. But they have a living activity and purpose—an important share in the life of the citizens. In the grey morning, from six o'clock to ten, Masses are going on at the great altar and its side chapels, with busy congregations attending devoutly. During this time, by a becoming ordinance, the green blinds and covers of the show-pictures are drawn up, no doubt to the disgust of the guide fraternity. Shrewd Baedeker-carriers have found this out, and stroll in. Strange to say, the eyesore of the whole has always seemed to me to be the large Rubens pictures for which the Cathedral is famous, and which are fixed in clumsy fashion against the walls, as though they had no business to be there. A ponderous stone balustrade has been erected in front to protect them, disfiguring the interior. The arrangement is too much of a "show." They were intended, surely, as altar-pieces, and to be merely decorative. The frames and wings are coarse, and but rudely contrived. The whole system, with the greedy attendant vergers, the levying of money, &c., is disagreeable, and should be changed. The receipts, however, are too tempting to be foregone. It is a pity that the State does not take them over for a capital sum. How detestable is it when the attendant proceeds to wind up the green baize blinds, as though they were shop-shutters, before the gaping throng, each armed with his crimson volume, the fiction being that this is done for the protection of the precious canvases ! The "takings" must be very large indeed—perhaps some thousands a year.

On some Festa or holiday, the old Cathedral, crowded to the doors with a seething mass of holiday folk and devotees, presents itself in its best aspect, and to every advantage. Services and functions are going on everywhere. How noble, how fair seems the interior then with its *five* aisles, and forest of elegant columns, which are unbroken by capitals, and flow so gracefully upwards from the ground itself ! The quaint, yet beautiful dome, with its terraces, is over our heads, offers a kind of mystery far aloft.

Over the altar is that brilliant and curiously scenic work of Rubens, "The Assumption," fitted into the Renaissance structure, below a sort of Grecian pediment and pillars, which, oddly enough, harmonises fairly with the rest; at least, we would not wish it re-

moved. The fine designs and carving of the stalls have been often praised; hours might be spent studying the exquisite little figures, each full of a grace and free spirit that suggest Tanagra, and which might be thought impossible in so stiff a material as oak. This is all modern work, and proves that the Flemings still retain their superiority in this fine art.

While these crowds were swarming and fluctuating, a grand procession entered, which illustrated in curious fashion the perfect survival of the old Flemish spirit. It was made up of "guilds" from Ghent and other places, each member of which was arrayed in full evening dress and bore a long metal flambeau; some of the flowing gowns and dresses worn by those persons, who seemed of the rank of gentlemen, were picturesque. These were of rich silk, with gold bands and stripes down the back. Others wore silver medallions on their shoulder-blades. The banners, which were not square and extended like ours, but drooped in folds, were of amazing richness and elegance; the material being mostly velvet heavily embroidered in gold. Some had poles of solid silver, and there were the always picturesque cresset-lights, also of solid silver. This effective scene showed the Cathedral as it may have been in the old days, when Charles V. and other great personages assisted. As we gazed, the High Mass was proceeding in one of the chapels, and from the organ-loft broke out the strains of a full orchestra—drums and trumpets and psalteries, and all kinds of music! This had a fine effect.

A short winding alley leads into another *Place* close by, which, as it seems to me, always appeals to the most romantic associations. For here we find ourselves before a monument of quite another order, and here have I found myself, as in a dream, about five o'clock of some summer's morning, standing before the grim, gloomy, copper-coloured Hôtel de Ville, full of strange, mysterious associations; a vast, ponderous, solid structure, with its overhanging eaves and open gallery below, and centre block, displaying gilt carvings and scutcheons, and the figure of the patroness of the city, the Blessed Virgin. Some critics have protested against the style, the Renaissance, as being *baroque*, and out of keeping; but there is a harmony in all these varieties. The central scutcheon displays the arms of Charles V.: the Antwerpians are rather proud of having been under the rule of the great Emperor. Here is no childish defacing of such records, as among the French. The stern, solemn building calls up all strange, stirring histories in the most vivid way; we can almost see the yellow jerkins of the soldiery trooping across the *Place*. As this

is a holiday, the whole town pours in, and wanders through its fine old chambers, all splendidly, and even gorgeously, restored. Gloomy enough they are, with the black and massive oaken beams of their ceilings and solid panellings. There is a dim religious light, too, coming through the mullioned panes, and over the panels are frescoes which, though modern, are in a quaint, formal style befitting the place. The burgomaster and councillors sit in massive oaken chairs; their faces would show little alteration from the old Flemish type. Lately, a grotesque, fanciful, bronze structure of great height, a fountain, has been erected in the *Place*, somewhat rude and even barbarous in treatment, and yet harmonising. The old guild houses round, with their "stepped" gables and carvings, are welcome.

The view from the door of the Town Hall, of the triangular *Place*, and of the fine spire close by rearing itself over the old red roofs, is truly picturesque, and has been often painted and etched. This, indeed, is one of the charms of the old quarter of the city: the picturesque fashion in which everything is crowded and blended together, the new and the old, the twisting streets and alleys, the irregular shapes, all angles and corners, to say nothing of the varied tints and colours. Long may the hand of the improver—*i.e.* of the spoiler—be stayed. He has done mischief enough with his new, mean, uninteresting, and yet pretentious boulevards.

The fascinating Cathedral so engrosses the stranger, that the other churches are somewhat overpowered. Yet I doubt if there can be found anywhere a more brilliantly imposing or picturesque interior than that of St. Paul's. This attracted that fine painter, the late David Roberts, who has left a fine picture of the scene. The effect is truly splendid, from the grand spaciousness, and sense of noble proportion, and the rich and varied furnishing. For here are vast altars, black and white marbles, endless oak carvings, gold and silver, rare pictures, stained glass, flamboyant traceries and flourishings, all commingled. Fine "flourishing" statues decorate the columns, standing on flamboyant brackets, with cherubs below; a daring riot of clouds and flying figures crown the altar building—for building it is. How stately the general effect, in spite of this excess of rich detail! Most imposing, too, and boldly prominent, is the range of stalls; amazing, even, the long series of confessionals, running round the church and joined to each other by finely-carved panellings. This pattern I have often met with, in even the most obscure country churches; they are wonderful things; the divisions for priest and penitent being formed by oaken figures—half a dozen or so—in dramatic attitudes, the size of life; the background, seats, &c., being

ated in a lavishly free style. How fine, too, are the gilt gates, lustrades, and railings that we meet with in so many churches, ated in the most correct style! On the whole, for wealth of detail, coration, and fine proportions, there is nothing more satisfactory n this noble fane, where everything is blended and mellowed gether in a rich harmony. St. Jacques, where Rubens lies buried a chapel of his own, is more admired perhaps, but, I think, is erior. Every church has, of course, its show Rubens or Vandykes, ly furnished with their green baize blinds.

In almost every Flemish church, even in the country towns and ages, we are sure to find the strangely florid pulpit, lavishly carved h draperies and umbrageous trees, supported on a group of figures, stair guarded at the entrance by figures of Discretion or Eloquence, nay be. This quaint fancy is deep-seated; we wonder at the azing freedom of the touches, and the prodigies that can be ught in wood, as though it were clay or terra-cotta. It is not, ever, a becoming framework for the preacher, who seems to be in these caprices.

How absurd, by the way, is the popular insistence of guide-ks, to the exclusion almost of everything else, on pictures! As veryone that travelled were an eager art amateur, and went abroad tudy pictures! They must even give us long "screeds" on the wth of the various schools of art, lives of the painters, &c., just they furnish us with histories of the countries visited. These gs are surely out of place, and surely a waste of labour. The rist, hurried and unsettled in mind, is in no mood for such studies. o will not frankly confess that, after all, there is a general same-s in these religious works of Rubens, Vandyke, and others; and t, were they unnamed or unheralded, few would ever have acity or enthusiasm to pause and recognise their merits? The th is, Englishmen have a sort of craze for "checking by alogue." They love to find the number and name in their book, l see that all corresponds; then a "tick" is made, the thing is ne with, and they pass to the next. Anyone who observes the tron with her daughters at the Royal Academy will see that such he process. The really useful and efficient guide-book is yet to found.

I was fortunate enough to witness a brilliant mediæval procession, ich took place lately on a sultry Sunday morning. Everything s "in festival," as it is called; all the streets were swarming with liday folk, who had come from vast distances. The Dutch, French, d Germans had run special trains; the hotels were distended to

bursting-point. The attraction was a sort of pageant or "triumph," a procession, long and elaborate, with cars and fancy dresses, on which vast sums were expended. The book-collector is familiar with certain great "Atlas Folios," in which all the figures and "machines" are engraved in sumptuous style. The present show was a revival of a former successful one, known as the *Landjuweel*, held in the year 1561. Now, as then, this exhibition seemed to be prompted by the numerous great guilds, artistic and other kinds, to which the Flemings are so partial. The whole was "got up" under the direction of the Archæological Academy of Belgium, and its official title was "The cortège representing the solemn entry of the Rhetoricians," who took part in the *Landjuweel* (or "Jewels of the Land"), which would appear to have some connection with the old Guild of Jewellers.

About two o'clock, when all the streets were lined with crowds, the train began to appear. It took nearly two hours to pass by, and was certainly one of the most dazzling and really elegant of such things that could well be imagined. There were some fourteen or fifteen groups, as they might be called, each distinct, and in itself forming an imposing procession. Each represented something allegorical, and was arranged after one general pattern: a long line of trumpeters, "fools," men-at-arms, mounted and on foot, a prince or principal "personage," with fitting attendants, leading the way; the whole winding up with an enormous car of entrancing size and splendour. Each had some fanciful, antique name, such as *La Fleur de Souci d'Anvers*, *La Fleur d'Iris, de Malines*, *Les Œils de Christ de Malines*, &c. This sort of pageant of "cars" and their treatment is a Flemish specialty, and for centuries the natives have taken great delight in such things. Some cities, such as Tournay, have antique vehicles preserved with care and exhibited once a year. On Lord Mayor's Day, it is true, in our city, some rather halting attempts have been made in this way; and our "Sir Augustus" set his property men to work on a late occasion. But in these Belgian towns it is a sort of art, with traditions. Artists of the various academies have designed them, and as they are crowded with figures on stages, there must be, it will be conceived, much mechanical art employed; and on this occasion some architects of reputation helped to furnish the designs.

These structures were, indeed, astonishing, being forty or fifty feet long and as many high; yet they rolled along with an easy, sometimes swaying motion, after the six or eight stout "punches" that drew them. Occasionally, however, some fair *Flamande*, who formed the apex, perched on a beetling elevation, reeled and wobbled, where the

road was uneven, in a fashion that must have brought discomfort suggestive of the great breakers on the coast. One of these cars was an enormous galley, rising high, entirely gilt, its decks crowded with figures. Another was a temple; a third a theatre; a fourth a scene in a forest, in illustration of an old legend. A certain Flemish Princess was shown, kneeling on the steps of a throne, and imploring pardon of the Pope. On others, all the great poets and painters were shown, picturesquely grouped. There was one scene from the story of Quentin Matsys, where the decorations, railings, &c., were ingeniously suggestive of the familiar fountain by the Cathedral. The delicacy and solidity of the work, as well as colouring, were truly remarkable. The costumes of the innumerable figures were astonishing for the beauty of the designs, as well as for the richness of the materials. There was one group arrayed in cloaks and hats of fine satin, rose coloured, set off by white satin vests and trunks. Everything was archæologically correct, even to the bridles of the horses. These, of which there must have been several hundred, seemed to be all *private* nags, instead of what is usually looked for on such occasions—contributions from the circus. These well-shaped, well-groomed creatures lent a refined air. The ladies, too, who we were assured were the wives and daughters of artists, merchants, professors, &c., bore themselves with equal grace and courage. No one in the crowd dreamed of any irreverent jest; the whole was accepted with faith and reverence. I could not but think of our country, where it would be impossible even to conceive of ladies and gentlemen thus mounted and arrayed in fancy dresses parading through a country town. The show, however, was a serious business, and had taken months, if not a year, to get ready. With strange good luck, the weather favoured, in the most delightfully accommodating fashion. I confess, however, that one such "show" which I saw in Bruges some years ago was more effective, though not nearly so pretentious, owing to the wonderful fitness of the scenery—that is, the narrow Bruges streets and their fifteenth-century houses. The faces of the men looked like those of Memling and Dürer.

For yet another charming association, and one which is really unique, we have only to repair to the Friday Market, and find ourselves before a respectable-looking old mansion—the well-known Plantin Museum. Everyone admits the delightful impression that is left by a visit to this place. The bibliophilist has long been familiar with the books and titles, the great missals and office books, which bear the imprint of this great printing firm—dainty works mostly, and finely printed. We enter the house with veneration, as if going to

greet old friends. The common tourist can but stare, though feeling a certain pleasure. I know nothing equal to the calm old-world monastic air of tranquillity of the courtyard; the grey walls and mullioned windows half overgrown with ivy. The architecture, too, of this court—albeit unpretending—has a charm and merits of its own, with busts let into ovals and peeping through the ivy. The interior has often been described—the succession of chambers devoted to the various printing processes, the little foundry where the types were cast, the furnaces, &c., all in their old places; the old solid tables, the compositors' room. Most attractive of all, for its quiet comfortable solitude and tone of peace, is the reader's room or corrector's sanctum. All, however, looked into the court through the leaded panes, with little shutters a foot square, which could be used like blinds. As I said, the tone was like that of a monastery. Everywhere were the portraits of the old printers and their sons-in-law, who were taken into the business. It is, indeed, extraordinary how carefully everything has been preserved, even to the drawings made by Rubens and others, for engraving. The real attraction of the Museum is of a purely technical kind, and would be of the highest interest to the printer and to those skilled in the details of printing.

In these old towns the very hotels seem to be monuments, and to enjoy a permanence like other monuments; such is the *Grand Laboureur*, in the Place de Meir, which was receiving guests in the last century. It is the same in Frankfort and most of the German towns.

With our devotion to art, it is strange to find in these provincial cities a more sumptuous recognition of art than is found in London. Here we find the Museum of Pictures, a splendid, enormous pile, monumental in character; its vast halls filled chiefly with Flemish masterpieces, ancient and modern. Space here seems to be *ad libitum*. There is lavishness in the arrangements, the number of attendants, the sumptuousness of the accessories, that does honour to the Burgomaster and his Echevins. The modern Flemish artists seem to delight in enormous canvas and gigantic groups, which suggest scenes rather than pictures.

Such, then, is a view of this old city, conceived in a sympathetic spirit. The recipe may be applied with profit and pleasure to nearly all cities of this pattern. Of this we may be sure; no mere bird of passage, or travelling tourist, can hope to know the secret of a city; residence for a few days, at least, and familiarity with the scenes are necessary.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

THE ROYAL HOUSE OF STEWART.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.

JAMES IV., cut off through his own rashness at the comparatively early age of forty-two, was succeeded by an infant not eighteen months old. Various reasons combined to restrain the Earl of Surrey from following up his brilliant victory. His own losses had been very severe. The Scottish people, besides, had been opposed to the war, and the King had sufficiently expiated his headstrong folly. It was also assumed that Margaret, the Queen-mother, would be naturally well disposed to friendship with England; but, unfortunately, the hot Tudor blood impelled the sister of Henry VIII. into a hasty marriage with Douglas, Earl of Angus, by which her influence was greatly diminished, if not entirely destroyed. It proved to be an untoward union, though so far memorable that it led to the birth of Lady Mary Douglas, who, in the fulness of time, became, by her marriage with the Earl of Lennox, the mother of the ill-fated Darnley. The insolent airs of superiority displayed by Angus disgusted the Scottish nobility, who invited John, Duke of Albany, whose father had been banished in the reign of James III., to come over from France and accept the Regency. Albany's unfitness for that difficult post was soon made manifest. His habits were dissolute, his disposition weak and capricious, his courage open to suspicion. He was averse from steady application to official duties; his manner was haughty and supercilious towards his equals; and his severity in dealing with acts of violence brought upon him the vindictive resentment of the unruly barons. From first to last his administration was a failure. In 1524 Albany finally withdrew from Scotland, painfully convinced of his incapacity to contend against the combined lawlessness and venality of the nobles.

No serious obstacle now stood between Queen Margaret and the possession of supreme power, except her own unbridled passions. With insensate fatuity she took to worshipping a new idol in the person of a mere youth named Henry Stewart, a younger son of

loathing for his society that she steadfastly refused to fulfil her engagement. With or without reason Darnley attributed her refusal to the counsels of one David Rizzio, an Italian musician of low origin, whom Mary employed as her French secretary and confidential agent. He accordingly took counsel with James Douglas, Earl of Morton, Lord Ruthven, George Douglas, Morton's illegitimate brother, and some other personages of note, in order to be avenged on his supposed rival. The murder of Rizzio is an incident too well known to be again described. Terrified at the possible consequences to himself, Darnley basely turned upon his accomplices and denounced them to the Queen, in whose company he fled from Holyrood House to Dunbar. Morton, Ruthven, and the other principals in the plot therefore fled into England, when Mary recalled, with promise of pardon, Murray, Glencairn, Argyle, and the other lords who had taken part in the Run-about Raid directed against the Queen and Darnley shortly after their marriage. Three months after the assassination of Rizzio—or on June 19, 1566—Mary was delivered of a male child, afterwards James VI., but not the less did she cherish vindictive feelings against her unworthy and treacherous husband. Generally discredited by his betrayal of his accomplices, Darnley's most bitter enemy at this time was James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, a man of reckless daring in his youth, and still barbarous and dissolute above his fellows. Mary appears to have been irresistibly drawn towards this profligate being, who urged her to procure a divorce from Darnley. In this he was supported by Murray, Morton, and Maitland; but on her declining to follow this advice Bothwell determined upon removing by violence the only obstacle, as he believed, that stood between himself and the Queen. Neither Morton nor Maitland of Lithington would have anything to do with this odious business without a warrant in the Queen's own handwriting, which, of course, was not forthcoming; and there is no reason to suspect Mary of consenting to the deed, of which she may possibly have had no previous information. Whether or not Mary was privy to the death of her husband is one of those secrets which will probably never be revealed on earth, but she could not have been more cruelly punished had her guilt been conclusively proven. As the conventional schoolboy is supposed to know, Darnley was blown up by gunpowder secreted for that purpose in the cellars of the Kirk-of-Field, a religious building a little way outside the walls of Edinburgh. For this outrage Bothwell was subjected to a mock trial and acquitted as a matter of course, seeing that his retinue consisted of

5,000 armed retainers. Shortly afterwards he seized possession of his Sovereign's person, though with much seeming reverence, and conducted her to Edinburgh Castle, where, on May 15, 1567, Mary gave him her hand in marriage—the murder of Darnley took place on the previous February 9. She had exchanged a bad husband for a worse, and had tarnished her name beyond all hope of restoration. The nobles were indignant, and presently banded themselves together to rescue their Queen and their country from the shameless tyranny of this debauched murderer. The Queen in person marched against the confederated lords, whose forces she encountered on Carberry Hill, near Musselburgh. The Royal army disbanded without striking a blow. Bothwell fled to Dunbar, and passes beyond our scope, while Mary surrendered herself prisoner to Kirkaldy of Grange. During her confinement in Lochleven Castle the regency of her kingdom was committed to the strong hands of her half-brother, who was unable, however, altogether to suppress faction. The Hamiltons and other malcontents gradually framed themselves into a Queen's party, and on her romantic escape from Lochleven rallied to her side in considerable force. Numbers were in their favour; but military skill was entirely with their adversaries. A fierce conflict took place at Langside, and at a convenient distance Mary beheld the entire rout and dispersion of her adherents. All was lost—not even honour excepted. Mary recognised the utter hopelessness of her cause, and rode away sixty miles without resting until she reached the frontiers. From Dumfries she might have crossed over to France and abided her time, but her heart failed her. Her mind may have been weakened by all she had passed through in the brief space of fifteen months since the murder of her husband, Lord Darnley. In any case she was for the moment weary of the unequal contest, and thought only of personal safety and temporary refuge. She took refuge in Carlisle, and from that instant became the prisoner and ultimately the victim of her unrelenting rival. At one season, indeed, Elizabeth was disposed to set her free, but only in the belief that she would be put to death by her own subjects. The failure of that vile plot confirmed Elizabeth in her resolution to get rid of Mary by any means that presented themselves. She would have been pleased at heart had Mary in despair committed suicide, for there is truth in the Persian apophthegm that while ten dervishes can sit on the same carpet, there is not room for two kings in a kingdom. England was all too small to contain two rival Sovereigns. Goaded by her manifold sufferings, and exasperated beyond the bounds of prudence by the inhuman treatment to which

she was treacherously subjected, Mary felt justified in plotting the overthrow of Elizabeth. During her long confinement her religion may have become a fanaticism. She may have deemed it her duty beyond all things, and at every risk to herself, to restore the Roman Catholic worship throughout England, and perhaps subsequently throughout Scotland. She knew that she could depend upon Rome for supplies of money. She had reason, moreover, to expect material assistance in men and arms from France and Spain. She may have trusted overmuch to the co-operation of the English Catholics, who, loving their Protestant Queen but little, loved a foreign domination still less. Closely watched, Mary's knowledge of what was passing beyond the walls of her various prisons must have been necessarily imperfect and fragmentary. That she was enabled to keep up such a constant correspondence with and through her agents denotes a wonderful combination of masculine energy and female cunning. Her death became indispensable to Elizabeth, who could plead the tyrant's plea—necessity. The rivalry ceased on February 8, 1587. No martyr dying for his religion could have made a more edifying end. Mary had long since made her peace with her own conscience. She may perchance have deemed that she had worked out her purgatory on earth. More likely still, that which she did amiss may never have left a lasting impression, for was she not a Sovereign by right divine? Above all, was she not a Stewart, and therefore a peculiar and privileged being?

James the Sixth of Scotland, the First of England, in many respects the most despicable of the Royal Stewarts, was the first to die what is called a natural death. This singular piece of good fortune was due to no merit of his own, but solely perhaps to his accession to the throne of England. At that period the English were decidedly more humane and civilised than the Scotch, their greater refinement being specially observable among the nobility and landed gentry. Had he been brought up in the southern kingdom, James would have been spared the indignity of the Raid of Ruthven, and the personal danger he encountered through the violence of the Gowrie conspirators. It is worthy of remark that in his hand-to-hand struggle with young Ruthven in Gowrie House James seems to have shaken off his natural timidity, and to have displayed commendable resolution and self-possession. It may have been only an access of the courage of despair; but it is only fair to remember that on two occasions he took the command of an expedition organised for the suppression of baronial feuds, and bore himself in a creditable fashion, though no opportunity occurred for

the manifestation of actual valour. His voyage to Denmark, undertaken in stormy weather, in quest of a wife, may also be held to indicate a certain victory over his habitual shrinking from any risk that could be avoided only at the cost of dignity and honour. Born on the 19th June, 1566, James was crowned King of Scotland in July of the following year. At a very early age he showed his addiction to favourites, beginning with Esme Stewart of Aubigny, whom he created Duke of Lennox, a young man of colourless character. About the same time James fell under the influence of another adventurer of a different type. Captain James Stewart, created Earl of Arran, was utterly unscrupulous, bold in bad deeds, surpassing even his Royal patron in duplicity, and respecting no consideration save his own immediate benefit. It was he who brought about the execution of Regent Morton, but was at length driven from power by the nobles whom in his prosperity he had despoiled of their estates and banished from the kingdom ; and in the end was slain and beheaded by Morton's nephew. There was nothing extraordinary in this summary act of vengeance. So anarchical was the condition of Scotland during a considerable portion of this reign that Fraser Tytler, a careful and conscientious writer, who never condescended to aim at effective narrative, felt himself justified in depicting the situation in the darkest colours. "Ministers of religion were murdered ; fathers slain by their own sons ; brothers by their brethren ; married women ravished under their own roof ; houses with their miserable inmates burned amidst savage mirth ; and the land so utterly wasted by fire, plunder, and the total cessation of agricultural labour, that famine at last stalked in to complete the horrid picture, and destroy by the most terrible of deaths those who had escaped the sword." James had not been prepared by his education to deal with a state of things that demanded a masterful spirit, exceptional promptitude and energy, and a clear insight into men's motives and character. To not one of those qualities could he justly lay claim. He had been trained by George Buchanan, the worst historian and the most elegant Latin scholar Scotland has yet produced, as though he were intended to figure in the world as a Scotch "dominie." His erudition was that of a pedant. Naturally fickle and capricious he was also a proficient in dissimulation which, in combination with supreme self-conceit, he mistook for kingcraft. Although both of his reputed parents were endowed with exceptional physical beauty, James was not only plain but positively ugly. He walked with a shambling gait, and was so weakly planted on his feet that he had a repulsive habit of

throwing his arms round the person nearest to him and of leaning upon his shoulder. He had large eyes that would roll about with a puzzled expression, a scanty beard, and a tongue too large for his mouth, so that he slobbered when in the act of drinking. His skin was soft, but he never washed his hands beyond rubbing the tips of his fingers upon the wetted end of a napkin. His manners were disgustingly familiar. His curiosity was insatiable. His ideas were nasty, nor was he ashamed to speak of things that would never enter the mind of a true gentleman. He dressed shabbily, adhering always to the same fashion, and wearing a suit of clothes day after day until they were quite worn out. In eating he was tolerably abstemious, and cared nothing for nicety or variety of dishes. He was partial, however, to heady wines and strong ales, though being a steady soaker, he never lost his self-control as a man would do who gave way only to occasional excesses. He pretended to wit, and sometimes succeeded in being humorous, his jests receiving point from the gravity of their delivery. His addiction to oaths and curses may have been partly due, like his stuttering, to his nervous temperament, while not a few of his defects and imperfections may have been accentuated, if not entirely caused, through the murder of Rizzio in the presence of his pregnant mother. He was a believer in witchcraft, and took pleasure in hunting out and torturing reputed witches and warlocks. His faith in second sight was not perhaps extraordinary for the times in which he lived, but he appears to have been superstitious beyond most men. Dr. Hill Burton dismisses him with the remark that he was "the wisest fool in Christendom." Of his folly there can be no doubt, but his wisdom was little removed from mere cunning. On the death of Queen Elizabeth, England was feared and respected by all her neighbours. Within a few years after the accession of James, she was an object of derision to every Government in Europe. His obsequiousness to Spain, his shameless desertion of his own daughter and of her husband Frederick, the luckless Elector Palatine, his surrender to the Cutch of the cautionary towns for the £250,000 he coveted to squander upon his own ignoble pleasures, his diverting from their legitimate purposes the grants of money voted by his faithful Commons, his abominable selection of such favourites as Robert Carr, Viscount Rochester and Earl of Somerset, and George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham—these and similar causes combined to render the reign of James I. a national calamity, the more so that it lasted from 1603 to 1625. At one time, indeed, there seemed a hope that all might yet be retrieved under his successor, for never was there a more manly, popular,

thoroughly Protestant Prince than his eldest son Henry, cut off by death when barely eighteen years of age.

> Ostendent terris hunc tantum fata, neque ultra
> Esse sinent.

The worst mischance that could possibly have befallen Charles I. was the accident of his royal birth. As a private individual he might have been esteemed as an upright, honourable gentleman, narrow-minded perhaps, but gifted with literary and artistic tastes, an affectionate parent and a devoted husband. On the throne such good qualities as he actually possessed were neutralised and vitiated by his defective education, the unprincipled characters of those with whom he chiefly associated, and, above all, by his absolute selfishness. The low cunning that characterised his father was in Charles developed into an almost incredible disregard for truth and loyalty. Not the slightest value could be attached to his plighted word. He was not less faithless to his friends than he was vindictive to those who opposed him in the exercise of his royal pleasure. He had a more exaggerated notion of kingly prerogative than even his predecessor. Nothing that he did, or attempted to do, could in his eyes be possibly wrong. He might change his opinions and shift from one policy to another, but he would certainly not have acknowledged any alteration in himself. Circumstances might have been modified, but he himself remained ever the same : so, at least, he would have asserted, and probably such was also his belief. He was surrounded by unwise counsellors, whose advice he would follow without judgment or conviction. Next to himself, his worst enemy was his popish Queen, Henrietta Maria. In his early manhood he allowed himself to be dominated by George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and on the assassination of that presumptuous favourite he gradually sank under the influence of his Lord Treasurer Weston, his spiritual adviser Laud, Bishop of London, and Wentworth, President of the Council of the North—the ablest but the most dangerous of the three. These, however, were the most reputable of all those with whom he at different times took counsel. At a later period he fell into the hands of courtiers who subordinated his interests to their own, and cared nothing at all for their country. There were, indeed, a few honourable exceptions, who soon discovered to their cost that they were serving a master ready to sacrifice and betray them without the slightest compunction. His desertion of the Earl of Strafford, his heartless forgetfulness of Archbishop Laud, his shameless repudiation of Lord Glamorgan, indicated a nature wrapt wholly in self, and deterred by principle from no depth of ignominy. Unlike his father

he was personally courageous. He was also kingly in speech and deportment. But it is impossible to accord to him either respect or sympathy. The liberties of the British people could never have been assured so long as Charles I. breathed the breath of life. His death was necessary, not so much in the interests of Cromwell as in those of England. He was no martyr in the conventional sense of the word. He was a witness, no doubt, but only to the just consequences of abusing the power committed to his stewardship. From first to last, aided by flatterers and designing adventurers, he worked out his own punishment, and unhappily his people suffered for his sins as a ruler even more severely than he the prime offender. For four-and-twenty years of humiliation, oppression, and misery, the British Isles endured the sovereignty of Charles I., but after his execution in 1649 there ensued an interval of eleven years, during which the exiled representative of the Royal House of Stewart resided chiefly in Holland and Flanders, with the exception of the brief period that intervened between the landing of Charles II. at the mouth of the Spey and the "crowning mercy" at Worcester, on September 3, 1651.

Notwithstanding his unquestionable ability, the reign of Charles II. is not one upon which Englishmen can look back with satisfaction. His foreign policy was even more degraded than that of James I., while the sale of Dunkirk recalls to mind the cession of the cautionary Dutch towns by his grandfather. Worse even than the temporary obscuration of Great Britain as a European power, was the shocking profligacy of the Court and the consequent demoralisation of the upper classes. The reaction from the intolerable austerity of the Puritans may have worked as much evil as the pernicious example of the Sovereign, and would naturally be more widely influential than the dissolute habits of courtiers and placemen. The favour shown to Papists, the covert leaning of the King towards the professors of the Roman Catholic religion, and the open renunciation of the Protestant faith by the Duke of York, could not fail to create an unhappy schism among a people inclined by temperament and prejudice to prefer Protestantism to Popery. Charles II. cannot, of course, be held in any way answerable for the Plague or for the Great Fire of London, but he might have exhibited greater sympathy for the sufferings of his subjects, nor would it have been unreasonable to have expected, if only a momentary, purification of his Court and capital, and some degree of sobriety in his own person and presence. But Charles II. was essentially a Stewart. He could deny himself nothing upon which he had set his heart.

With all seeming indolence and indifference he could be quite as obstinate as the most self-willed of his ancestors, though he cannot be accused of their cruelty and vindictiveness. As in the case of his grandfather, suspicions of foul play as the cause of his death were widely disseminated among the uncritical and unreasoning multitude, but no tangible evidence has been adduced to warrant a belief in the administration of poison. It was well for England that his discreditable reign was not further prolonged. The bigotry of James II. had at least the merit of bringing to an issue the struggle between despotism and liberty, between Romanism and the principles of the Reformed religion.

Before all things James II. was a religious fanatic. To accomplish the restoration of the supremacy of the Roman Catholic religion throughout the British Isles, he was prepared to abase the position of England as a European Power to a point lower than it had reached under either his brother or his grandfather. Could he have gained his point through the obsequiousness of the House of Commons and the subsequent acquiescence of the nation, he would have broken the French yoke from off his neck, and allied himself with Spain and Holland with a view to place salutary restrictions on the overweening arrogance of Louis XIV., and to maintain the balance of power sorely disturbed by that monarch's too successful ambition. A spirited foreign policy, however, would have implied the suppression of internal liberty. A comparatively large standing army, coupled with the abolition of the Habeas Corpus Act, would have converted the British Government into an arbitrary despotism, envenomed by religious intolerance. Of the two evils the lesser was the corruption of the courtiers and the upper classes, so long as the bulk of the population remained faithful to Protestant principles and asserted its inalienable right to freedom of thought and speech. For a time, no doubt, individual liberty and national independence suffered dim eclipse ; but happily those evil days were shortened, and when the reaction came the people sprang back from the bent and spiritless attitude to which they had been bowed down to the upright and manly demeanour of the freeborn subjects of a Constitutional Government. James II. resembled his ancestors in their impatience to await the gradually undermining processes of time. He was the creature of his own impulses. He was besides innately addicted to cruelty. When still Duke of York he derived a ruthless pleasure from the persecution of the Scottish Cameronians, and is reported to have looked on with severe serenity at the infliction of torture, especially that of the boot. He had the feelings of a Spanish

ncredible that even a Stewart, and the worst and dullest of
rts, should have thought that the first duty, not merely of
ubjects, but of all mankind, was to support his rights ; that
en, Germans, Italians, Spaniards, were guilty of a crime if
not shed their blood and lavish their wealth, year after year,
ıse, that the interests of the sixty millions of human beings
peace would be a blessing were of absolutely no account
npared with the interests of one man." Such he was in
n he ascended the British throne, such he was in 1701
exile and smitten with paralysis he quietly passed away—
unconscious of Louis XIV.'s idle and ill-advised recog-
his son James as King of England, Scotland, and Ire-
ad he not been a Stewart, James II. might have been a

Prince so impulsively recognised by Louis XIV. is best
the Old Pretender. He was a babe in arms at his father's
from his ancestral dominions, and, like so many of his
nly a boy of thirteen when acclaimed at St. Germains
eat Britain and Ireland. The Chevalier de St. George,
ısually styled, was on the death of Queen Anne refused a
terview by the very monarch who had been the first to
ge his title to the English throne. In the following year,
e landed at Perth and joined the insurgents under the
r, but his presence failed to excite the enthusiasm of the
rs. He was slow of speech and reserved in manners, while
ve bigotry recalled to mind the gloomy fanaticism of his
e had, besides, no heart for the desperate enterprise he
taken, and when it was rumoured that the Duke of
s at hand, he was seen to shed tears. His first thought,
r his own safety. Avoiding the public road he secretly
waterside under Mar's guidance, and leaving his followers
e made good his escape to France. Shortly afterwards, he
elled to leave that country, where he was denied further
, and transferred his residence to Italy. His marriage, in
the Princess Maria Clementina, grand-daughter of the
hn Sobieski, the deliverer of Vienna, was attended with
circumstances, but its only noticeable result was the birth of
Charles Edward, the Young Pretender, and Henry Bene-
e of York and a Cardinal of the Church of Rome, who
accepted from George III. a pension of £4,000 a year
serious diminution of his revenues through the French
n. Cardinal York died peacefully in Rome, in 1807, in

the eighty-third year of his age. His father, the Chevalier de St. George, also died in Rome, in 1765.

A few lines are due to the strange career of Charles Edward, the last of the legitimate branch of the Royal House of Stewart, and who combined in his own character most of the bad qualities of his race. Born in Rome, in 1726, Charles Edward was barely twenty-four years of age when he landed at Moidart, and shortly afterwards raised his father's standard in the secluded vale of Glenfennan. To judge this mad enterprise aright it is necessary to dispel the glamour with which it has been invested by the genius of the great Wizard of the North. The early successes achieved by the young Prince were entirely factitious. The bulk of the Scottish as well as of the English population had become thoroughly well disposed towards the House of Hanover. The rash valour of the Highland clans was vainly opposed to the steady discipline of regular troops. Besides, the very constitution of the clans was prejudicial to sustained harmony and concerted action. Dissensions arose after the first petty triumph, while the first touch of adversity was sufficient to destroy all unity of purpose. The Young Pretender himself was a dashing soldier, but of generalship he had not the slightest idea. Neither would he listen to the advice of his most experienced officers, who urged a resolute and rapid advance into England, but chose rather to dally in Edinburgh and enjoy the feverish pleasures of his shadowy court. His personal bravery was unimpeachable, but he lacked the qualities of a commander, and was unfitted by even some of the best points in his character to control and weld together the heterogeneous materials that lay to his hand. His misfortunes have naturally excited the sympathy of every generous heart, but it was while lurking in the Highlands that he acquired the vices which wrecked his whole subsequent career. His forcible expulsion from Paris was more disgraceful to the French Government than to himself, though he would have better consulted his dignity had he quietly submitted to the inevitable. His illicit connection with Miss Walkinshaw, who was suspected of betraying the secrets of the Jacobite party to her sister, housekeeper to the Prince of Wales, at Leicester House, destroyed the confidence of his most attached adherents, who besought him to place his mistress in a convent, and in any case to cease to live with her under the same roof. In reply, Charles Edward refused to accept dictation from his subjects and insisted on his right to please himself in such matters. "By what crime, Sir," exclaimed the Jacobite gentleman who had been sent over to remonstrate with the Young Chevalier, "can your family have drawn

the vengeance of Heaven, since it has visited every branch
gh so many ages?" That question might have been asked of
member of the ill-fated house, and it can only be answered by
es at the self-troubled career of each. Gradually, and even
ly, Charles Edward sank into the lowest depths of habitual in-
erance. After his unhappy marriage with the Princess Louisa
miliana, of Stolberg Goedern, better known as the Duchess of
ıy, he did make a feeble effort to escape from his drunken
ses. But it was too late. He speedily relapsed into his previous
dation, and, being deserted by his consort, was glad to pass once
under the influence of his old mistress. It is stated hat in
ıd he was partially reclaimed through her assiduous care and
r nursing. Be that as it may, his death in 1788 left his brother,
nal York, the last representative of the Royal House of Stewart
he grateful pensioner of a Hanoverian King of England.

JAMES HUTTON.

BRAIN-TAPPING.

All men of letters, or of science, all writers well known to the public, are constantly tampered with in these days by a class of predaceous and hungry fellow-labourers, who may be collectively spoken of as the brain-tappers. . . . I do not find fault with all the brain-tappers. Some of them are doing excellent service by accumulating facts which could not otherwise be obtained.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

JOHN BULL is always grumbling. When he does not grumble about the weather, he grumbles about the price of fish, or the vagaries of the County Council. This time there is a chorus of grumblings about the plague of letters inflicted upon him by his friends and admirers. A "quiet worker who now and then publishes a book" complained the other day of "a constant stream of letters from every part of the world. Two or three hours," he remarks, "are consumed almost every morning in answering letters, till really I cannot bear it any longer. There is an unwritten law: could not a paragraph be added that it is not to be considered rude to leave letters unanswered?"

The burden is taken up by Mr. Andrew Tuer, who complains of "the deluge of letters." Andrew Lang raises the bitter cry of the literary gent, and Professor Huxley declares letters the bane of his life. "Many people," he says, "appear to have the notion that I am proprietor of a moral and intellectual dry goods store, and can provide them at once with an opinion on any topic that interests them from my extensive warehouses. I ought, no doubt, to feel the delusion an honour; but, as a fact, it is a dire oppression, and many a time makes me wish I had early recollected that wisest of saws, *Bene qui latuit bene vixit*, and never put my name to a line of print."

The grievance of heavy letter-bags is not confined to authors. The Lord Mayor receives not less than 30,000 letters in the course of the year, whilst Mr. Spurgeon is reported to have had as many as 500 a day. Dr. Parker complains that he is pestered with letters from all sorts of people on all conceivable subjects. Popular clergymen, also, seem to be badgered quite as much as authors. Canon Liddon was killed by correspondence; at least, he wore himself out

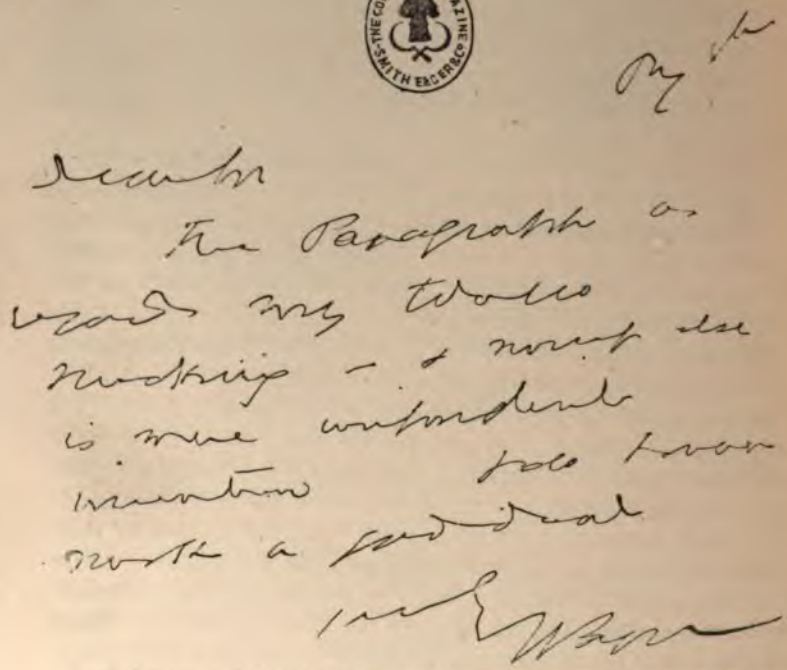
by trying to answer the piles of letters daily inflicted upon him by thoughtless admirers. The complaint is chronic, but clergymen ought to console themselves by the thought that they only get a ripple of what comes like a wave upon editors and Members of Parliament.

Among statesmen, Mr. Gladstone has probably the heaviest letter-bag, but he never opens it himself. That task is undertaken by some member of his family, only one-tenth of its contents being seen by the "Grand Old Man" himself; but the replies to this small proportion make a serious inroad upon his time; for the veteran letter-writer scorns the aid of such labour-saving devices as shorthand and type-writing.

Authors in the front rank are equally bombarded with letters, which may be divided roughly into four classes: requests for opinions on some question, appeals for money or autographs, and introductions to editors. The man who wants opinions about public questions should never trouble authors. Rather should he apply to Mr. McDougall or Sir Wilfrid Lawson, or to some of the many professional agitators. Among men who live by their pen, I know but one who takes the slightest interest in social or political questions. Authors really haven't time to study questions of the day, even if they had the disposition. Week in, week out, from morning to night, they are incessantly in the shafts grinding out copy for an insatiable public. As a rule, they are nervous, irritable creatures; for the literary treadmill makes havoc with their digestion, and the sorrows of their calling are neither few in number nor small in their results. So far as public questions are concerned, they are hardly better informed than Dante Gabriel Rossetti. During the French Revolution one of his friends burst into Rossetti's studio with the incredible news, "Louis Philippe has landed in England." "Has he?" said Rossetti calmly; "what has he come for?"

Brain-tapping met with more success in the good old times, when leisure was abundant. Southey, for instance, answered every letter by return of post, though this good man grumbled at the price he had to pay for his popularity. Miss Mitford followed the same rule, and so did genial Charles Lamb. But modern authors bear a bad reputation as correspondents. Thackeray wrote few letters, and Tennyson none. Browning suffered less persecution than the Poet-Laureate, but did not ignore all letters. Carlyle hated writing, and therefore wrote few letters. On the other hand, Oliver Wendell Holmes answers nearly every letter that finds its way to his desk. But the prince of correspondents was Charles Dickens, whose kind-

ness to inquirers was unbounded. Equally kind-hearted Mr. James Payn used to be, but the pressure upon his time has compelled him to relinquish letter-writing. Occasionally, however, he is tempted to contradict a false rumour, as in the following case, which refers to an attack upon his smoking proclivities :



Mr. Payn will hardly deny that he writes a shockingly bad hand, nor will the public be surprised to hear that he recommends authors to have their manuscripts type-written before troubling editors with them.

What is the practice of French authors? Zola answers few letters ; Daudet none. "Never answer letters, whether signed or unsigned," is the advice of Georges Ohnet. "If you place yourself on a footing to keep up a correspondence with the inquisitive, the idle, and the frivolous, your time and energy will be spent in a useless bout. If your correspondent should arouse your feelings of delicacy by putting a postage-stamp inside his letter, keep the stamp without remorse, and give three sous to the first blind man you meet in the street." This kind of generosity has been compared to that of the

highwayman, Claude Duval, who pitied the poor so much that he robbed the rich in order to help his unfortunate brethren. But there is really no comparison between the two cases. The author did not steal the stamp; it was sent gratuitously to him by an unknown hand, and he is therefore under no obligation to return it.

What is the remedy for the plague of letters which afflicts everybody? One plan is that which Coleridge adopted of opening none and answering none. If you keep them long enough they answer themselves, was the poet's argument; but even this dreamy philosopher made a few exceptions in favour of his friends. His general rule would, however, be dangerous to apply universally, as it would involve many penalties and inconveniences. An illustration of its penal side comes from a police court, at which a nobleman was fined for keeping four grooms and a gardener without licenses. The exciseman gave evidence that the nobleman had given a lot of trouble through disregard of notices. The magistrates explained that it was the defendant's practice to throw all his letters into the waste-paper basket! Would not this plan commend itself to Mr. Andrew Lang?

In business houses much inconvenience is caused and great expense involved through inattention to letters. The merchant ignores a written application for an order from the manufacturer; the shopkeeper treats the tea-merchant in the same way; and so on through every grade of commerce. This indifference to letters is largely responsible for the existence of an army of travellers who are constantly marching throughout the towns and villages of the United Kingdom, and whose salaries have to be paid by the British public. This side of commercial life deserves more attention than has yet been paid to it; but, in the face of the fearful competition which prevails, it seems hopeless to expect reform. One step in advance would, however, be gained if business men would reply to letters, and reply promptly. The more general adoption of the typewriter, and a more business-like style of letter-writing, would at least enable a busy merchant to clear his table day by day, even if it did not benefit the general public.

In private life, a man who does not reply to his letters is generally considered discourteous by his correspondents. Their view of the matter raises the question whether it is a part of necessary good breeding to answer letters at all. Are we really, in the nature of things, under the obligation to take a piece of paper and write phrases and sentences upon it because it has pleased somebody at a distance to spend his time in that manner?

"It seems to me," replies Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton, "that

people commit the error of transferring the subject from the region of oral conversation to the region of written intercourse. If a man asked me the way in the street, it would be rudeness on my part not to answer him, because the answer is easily given and costs no appreciable time; but in written correspondence the case is essentially different. I am burdened with work; every hour, every minute of my day is apportioned to some definite duty or necessary rest, and three strangers make use of the post to ask me questions. To answer them I must make references; however brief the letters may be, they will take time; altogether, the three will consume an hour.

"Have these correspondents any right to expect me to work an hour for them? Would a cabman drive them about the streets of London during an hour for nothing? Would a waterman pull them, during an hour, on the Thames for nothing? Would a shoeblack brush their boots and trousers an hour for nothing? And why am *I* to serve these men an hour gratuitously, and to be called an ill-bred, discourteous person if I tacitly decline to be their servant? We owe sacrifices—occasional sacrifices—of this kind to friends and relations, and we can afford them to a few, but we are under no obligation to answer everybody."

Apart from the question of courtesy, however, it is good policy to reply to everybody, or, at least, acknowledge receipt of letters. One way of doing this is to type the replies, and to adopt the suggestion of Mr. Andrew Tuer, to begin letters with the signature. What if the signature were illegible? Why not print it at the top of the left-hand corner? Time might be saved, too, by omitting formalities, such as "My dear sir" and "Yours truly," which are meaningless phrases. Reform is certainly needed in the treatment of correspondents, and the shortest way out of the difficulty is the introduction of the typewriter into the family circle. This would help to solve the problem "what to do with our daughters," and enable a busy man to keep pace with his work, as well as keep in touch with his friends who are anxious about his health and want to know whether he likes sugar in his tea or likes his wines mixed, or whether he smokes "Latakia" or "Bird's Eye."

The "genial Autocrat" refers to *some* brain-tappers as doing excellent service by accumulating facts which could not otherwise be obtained. An illustration of this truth occurs in "Study and Stimulants," which I had the misfortune to publish a few years ago. I use the word "misfortune" because the book was a failure. Editors of daily newspapers stole all the plums out of it, leaving only the pie-crust, which nobody would buy.

An application of this idea of "brain-tapping" to other questions

has been attempted, but has not met with much success. Nor can success be expected under such circumstances, and under modern conditions of literary labour. It takes an author all his time to grind his own corn without troubling himself about other people's; and, however good-natured he may be, he finds it hard to combine courtesy with sincerity in replying to appeals for money or writing opinions concerning manuscripts. The answer of Théophile Gautier is, therefore, the answer of all authors to unknown correspondents: "You must not ask a carpenter to plane planks to amuse himself."

A. ARTHUR READE.

EVERY-DAY ATHENS.

FASTING has been, and is, considered by some people to exercise a certain alterative effect over the juices of the body, whereby the soul becomes freed to a certain extent from the grosser influences of the flesh and more appreciative of the beautiful, no matter what form it assumes.

Supposing this theory to be correct, we were—whether voluntarily or not is beside the question—undoubtedly going to work the right way to become ardent admirers of Athens—of that city where the colours of nature and art vie with each other to produce the finest effect in the picture as a whole.

We had arrived early one morning at the Piræus in an Hellenic steamer from Syra, and feeling that after a very stormy night at sea one would have every right to claim a breakfast rather more substantial than a Greek one—a very small cup of black coffee and a glass of water—which was the only sort of apology for a breakfast to be obtained on board, we had suddenly resolved upon walking to Athens, some five miles distant, and breakfasting there at any English or French restaurant which we might happen to come across; for at this period our knowledge of Modern Greek *of any kind* was so literally *nil* that to obtain food of any sort it would have been necessary to go through a series of unstudied *tableaux vivants.*

Nor was this plan by any means a bad one, for on a first visit to Athens, by walking or driving from the Piræus instead of taking the quicker *sithirothromos** (railway) you gain more time to absorb and assimilate the beauties of the exquisite panorama which lies unfolded before you, and which, in all seasons—in fair and in foul weather—resembles nothing and no other place but itself. No, *not* even Edinburgh!

It is a walk in which there is but little danger of losing your way; with the mighty landmarks of the Acropolis and Mount Lycabettus to indicate the whereabouts of both the Ancient and Modern quarters of the town, a map is hardly wanted, and the attention can be directed to the thousand and one objects around one that clamour for a glance.

* The Greek words in this article are for the most part spelt phonetically.

The road from the Piræus, which, in the height of summer is almost ankle-deep in white dust, passes on its way to the capital through the Eleusian Groves, where a glimpse is caught of the course of the Ilissus, a narrow stream, generally dry or semi-dry, unless in the rainy season. The traffic along this road is considerable: officers driving out on business to and from the Port in their uniforms, much like those of the French, strings of mules and mule-carts carrying produce from the various markets, and wayfarers in nondescript dresses which it would require a thorough knowledge of the Greek Isles and Provinces for miles round to assign to their proper localities, all come and go deliberately; no signs of the high pressure of modern life hereabouts, unless exception is taken to the presence of the railway near at hand, which makes its way through groves of olives, vineyards, and aloe hedges to the station of Phaleron, the great bathing resort of Athens in the summer time. This absence of *rush* is most strikingly manifest in even the principal streets of Athens: in this respect it resembles a county town; and in much the same way as a wayfarer on entering a county town receives vivid impressions of all sorts of trivialities, so would he, arriving by the Piræus Road, find himself engaged in some absurd little speculation of which he is ashamed when he realises where he is, and what castle in the air it is that is so intensely outlined against the sky. On entering a London suburb, the spirit of London meets you, takes possession of you, and hurries you on in thought to meet the millions in its bosom; on entering the outskirts of *Athens*, it is the Spirit of the Past which you encounter, and which carries you back so far that the wearied mind turns and reposes in the present, in keeping with the things animate and inanimate in its vicinity.

However, it must not be deduced from this externally placid aspect of the city that its inhabitants develop the same characteristic, beyond the fact of their moderate capabilities for work, for probably to no other nation in Europe would they yield the precedence in their extraordinary fire of speech and vigorously dramatic gestures—their language and their temperament lend themselves to the display of an unstudied oratory, which, from the very fact of its being natural and unacquired, has all the greater potency.

Pity it is that such a gift should not be more fully used for the advancement of the nation and the diffusion of knowledge, instead of being, as in most instances, expended in discussing questions of paltry party politics, in which names and intrigues hold a higher place than principle.

Politics are the passion of all classes in Athens, and indeed

throughout Greece generally; they form an inexhaustible topic of conversation amongst this democratic people, of which they never weary, but which is so confined and restricted to local names and ambitions that it requires a long residence amongst them to be able to comprehend the drift of their discussions as to the qualifications or disqualifications of *Kirios* (Mr.) —— to receive their votes, or as to the merits or demerits of a Delyannis or a Tricoupis.

To further fully comprehend this excessive appetite for all that bears directly or indirectly upon the *eklogai*, or elections, it must be remembered that Athens is the forcing-house of numerous papers, the greater portion of the subject-matter in which is directed to political matters; also, that there are very few Greeks who have not a *personal* interest, if not for themselves, yet for a connection, in which party shall secure office.

This phase of the Athenian, as well as national, life is brought strongly to notice at any of the numerous *kapheneia*, or coffee-houses, that are entered. These places of refreshment, which are enormously patronised by the Greeks, are almost exclusively reserved for the consumption of the tiny cups of black coffee, either very sweet, sweet or unsweetened, which are served to the customer with a glass of cold water, from which he takes a sip to cleanse the palate, preparatory to disposing of the little cupful and a cigarette. The Athenian, generally speaking, is strongly addicted to cigarette smoking, and with the aid of tobacco in this form, and coffee or mastic or raki, is always ready for his politics or a quiet game of dominoes. At certain hours of the day, these *cafés* are crowded to repletion, and present a picture of quiet enjoyment, comfort, and cleanliness that the oleograph portraits of the Royal Family of the Hellenes, always present in *cafés* and restaurants in this part of the world, survey from their position "on the line" of the surrounding walls; other works of art and *fancy*, usually visible in these resorts, are wondrous creations, which apparently represent the latest efforts to attain the ideal, in the form of presentments of Turkish *houris*, whose plump, well-fed bodies are almost caricatures to a Western eye, so obtrusively obese are they.

The Athenians, it must be admitted, have every right to be proud of their *xenothocheia*, both on the score of comfort and of reasonable charges, for even the most rigid student in the science of economy could hardly find fault with a tariff which, to begin at the respectable but not aristocratic class of restaurant, would provide him with a plain dinner of soup, fish, roast, salad, a bottle of wine, and table accessories, for a sum rather below than over a shilling of our English money. Nor would this low charge necessitate his entering

any place where unclean linen or objectionable society might make themselves unpleasantly apparent; on the contrary, he would find table-cloths of an immaculate whiteness, and nothing more offensive in the shape of fellow diners than perhaps an aristocratic-looking peasant in his handsome national costume of the *foustanella*, and the deportment and equanimity of whom would be by no means affected by the—to him—unaccustomed splendours of pier-glasses, knives and forks. Not that it is suggested that he, as well as other diners in such resorts may not indulge in certain eccentricities at the table, but that such deviations from our usual gastronomic routine would not jar on the average Englishman's susceptibilities any more than conduct to be witnessed at higher-class establishments.

A most striking feature in these restaurants, and indeed in all other business resorts, no matter what trade they may carry on, is the complete effacement of women—they are literally not to be seen, and but rarely in the streets, except at certain hours, or when unavoidably forced out by the exigencies of work. To see the fair Athenians, it is necessary to look above the shops, where they may be perceived sitting at their windows, working or gazing at the passers-by below, who pursue their ordinary avocations with apparently no desire or even thought of the loss of beauty their otherwise richly adorned capital can proudly claim.

So much indoor life and want of exercise is probably responsible for the prevalence of a sometimes far from graceful *embonpoint* amongst the Maids of Athens, but even this is not a fault in the eyes of their kindred of the sterner sex—a fault! nay, a beauty, from a Greek point of view.

The street life and scenery of Athens may be broadly divided into two zones: the more ancient quarter lying round and about the hill of the Parthenon; and the modern, with its broad streets, Parisian-like in aspect and design, nestling at the base of Lycabettus, crowned by its white chapel of St. George.

The absence of bustle noticeable in the streets of Athens, and due in part, as mentioned above, to the temperament of its occupants and other causes, is fully made amends for to the artistic eye by the variety, and one is tempted to say splendour, of the dresses and bearing of the pedestrians. Colour, design, form, all lend themselves in a willing co-operation to adorning and embellishing the life that stirs and has its being beneath a sky whose unclouded brilliancy would at times seem to be carved out of the blue splendour of the gold-streaked labrador stone. The one colour that is rarely to be met with in this sun-bathed spot is the fresh, moist green of the

o Père la Chaise in its general plan and design, but
nens of modern sculpture. It has been a languidly
on whether it is permissible for the sculptor, in
from the life, to clothe his creation in the garments
date of such a production, or whether he should
lassical and conventional type of robe used for all
tter what period. Most visitors to this cemetery
n the ocular demonstration afforded here by various
narble, be tempted to agree with the numerically
o hold the latter of these opinions, and will be even
ressed by the *vulgarity* that such an adherence to
fashion produces, when faithfully delineated in all
te marble.

a slightly abstruse subject, let us, as a preliminary
ne of the principal streets of Athens, imagine our-
inus of the Piræus railway, which, oddly enough, is
ce from an artistic point of view in its proximity to
d numerous other towering monuments that signa-
b show the march of time. So engrained are these
e life of Athens—so much are they a portion of the
ace—that when modern progress and its achieve-
ith its ever-heightening waves against their broad
ut throw the surges back with an accompanying
that only serves to mark the extent of the powers
the Present that here confront one another in
ness.

on runs one of the main streets of Athens, "i othos
prolonged to the Place de la Constitution, meeting at
ts course "i othos Aiolou"; this latter, proceeding
direct line from the Tower of the Winds to the
ρολίας (Place de la Concorde), is one of the main
ns, and carries its blue blood to the village of
wered amidst its olive trees. Hermes Street con-
a of the *Agia Triada*, outside which on various
occasions, groups of small boys may be seen, busily
pe that rouses the bell ensconced in its diminutive
e presume that during the recent elections they were
a short period by their absence; for on occasions
ns are to the fore, the churches become transformed
hs, and the usually presiding priests become part of
ence not gathered together for religious purposes.
communication, like most of the others in this older

portion of Athens, possesses but an apology for a broad, well-laid pavement; indeed, he who walks not warily is liable to be brought to mother earth, not alone by an ill-conditioned footpath, but by the aid, here and there, of a yawning cellar, or sudden step, trying both to the nerves and spinal column.

At the cross roads close to the Bazaar we are in one of the fashionable lounges, where "Young Athens" (and Elderly as well) is in the habit of amusing itself in the approved style of the Parisian *flâneur*.

On approaching closer and yet closer to the Place de la Constitution, our countrymen and foreigners generally, in the season, become noticeable on their way to and fro from such resorts as the Hôtel d'Angleterre or that of the Grande Bretagne, whose substantial fronts combine to form nearly two sides of this square, and those which face the Palace of the Heir-Apparent, who can with but little difficulty transpose himself to the Royal residence, situated directly in front of the termination of Hermes Street.

The ordinary pedestrian has every opportunity of seeing the Royal Family of Greece, who, secure in the loyalty of their people, may frequently be seen walking about the capital in a homely fashion, which is attractive from its absence of affectation.

There is nothing especially noteworthy about the plain white façade of the Royal Palace; the most gorgeous object generally within its vicinity is one of the Royal servants in knee-breeches, which suggest Pall Mall.

A handsome street is the Rue des Philhellènes, which debouches on to the square hard by the residence of the Heir-Apparent; down its centre runs the railway to Phaleron, and, with a train puffing its heavy length along past the trees which fringe its edges and serve to shade the neighbouring handsome dwellings, it has an American aspect, derived from its combined uniformity and utility.

It is pleasant in the cool of the evening to see the orderly crowds promenading, chatting, and scanning one another along this road, whose name recalls the gallant band who bled and fought for Greece —to turn to the Square and see the Athenians pacing backwards and forwards on a constitutional—if they have ever soared to the idea of such an exercise, which, in this case, would necessitate a turn about every hundred yards or so.

As an instance of the social good-fellowship so characteristic of this people, an incident occurs to my mind which, in its simplicity, is somewhat refreshing, and to which one would imagine the life of a city would be antagonistic. Seated on an open-air bench in one

ıe great squares, and delivering oneself to the musings prompted he environment, I was silently presented by a neighbouring ger, with whom I had previously had no conversation, with a chestnut and a *half*, both of which had been carefully peeled ny acceptance. Whatever may be the acknowledged character ıe Athenians or the Greeks in general, this much, as a traveller sojourner amongst them, one may in all truth say, and that is, in Athens, amongst the much-abused Athenians, personally we with no attempt at extortion, or anything but courtesy and kind- s and a keen interest in all pertaining to foreigners and their lands ond the seas; furthermore, a wonderful tact on the part of all sses in helping and concealing any deficiencies in the stranger, ing from want of sufficient knowledge of the language or stoms.

Two other handsome streets which issue into this well-known ıce de la Constitution, and which, running in parallel lines, are ntually received by the palm-adorned Place de la Concorde, are well-known Rue du Stade and Boulevard de l'Université, these) again being on a level throughout their course with the Boulevard l'Académie. All three boulevards are noteworthy from the merous handsome edifices, both public and private, that adorn ir footways. Chief and most important amongst the former is the ouse of the Delegates, situated in the Rue du Stade, and the—of ırse—political battle-ground of the leading Greek statesmen, who ht to the bitter end for their various schemes of Hellenic and Pan- llenic policy, or until commanded to "hold" by such a royal ndate as that which lately called upon Κύριος Delyannis to resign portfolio. Here, in many a sonorous, far-sounding period, is to heard the flower of Modern Greek oratory, delivered in the Hel- ic language with all the fire of gesture and intonation that belong the speakers by right of their descent, and which, in scope of cabulary and harmony, contrasts right royally with the Romaic guage, which is more especially the language of the provinces, nds, and more unlettered Greeks.

These latter, peasants as they are by education and mode of life, ll, in at least one respect, are men of the world, inasmuch as they e everything as it comes—Athenian wealth, magnificence, luxury, not betray them into undignified expressions of surprise, as very en is the way with our country cousins, when they find themselves London. Doubtless, they are more at home in the older quarter Athens, in their chosen marketing haunts around the *agora* ıarket), or at the bazaar; but should they be called to more aristo-

contrasting her claims to our admiration with that other giant of the ancient world—Rome, the City of the Seven Hills—Rome, whose fascinations gather increasing power over the educated mind the more they are scanned and the more familiar they become, yet which labours under the one disadvantage of a site that can in no way and from no point of view present the aggregate of her glories in the unrivalled majesty of plain and temple-crowned rock that meet the eye surveying the shrine of Pallas Athene.

A scene of solemnity and beauty that appeals to the senses of even those who have left unturned the pages of bygone ages, a scene that *per se* satisfies the soul and requires no Roman guide to refer to history in order to explain its loveliness, for its splendours are there before the eye.

NEIL WYNN WILLIAMS.

BENEDICTUS SPINOZA.

1632-1677.

DURING the time of the Thirty Years War, when Roman Catholics and Protestants bore deadly weapons against each other, and flourishing towns and villages in Central Europe were ravaged by a savage soldiery, a true prince of peace in the realm of philosophy, Baruch, or—as he afterwards latinised this Hebrew name—Benedictus Spinoza, was born in Amsterdam on the 24th of November, 1632. He was the only son of highly respectable, though not wealthy parents, who with other coreligionists had fled from Spain to the free Dutch States. In 1492 Spain had expelled 800,000 of her most industrious and intelligent inhabitants; and, as Geiger remarks, "it is more than a mere freak of history that on the day of the expulsion of the Jews from Spain, Christopher Columbus set sail to discover a new world of freedom." Since that day no Jews were allowed to live in the Pyrenean peninsula, unless they accepted, or at least feigned, Christianity. These new Christians or Marranos [1] *i.e.*, the accursed, as they were called, attained high positions in church and state; there were among them canons, bishops, and judges; even members of the royal family were said to have Jewish blood in their veins. Isaac Disraeli, the father of Lord Beaconsfield, in his "Genius of Judaism," tells us a significant story concerning this relationship. When last century the King of Portugal renewed the edict that Jews should wear yellow hats as a badge of distinction, the Liberal Minister, Pombal, who had banished the Jesuits from Portugal, one morning brought three yellow hats into the king's reception-room, and when the astonished monarch asked what they were for, the Minister replied that he wished to execute the royal decree, and, therefore, brought one yellow hat for his majesty, another for the grand inquisitor, and a third for himself, as they all descended from Jews. The Marranos were safe as long as they were not found out, otherwise their lives were forfeited. If the Holy

[1] The word is derived from the expression "maran-atha," in 1 Cor. xvi. 22, where the Aramaic words meaning "the Lord has come" are used in connection with a curse.

Inquisition got hold of them, imprisonment, torture, and the stake awaited them. Their only means of escape was a speedy flight to foreign countries, such as North Africa, Italy, Turkey, and more especially Holland, where they found a new home. The consequence of that barbarous expulsion was that Spain, so richly endowed by nature, lost all commercial, industrial, and political importance; whilst Holland, which shook off the yoke of Spanish oppression in 1572, though naturally poor, attained through the addition of those Spanish immigrants, a high state of power and affluence which to this day bears its rich fruits. No less than four thousand Jewish families of Spanish-Portuguese descent resided in Amsterdam in the seventeenth century. At this time of continental antisemitism and Jew-baiting, it does one good to read of the brotherly feeling that existed between Christians and Jews in Holland two hundred years ago. The former contributed towards the erection of the fine synagogue in Amsterdam, and took part in its consecration in 1675, as if they were coreligionists. Gutzkow, the well-known German poet, extols this brotherhood in his tragedy of Uriel Acosta[1] in these words :

> Well, well, if this free republic of Holland
> Does not hate our people nor cruelly persecute us,
> As in Spain, in Portugal, on the Danube and the Rhine,
> The reason is firstly, I think, because people
> Who like these, honour so much the Bible,
> And draw their faith from that holy fountain,
> Honour us too, who in dark heathen times
> Have kept up burning the sempiternal lamp
> Of the revelation of the only one eternal God ;
> Honour us further as witnesses of promised salvation,
> As descendants of David from whom their Saviour sprang,
> Himself a Jew.
> Secondly, speaks for us in this land of dykes, the blood
> From which sprouted the young freedom of this land.
> For every people that itself has learned
> How heavy the yoke of oppression weighs,
> Will not persecute others from blind prejudice.
> The Dutch beat their chains into swords,
> And to forge, from swords crowned with victory,
> Chains for oppression and slavery, that indeed
> No noble minded people ever will attempt.

Under such auspices the culture, knowledge, and literary activity

[1] Uriel de Costa, a relation of Spinoza, born in Lisbon in 1590, was treasurer of the collegiate church at Oporto, fled with his parents to Holland, where he returned to the ancestral faith ; but being excommunicated on account of his free *thinking*, he shot himself in 1640.

of those Jewish exiles produced many thinkers, theologians, poets, mathematicians, and learned physicians; brought up in excellent schools. The one in Amsterdam, known by the name of Talmud Thora, *i.e.*, study of the law, consisted of seven classes, which led up from the elementary to the highest stages of learning. The subjects taught in the advanced classes were Hebrew grammar, Talmud, and philosophy. To this school Spinoza was sent at an early age, and with his extraordinary mental capabilities he soon became one of its prominent scholars. Gutzkow represents him as a boy eight years old addressing Uriel Acosta, thus :

> Come, uncle, let us draw conclusions,
> Ask questions, I have splendid answers;
> Only the questions I think I yet lack,
> With others they say, it is the opposite way.

Saul Morteira and Isaac Aboab, the Talmudists, were Spinoza's teachers in Rabbinical subjects ; the renowned scholar and writer, Manasseh ben Israel, who in 1656 successfully pleaded before Cromwell for the readmission of the Jews to England after their 400 years' banishment, taught him Hebrew grammar and philosophy. His father, Michael Spinoza, who wished him to study divinity, instructed him in the knowledge of human nature, and showed him not to mistake superstition for solid piety. He once sent him, we are told, when he was yet but ten years old, to collect money which a woman owed him. When the boy entered her room, she was just engaged in saying prayers. She beckoned him to wait until she had finished her devotions. When this was done, Spinoza delivered his message. Having counted the money on the table she took it in her hand and said, "Here is what I owe your father; may you be some day as pious a man as he is ; he has never deviated from the faith, and heaven will bless you if you become like him." Then she was going to put the money in his purse, but discerning in her face features of false piety against which his father had warned him, he put the money on the table and counted it in spite of her remonstrances. He found that two ducats were wanting, which the pious woman had let fall into a drawer through a slit in the table.

Thus the boy grew up the pride of his parents and an honour to the school which equipped him with much knowledge. One subject, however, classic languages, the Jewish youths were not taught, as heathen and christian books were written in them from which it was feared heretic views might be imbibed. Graetz in his "History of the Jews" relates that Moses Zacut, a learned Rabbi of the seventeenth century, imposed upon himself a forty days' fast, because

in his youth he had learnt Latin, "the language of the devil." But Latin was the tongue of the scholars, and no learned intercourse was possible without it. Spinoza felt the want of it, and when his uncle De Silva, a prominent physician, interceded on his behalf, his father allowed him to learn it, for with his great Talmudic knowledge it was thought that Spinoza would not receive any harm from the heathen language, which he then studied under the tuition of Van den Ende, a physician, a linguist, and a freethinker. Spinoza's love affair with Clara Maria, his Latin teacher's daughter, must be relegated to the realm of fiction of which Berthold Auerbach, the novelist and translator of Spinoza's works into German, made good use in his fine psychological novel entitled "Spinoza: a Thinker's Life." Spinoza's love was not to be that of a young lady, but of a higher ideal—that of philosophy. Through the acquaintance of Van den Ende, he was not only brought in contact with classics, but also with prominent scholars of the time. He soon became so efficient in Latin that he could read the works of Cartesius which contained the then dominant philosophy. He also learned Greek, but his knowledge of it was only moderate, as he himself tells us in his theological political treatise (ch. x.).

As Spinoza founded his philosophy upon Cartesius, a few remarks concerning the latter must be made. Cartesius, or Descartes, a Frenchman, born in 1596, resided for a number of years in Holland, and invited by Queen Christine of Sweden, went to Stockholm in 1649, where he died in the following year. He is the father of modern philosophy. According to him there are two substances of which the whole consists, (*a*) extension, (*b*) thought. These form a dualism with two separate essences of mind and matter, which are independent of each other; mind is independent of matter as God of the world; but how do we know that mind or we ourselves exist! Cartesius says by our thinking, or, as he expresses it in a Latin formula which has since become renowned, "cogito, ergo sum," "I think, therefore I am." Thus as we think God, He must exist. Schiller criticises this view in one of his fine epigrams:

MASTER. Cogito, ergo sum: I think and am therefore existing,
If the one be but true, th' other is sure to be so.
DISCIPLE. Well, but who would always be thinking?
Often I was, and thought of nothing at all.

The study of the Cartesian system, more especially of the Jewish Arabic philosophy of Ibn Gebirol 1021–1070, Yehuda Halevi 1086–1142, Ibn Ezra 1088–1167, Maimonides 1135–1204, Gersonides 1288–1345, Chasdai Crescas 1340–1410, made Spinoza a philosopher

of the first rank, who excelled all his predecessors in acuteness and consequence of thought.[1] Graetz justly remarks, "the Jewish race had once more produced a profound thinker, who was destined thoroughly to heal man from his accustomed perverseness and errors, and show him a new way to better understand the connection between earth and heaven, the relation between body and mind. As in ancient times his ancestor Abraham who (according to tradition) destroyed his father's idols, so now Spinoza attempted on the one hand to demolish all idols and delusions before which mankind had hitherto bent their knees in thoughtless fear, and on the other hand endeavoured to reveal a God, not throning in inaccessible heights, but dwelling in man's inner-self. The effect of this revelation, like that of a thunderstorm, was overwhelming and destructive, but at the same time purifying and refreshing."

Let us now cast a glance at Spinoza's philosophy; we do not pretend to give an exhaustive description or criticism, impossible within the limit of an article, but we will give a short sketch of his system which is known by the name of pantheism. Spinoza's deepest philosophic thoughts are laid down in his "Ethics," his chief work, which was only published after his death. It is constructed in a geometrical form, and consists of definitions, axioms, propositions and corollaries. Like a palace built of marble squares hewn and adjusted with mathematical exactness, it stands there erected and demands our highest respect. Every philosopher starts from the origin of things, from the first cause, and asks, what is God? Contrary to Cartesius, who had separated mind and matter as two independent substances, Spinoza conceives the two as one. According to him God or mind is not above, beside or separated from the universe or nature, but in nature.[2] God is the All as the All is God. He is the sum of all, the one and all, the ἓν καὶ πᾶν of Greek philosophy, so that God and the All are one and the same, *i.e.* one substance. The All is the comprehension of mind and matter, or subject and object, which taken together form one perfectly absolute self-sustained substance or true existence. In other words thought and extension are only two particular aspects, or, as Spinoza calls them, "attributes," of the one infinite eternal substance. True, there is an infinite number of attributes in God, but only two of them,

[1] It is the great merit of Joel to have proved Spinoza's indebtedness to the Judæo-Arabic philosophy, which Pollock acknowledges, whilst Martineau makes too light of it.

[2] Spinoza formally distinguishes between "natura naturans," the active substance with its attributes, and "natura naturata," the passive modes or accidents.

thought and extension, are perceivable for man. These two attributes manifest themselves in innumerable modi or accidents which constitute the visible world of phenomena. Thus the three terms substance, attribute and mode, are the three hinges on which Spinoza's system turns. If we now in particular ask, what is the nature of the substance, Spinoza replies, "By substance I understand that which exists in itself and is conceived by itself, *i.e.*, a something the conception of which does not need for its formation the conception of another thing." (Ethics I. Def. 3.) Not limited by either space or time this substance is infinite and eternal, or what we are used to understand by the term of God, which Spinoza defines thus: "By God I mean a being absolutely infinite, *i.e.* a substance consisting of infinite attributes each of which expresses eternal and infinite essence." (Ethics I. Def. 6.) The circumstance that the ineffable holy name of God in the Hebrew Bible expressed by the tetragrammaton Yahvé includes existence and eternity among its foremost qualities, already pointed out by the Jewish-Arabic philosophy, makes us believe that Spinoza made use of this in his definition of God. It will not be out of place to note here that in his theological political treatise, chap. x., he sums up the biblical articles of belief in this way: "There is a Supreme Being who loves justice and charity, all men must obey Him in order to be saved, and worship Him by showing justice and charity towards their neighbours."

The existence of God is demonstrated by Spinoza in this wise. Existence, he says, belongs to God's essence, as necessarily as it follows from the nature of a triangle that its three angles are equal to two right angles, or 180 degrees. We can have of God as clear an idea as of a triangle, but we cannot conceive an image of Him, for He is too great for our conception. We are here reminded of the second Biblical Commandment, "Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image." In a letter to an anonymous friend, Spinoza expresses this further. He writes: "To your question whether I have of God as clear an idea as I have of a triangle, I reply in the negative. For we are not able to imagine God, though we can understand Him. You must also here observe that I do not assert that I thoroughly know God, but that I understand some of His attributes, not all nor the greater part; and it is evident that my ignorance of very many does not hinder the knowledge I have of some." Characterising Spinoza's idea of God, Gutzkow makes the young philosopher, who has plucked some flowers, utter these words:

> The flowers I leave here, they are withered,
> And do you know how I distinguish them,

The flowers there on the stock and the withered ones here?
The former represent ideas, the latter conceptions,
There the creator thinks, here man conceives;
And since the difference is the perfume,
The fresh colour and the living existence,
I call God life and existence;
For without life, without existence,
The flowers here are no more flowers,
The conception only is all that yet remains,
Else they are nothing and quietly they may die.

Let us now ask, what is the relation between the substance and its two attributes, or between God and the world? Spinoza, who, as we have already noticed, considers thought and extension as merely two aspects or manifestations of the substance, answers: Nothing exists which is not in Him; all that happens He causes to be, or, in the words of the Spinozist Goethe:

The Allembracing, the Allsustaining,
Does He not embrace, sustain thee, me, Himself?

Only the forms change; the Eternal, Infinite, is ever the same, or, as our philosopher expresses it under this figure: a colourless object seen through a blue or yellow glass, the object is the same, it only appears in a different light according to the different colour, or, as modern science would say, according to the quicker or slower movement of the air-waves.

But how do we obtain knowledge of the substance and its attributes? Spinoza says: "By our reasoning power, which is man's peculiar endowment, and has its source in a clear and lucid consciousness. In contradistinction to Cartesius, who relies upon thought as our ultimate intellectual tool, Spinoza is more definite, and enthrones reason as the lever by which we can attain the highest knowledge. It is reason which distinguishes a first cause, mind, and matter, which, however, are not so related to each other that mind is the sublimated blossom of matter, or matter a condensation of mind, but they are complements of each other, just as the convexity of a curve corresponds to its concavity. Spinoza's system is therefore neither the subjective idealism of a Berkeley or Fichte, nor the gross materialism of a Hobbes or Buechner, nor much less a kind of atheism, as ignorance and narrow-mindedness sometimes assert.[1] Nay, in uniting thought and extension in one and the same substance, Spinoza's pantheism is a monism, and, in a certain sense,

[1] In *Mangnall's Questions*, a popular school-book, Spinoza is still described on the one hand as having embraced Christianity, and on the other as noted in the world for his atheistical opinions and writings.

[illegible]

[illegible] commanding heights, [illegible] refreshing air. [illegible] from the lofty [illegible] might argue, how can [illegible] substance be frail or [illegible] answer can be given, by [illegible] indestructible. [illegible] states that the [illegible] is to that extent [illegible] infinite intellect of [illegible] remains something [illegible] The modern theory [illegible] followed by Spinoza. [illegible] the sense of the poet's

[illegible] on for ever,
[illegible] have gone, 'twill remain.

[illegible] Spinoza's eternal life is not a continu- [illegible] of existence something which can be realised [illegible] as at any other time and place ; not a future

of the soul's perfection, but the soul's perfection itself. In
inoza agrees with the higher and nobler interpretation of almost
religious systems of the world. Call it life eternal, the king-
f God, wisdom, liberation, or nirvana, the state of blessedness
en revealed by the great moral teachers of mankind as some-
ıot apart from and after this life, but entering and transforming
ıe aftercoming generations of dull and backsliding disciples
legraded these glories of the free human mind into gross
ıical systems of future rewards and punishments." It is note-
in this connection that one of the doctrines of the Talmud,
pinoza had studied so well, is: "Be not like servants who serve
aster for the sake of receiving a reward, but be like servants
ve their master without a view of receiving a reward, and let
rence of heaven be upon you."

world existing from eternity, and determined by the immu-
v of necessity, there can be neither freedom of will nor finality
ose. Concerning the dispensations of God, Spinoza states,
cts merely according to the laws of His own nature and with-
straint, and He is therefore a free cause." With such a view
is irreconcilable, for if God acts for a designed end, it must
rily be for something which He has not, and this is incompa-
th His perfect nature. When Spinoza calls God a free cause,
ns to say that He does not act from choice, for all His works
cessary, and the law of their necessity is the law of His own
i.e., He cannot but act otherwise than as He does act, and His
not spring from design; for where there is no choice, there can
deliberation, nor can there be a desire in a being that embraces
iverse, and is sufficient to itself. (Ethics I., 17, and letter 49.)
us then are freedom of will and the notion of finality phantas-
es of boasting man, who must be shown that the question "for
urpose" has no locus standi. Who would ask, for what purpose
ce two four, or the diagonal line in a square longer than one
ides? Likewise, you cannot ask for what purpose is made a
e necessarily existing from eternity. No, not for what pur-
ut "why"? that is the only legitimate question which demands
wer. It is the law of causality, of cause and effect, that rules
a's system. What happens is done of necessity, and our
are effected by causes over which we have no control. Nor
od and evil objective realities, but merely subjective or relative
n's feeling. (Ethics IV., Preface.) The term evil in parti-
s nothing positive, but a privation, a negatism or non-existence,

as Judæo-Arabic philosophers already explained, and the biblical "Out of the mouth of the Most High cometh there neither evil nor good," may be applied here. In a letter to Blyenbergh, who wishes to know the philosopher's exact view upon this matter, Spinoza writes: "I maintain that God is absolutely and really the cause of all things which have essence, whatsoever they may be. If you can demonstrate that evil, error, crime, and the like have any positive existence which expresses essence, I will fully grant you that God is the cause. I believe, however, to have sufficiently shown that what constitutes the nature of evil, error, crime, &c., does not consist in anything which expresses essence, and therefore we cannot say that God is its cause."

Concerning the passions of hatred, love, anger, &c., Spinoza says that they follow from necessity; he treats them by the same geometrical method as he treated mind and matter, and he considers human actions and desires as if he were concerned with the nature of lines, surfaces or solids. The passions, he demonstrates, belong to human beings in the same sense as heat and cold, storm and rain, belong to the essence of nature. All critics agree that his treatment of the passions from the scientific and physiological standpoint is a masterpiece of psychological analysis.

Although we have no freedom of will, we are still conscious of our actions, as God is of His works. This consciousness, however, is not the motive or cause that leads us. Now, if there is no freedom of will, there can be no responsibility; consequently, how can the criminal be punishable? The man who thrusts the dagger against the breast of the heretic, is he more free than the thrust dagger? Spinoza's reply is to this effect: we must punish the criminal in order—

(*a*) To mete out just retribution to him and prevent him from committing further crimes.

(*b*) To frighten others from doing injury through fear of punishment.

It is the same as when we annihilate beasts or plants injurious to the well-being of man. The judge sentences a criminal to death, not from hatred or anger, but merely from love towards the public weal, which is higher than the interest of the individual, who, if he is a criminal, has neither a legitimate nor true existence, but is a negation. In order then to become worthy of true existence, we must remove from us the passions which spring from confused or false ideas. For our philosopher distinguishes between true or adequate, and false or inadequate ideas, and says, in so far as our mind has adequate ideas

it is necessarily active, and in so far as it has inadequate ideas, it is necessarily passive. (Ethics III., Prop. 1.)

To obtain true ideas we must acquire proper knowledge in order to understand the connection between God and the universe. This knowledge is the highest goal of man. For the more we know God, the more we shall love Him, and with this we have arrived at the celebrated intellectual love (*amor intellectualis*) of Spinoza. (Ethics V. Prop. 32, Corol.) It is interesting to note that Spinoza founds this intellectual love upon Proverbs ii. 5 : "Thou shalt understand the fear of the Eternal and find the knowledge of God." Spinoza renders the Hebrew Daath Elohim, *i.e.*, "knowledge of God," by "love of God," because the root of Daath is the verb yadá, which means (*a*) to know ; (*b*) to love. (Tract Theol.-Pol. IV.)

It is this intellectual love of God which affords man supreme happiness and true peace of mind.

Spinoza's philosophy shows a consequence and consistence of thought, such as has not been attained by many. To those who are armed with the principles of his ethics, the strife between the men of science and the dogmatic worshippers of the letter of the Bible appears as a war of pygmies. For whether the world was created 5,653 years ago, or required 5,000 millions of years to come into existence, whether man has gradually evolved from lower forms, or at once been placed on earth as a higher developed being, is quite irrelevant to a morality and religion which arise from the highest knowledge and the intellectual love of God. With a reconciling voice, Spinoza addresses the contending parties, saying : In the first place seek to rid yourselves of the obnoxious passions, and then endeavour to attain true knowledge, which leads to the supreme love and elevates you to the eternal infinite mind, and thus strive to become as much as is in your power like unto God.

A sketch of Spinoza's system would be imperfect without giving his views concerning the Bible, which brought upon him excommunication and almost a tragic end. The theological-political treatise wherein, as he says, "is set forth that freedom of thought and speech not only may be granted without prejudice to piety and the public peace, but also may not without danger to piety and the public peace be withheld," contains certain discussions concerning the origin and authorship of biblical books. It is the "old story, yet it remains ever new," or in the language of Holy Scripture, "There is no new thing under the sun." Spinoza would not have been attacked and excommunicated on account of his philosophy, but because he doubted the authenticity of the Bible, and more

mankind." The other reason why his coreligionists persecuted noza was his disregard of the multifarious religious ceremonies, his non-attendance at public worship, which without sermon and ms sung to musical accompaniment, appeared to him soulless and ous, and did not satisfy his higher spiritual wants. Two of his ner fellow-students, feigning friendship, approached him with stions to worm out of him heretical opinions. Although he soon id out their evil intentions, and avoided them in consequence, yet had given them sufficient material upon which they founded their sation against him. Summoned before a Rabbinical tribunal of e judges, he appeared and defended himself. At first he was ently treated, and a yearly pension of a thousand florins was n offered him, provided he would not write anything against gion and would attend the synagogue. Having declined their r the lesser ban was pronounced against him, which forbade in- ourse with him for thirty days. Not satisfied with this sentence, of his fanatical accusers waylaid him one evening and aimed a ger against his breast. Spinoza, noticing this in good time, escaped thrust, and only his mantle was cut, which he preserved as a mento. Seeing that his life was not safe in Amsterdam, he re- ved to a Protestant friend in the neighbourhood. He was twice re asked to recant the statements which he had sent in writing to Rabbinical tribunal, but having each time refused, the greater was hurled against him in 1656. On receiving the news he lly said that this compelled him to nothing which he should otherwise have done. Another and more important answer to ban was his second great work, the theological-political treatise, main features of which we have already noticed. One cannot, ever, acquit him of a certain degree of animosity which he showed ein against Judaism. The struggle with the Rabbis had made rather unfair against them, and even led him to an incorrect rpretation of a few passages of the Hebrew Bible.

Yet, though he was expelled from the community of his brethren, never renounced the paternal faith. From the intercourse with friends a considerable number of letters have come down to us, ch not only shed light upon some difficult passages in his works, also upon his character. The correspondence with Oldenburg in don, containing the greater number of letters, is of special interest his connection. Oldenburg, one of the first secretaries of the then ly-established Royal Society, the friend of Milton and Newton, t Spinoza acquainted with the progress of science in England. had asked Spinoza to publish all his works, but was rather

shocked with the outspokenness of the theological-political treatise. He would have liked to convert Spinoza to Protestantism, but the philosopher writes: "I hold that God is of all things the cause immanent, not transient. The supposition of some that I endeavour to prove the unity of God and Nature, meaning by the latter a certain mass or corporeal matter, is wholly erroneous. The doctrines added by some churches, such as that God took upon Himself human nature, I have expressly said that I do not understand; in fact, to speak the truth, they seem to me no less absurd than would a statement that a circle had taken upon itself the nature of a square." Another friend and correspondent, a former pupil of Spinoza, Albert Burgh, who had lately been received into the Romish Church, wanted to convert him to that belief. Spinoza replies, and, among other things, he writes that the number of martyrs the Catholic Church boasted of was no proof of its truth, for other religions had martyrs too. He himself had heard, among others, of a certain Judah called the Faithful, who, in the midst of the flames, when he was already thought to be dead, lifted up his voice and sang the hymn, "To Thee, oh God! I offer up my soul,"[1] and so singing, perished.

Spinoza had finally settled in The Hague, 1670, where he had many influential friends. Here he at first lodged in the house of a widow Van de Velde, where afterwards Colerus, a Protestant clergyman, his first biographer, resided, who, although considering Spinoza a heretic, gave a pretty accurate account of him. Finding that these lodgings were too expensive, Spinoza removed to the house of Van de Spijck, a painter, where he spent the last five years of his life, secluded from the bustle of the world, in the company of his books and tools. He earned a livelihood by grinding and polishing optical glasses, a trade which he had learned in his youth, in compliance with a precept of the Talmud, which enjoins on every man to learn a handicraft. His friends spread his renown, and the great thinker Leibnitz, who had heard of the anonymous author of the theological-political treatise (it had appeared without his name at first), once visited him, and wrote to a friend that Spinoza was a man of universal reading, and especially eminent in optics, and in the construction of fine telescopes. He also attained some efficiency in drawing with ink and charcoal. Colerus possessed a whole book of sketches made by Spinoza, among which were some heads of several influential friends of the philosopher, and one of himself, humorously drawn in the costume of Masaniello (1622–1647), a fisherman and leader of the rebellion in Genoa against the tyranny of the Spanish vice-king, the Duke of Arcos.

[1] The auto-da-fé of this Judah took place at Valladolid, on July 25, 1644.

Spinoza was of middle size, with dark complexion, regular and good features, black curled hair, and lively eyes of the same colour, overshadowed by long dark brows which betrayed his descent from Portuguese Jews. Of a sweet and easy temper, he knew full well how to master his passions and thus practise what he taught. He rarely went out, but would often go downstairs to have a friendly chat with his hosts and the other inhabitants of the house. When adversity or illness overcame them, he comforted and exhorted them to bear patiently what was sent to them for their good by a higher power. He advised them and their children to attend Divine service, and when they came from church he would ask them about the sermon they had listened to. He himself sometimes went to hear Dr. Cordes, a popular preacher. It happened one day that his landlady asked him whether he believed the religion she professed could save her. He answered that her religion was a very good one, she needed not look for another, nor doubt the salvation of her soul, provided she applied herself to piety and lived at the same time a peaceable and quiet life. Although he himself led such a life, he was yet no misanthrope indulging in a selfish pessimism or world-pain (Weltschmerz, as the Germans call it). He tells us (in his Ethics IV., Prop. 45, note) what pleasure is allowed for man. "Assuredly nothing forbids man to enjoy himself save grim and gloomy superstition. For why is it more lawful to satiate one's hunger and thirst than to drive away one's melancholy? I reason and have convinced myself as follows: No deity, nor anyone else save the envious, takes pleasure in my infirmity and discomfort, nor sets down to my virtue the tears, sobs, fear, and the like, which are signs of weakness of spirit; on the contrary, the greater the pleasure wherewith we are affected the greater the perfection whereto we pass; in other words, the more must we necessarily partake of the Divine nature. Therefore, to make use of what comes in our way and to enjoy it as much as possible (not to the point of satiety, for that would not be enjoyment), is the part of a wise man. I say, it is the part of a wise man to refresh and recreate himself with moderate and pleasant food and drink, and also with perfumes, with the beauty of growing plants, with dress, with music, with many sports, with theatres and the like, such as everyone may make use of without injury to his neighbours." His sense of what is just and fair is seen at the death of his father, when his relations wanted to deprive him of his legitimate share of the inheritance on the plea that he was a heretic and outcast. Spinoza opposed their claim by law, but on gaining his suit he gave up to them all they had demanded except one bed.

The following traits show his unselfish and firm character. When his devoted disciple, Simon de Vries, wished to make him sole heir to his large estate, Spinoza would not hear of it, and only consented to accept a small annuity of 300 florins, after the early death of Simon, from the latter's brother. When Louis XIV. of France asked Spinoza through the Prince of Condé to dedicate to him one of his literary works, for which he would give him a pension, Spinoza politely but positively declined the offer. The liberal-minded Elector Palatine, Karl Ludwig, brother of the Princess Elisabeth, whose interest in philosophical studies is seen from her correspondence with Descartes, offered Spinoza the chair of philosophy at the University of Heidelberg, with the condition that he should not misuse the freedom which would be granted him in lecturing to disturb the established religion. Thanking the Elector for the high honour he wished to bestow upon him, Spinoza declined it. "For I think," he writes to Professor Fabritius, who made the offer, "in the first place I should abandon philosophical research, if I consented to find time for teaching young students. In the second place, I do not know the limits within which the freedom of my philosophical teaching would be confined, if I am to avoid all appearance of disturbing the publicly established religion."

Spinoza had a weak constitution; he suffered from consumption for some years, and only owing to a strict diet did he succeed in devoting himself to the highest problems of human thought to the last day of his life. His hosts did not think that he was so near his end when they went to church on the Saturday before Lent. On their return he conversed with them about religious topics whilst quietly smoking his pipe. But not feeling quite well, he had sent to Amsterdam for his friend Ludwig Meyer, the physician, and in his presence our philosopher peacefully passed away on the following day, February 21, 1677, only 44 years old. In celebration of the bicentenary of his death in 1877, a statue erected in his honour at The Hague was unveiled in the presence of many illustrious men from all parts of Europe.

As in his lifetime, so after his death Spinoza was misjudged. Only Lessing, for whom there was but one philosophy—that of Spinoza—and after him a host of others, acknowledged Spinoza to be a star of the first magnitude in the realm of philosophy, whose light illumined great thinkers such as Kant, Schelling, Hegel (who declared "there is no purer and loftier morality than that of Spinoza"), Heine (who remarked, "All later philosophers have seen through the spectacles which Spinoza has polished"), Renan, Coleridge, Shelley, George Eliot, and others. Great praise is due to Auerbach for a German

and to Elwes for an English translation of his chief works, and to Kuno Fischer, Pollock, and Martineau for giving us admirable descriptions of his system. Schiller has a very good epigram on Spinoza, which, according to Bowring's translation, is as follows :

A mighty oak here ruin'd lies,
Its top was wont to kiss the skies,
Why is it now o'erthrown?
The peasants needed, so they said,
Its wood, wherewith to build a shed.
And so they've cut it down.

Goethe was particularly full of admiration for Spinoza, whose ideas imbued the great poet with his Jupiter-like calmness, and enabled him to see the unity of God and Nature in the variety of phenomena. There are several passages in his writings, especially in his "Faust," which show Spinoza's influence upon him. The poet once said : "I feel kinship with Spinoza, only his mind is much more pure and profound than mine." With the touching words of the renowned German divine and thinker, Schleiermacher, we will now take leave of Spinoza : "Offer with me in reverence a lock to the manes of the saintly, excommunicated Spinoza. He was imbued with the sublimest spirit, eternity was his beginning and his end, and the universe his only and eternal love. In holy innocence and profound humility he held the mirror up to infinite Nature, as he himself was her most amiable reflection. He was full of religion and holy spirit, and therefore he stands out alone and unsurpassed a master of his art, but exalted above the profane guild."

JOSEPH STRAUSS.

"; and this fate is, in a measure, hindered by placing the record. *Litera scripta manet.*

First Scillonian memory is of being taken, with a crowd of riots, to see a light exhibited, for the first time, from the top of white lighthouse on the Bishop rock. One ear was suddenly and tugged in a way most impressive to my six-year-old self. "Remember, my son," said a voice, "the Bishop Rock lighthouse is lit." And I never forgot either the tug or the fact. To make the matter to my infantile system easier, my grandmother informed me that her grandfather told her, that his father told him, that he remembered his father taking him through the fields above Holy Vale farm, and solemnly having solemnly pulled his ear, he said, "Remember, my son, when Queen Anne is dead." Therefore, my great-great-great-great-grandfather and myself were both martyrs of memory. Now, I am a chance visitor to Lyonnesse to evolve a reminiscence of that period.

I am given to understand that a distinguished British statesman prides himself on his decent from the Plantagenets. Well, it may be news to him that not a few Scillonians enjoy a similar satisfaction. As soon as I was of years to understand genealogy, I learnt that I was descended from Sir Francis Godolphin, and that distinguished person and ancestor traced his descent from the Plantagenets, and from the royal house of Castile as well. And this is how a few Scillonian families come by their strain of *sang azur*. With the blue blood, the island's history of the last three hundred years is intermingled.

The freehold of Lyonnesse is vested in that appanage of our royal house, the Duchy of Cornwall. There is no other freehold in Lyonnesse; but there have been leaseholders in the last three centuries, viz., the Godolphins, the Godolphin-Osbornes, and the Smiths. Sir Francis Godolphin obtained the first lease, towards the close of the sixteenth century, for a term of years, and it was renewed to his descendants even when the family became merged in that of the Dukes of Leeds, who, as everyone knows, are Godolphin-Osbornes. Then, at the end of the last century, the lease of Lyonnesse was not renewed to the Leeds family; the duchy took back what was its own, and was represented by a steward. Some thirty years later, a lease for three lives was granted to the late Mr. Augustus John Smith; and since his death, his nephew and heir, Mr. Algernon Smith-Dorrien-Smith, has obtained its renewal.

Sir Francis Godolphin's daughter Ursula married Captain Crudge, who received as a portion Holy Vale and the fields about and around it. Captain Crudge's family of daughters married each a young farmer,

it, he's making notes. We shall see ourselves in a book." The opening chapters of "Armorel of Lyonesse" have convinced him of his more than average shrewdness, where the putting of two and two together is concerned. Tregarthen's Hotel was the head-quarters also of the late Lord Tennyson when he was in Lyonnesse, something like thirty years ago. It was matter of local gossip that the Poet Laureate, having occasion to wash his feet, used a washstand-basin and broke it. A distinct difference of opinion arose between him and Mrs. Tregarthen, as to matching the set or replacing it in its entirety. This incident would, somehow, always intertwine itself with my earlier perusals of the "Idylls of the King," "Maud," and "In Memoriam."

As I am on the line of literary association, I may as well mention that George Eliot and Lewes were lodgers with the St. Mary's postmistress, when the former was busy with "Adam Bede." Lewes's impressions of the islands were given to the world in *Blackwood.* The articles are very smart, but I believe his somewhat flippant allusions to his Penzance landlady gave great offence in the Cornish town. Wilkie Collins, of all literary visitors, earned our esteem most, because he praised the purity of our English. He put his foot into it, however, by observing that the only trees on the islands, which could be seen without the aid of a microscope, were to be found at Holy Vale; and, as a rule, we of Lyonnesse prefer rather to be objects of accurate, than of humorous, comment.

Among the halcyon memories of Scillonian childhood was May-day. A tinsmith living on the Parade, at Heugh Town, sold the boys new-made tin horns, for the first of the merry month. These were blown lustily in the morning. Then came the pleasant labour of digging, in the middle of the Parade, a big pit for the May-pole, the decking of which with hoops of yellow furze and fern, and other flowers and leafage, was a serious business. The setting-up of the May-pole required much adult assistance, which was always loyally given. At nightfall there were general rejoicings, with torches and tar-barrels round the pole. I heard from an old inhabitant that, at the time of the French Revolutionary war, and on a May-day, there were many *émigrés* in Scilly—probably part of the Quiberon expedition—who were much excited, and took a deal of soothing and quieting, when they saw the May-pole being prepared for raising. Plainly, they mistook it for a tree of Liberty. This circumstance reminds me that, when walking through Porthlo with my father, a very old man told us he remembered seeing the English fleet going up Channel, with the French and Spanish fleets in pursuit. During the Great War there were 300 Scillonians, pikemen, fencibles, and

volunteers, in addition to the garrison, under arms. Another old islander, named Fricker, was in repute as a French scholar, having acquired his accomplishment when a captive in France.

Yet Heugh Town was, in every sense, a city of the world when I was a resident. In the first five decades of the century, it was very successful in its ship-owning ventures. Its vessels were manned by islanders, and retired master mariners, living on comfortable competences, were frequent features in the local society. Nearly everyone either had been all over the world, or had relatives in far-away lands and seas. Mauritius, Valparaiso, Akyab, Odessa, Bombay, Palermo, Leghorn or Algoa Bay, were oftener in folks' mouths than the names of the much more adjacent Camborne and Redruth. It might be a small community, but it was not limited in the range of its knowledge and experience of men and things. Moreover, before steam rendered ships more or less independent of the wind, a smart breeze from the east invariably brought numerous argosies into the roadstead; cargoes of tea from China, of oranges from Sicily and the Azores, of currants from the Levant, of esparto from Algiers, and so on.

The ship agents contended for the business of these craft. Their boarding-clerks were the coxswains of long, slim gigs of six oars; boats which, despite their crankiness, could stand very rough weather. To watch the constant races between rival gigs, from the safe shore of the garrison, was a never-failing delight. The boatmen would run them under a "lug" sail in very heavy weather, and were inclined to be venturesome. It was a hard-and-fast rule of safe sailing that the "lug" halliards should not be fastened, but held tight with the hand, having been passed just once beneath a thwart, so that they might be let go, and the sail dragged down in an instant.

One of the saddest island-tragedies of my day arose from neglect of the above rule. A cricketing eleven from St. Mary's had been playing at Tresco, and in the evening were on their way home in a "gig," when a sudden squall caught the "lug," and in a moment the cranky, unballasted boat capsized, and four of those on board at the time were drowned. Scilly has not a few boating accidents on its record. One, which was very disastrous, has always been associated in my mind with its grimly humorous outcome. Among those saved was an old woman, who was popularly known as Aunt Sally. She appears to have been rescued when pretty well unconscious from submersion. In those moments of suspense between life and death, Aunt Sally believed that she enjoyed a vision of the abode of the lost, and of those islanders who were expected there. She would subse-

quently, in giving her spiritual experiences at the chapel, mention by name those well-to-do leaders of worship whom she had thus seen in perdition. Her personal words of warning were, I believe, not accepted in a very grateful spirit. Aunt Sally's worldly wealth, however, too much resembled that of old-time Lazarus for much weight to be attached, or credence given, to her testimony.

From boating accidents to wrecks is no great leap. These last were the savour of life in Lyonnesse, in my boyish days. How anxiously one would ask, after a storm-ridden darkness, when the roadstead had been fairly occupied, if "no ship had dragged her anchors in the night?" Never a winter passed but the rocks and ledges found some prey. The business people, of course, were prejudiced in favour of casualties where the cargoes were of value. We boys looked kindly on catastrophes to orange-laden barques. French small craft, laden with coal, constantly came to grief, more to their owners' satisfaction than that of anybody else. Nothing much was to be made out of coal, and the timbers of the Frenchmen had decidedly seen their best days. I remember the captain of one smashed argosy, being much delighted with a letter from his Breton Antonio, which ran to this effect: "Don't put yourself out. All lives were saved. That was the principal thing;" and everybody felt certain that that Frenchman's vessel was well insured. The folk of Lyonnesse are thoroughly versed in all the arts of those who do business on the great waters.

On one of my most sensational wreck mornings, I woke to find that there were three vessels on the rocks, in sight of our house. One of them was the *Friar Tuck*, bound home from China, and full of most excellent tea; and her crew, by aid of the rocket apparatus, were all brought safe to land at Newford Island, on the point of which she had run ashore. I can see now, with the mind's eye, the life-saving bucket bobbing up and down, in and out of the surf, as the shipwrecked crew, one by one, were hauled into the wet, seaweed-covered, slippery rocks, under the grass meadow of Newford Island, where, in the pleasant summer time, we had sometimes picnicked. Certain comical incidents arose out of the catastrophe to the *Friar Tuck*. Most of the tea which she had brought from China was found to be injured by the action of the salt water, to such an extent as not to be worth the Customs duty, which was, some thirty years ago, much higher than it is to-day. It was, therefore, decided that a large portion of the leaf that had been "salved" should be carried in boats out to sea again, just beyond low-water mark, and there be pitched overboard. This determination of those who had authority in the matter roused the ire of many women of the humbler sort. They

knew that this tea would still bear brewing, for had they not dried some of it in frying-pans, and afterwards boiled it, with the result that they were refreshed and content with their treasure trove? So the workmen employed in conveying the tea from the warehouses to the boats were the objects of fierce Amazonian onslaughts, and many a strenuous encounter between sons and daughters of the isles occurred knee-deep in water, over damp sack-loads of pekoe and souchong. Certain of the men could not resist the temptation to rebel against the wholesale defiance of the insular tea-pot. I remember noticing on a warehouse floor the trousers of one of these labourers, bereft of its master. It was cram full of tea, and resembled a bifurcated bolster. Its owner had strapped his trousers tightly in at the ankles, and then filled up the interior. A certain uneasiness of gait on his part aroused the suspicions of an officer of Her Majesty's Revenue; and a misguided devotion to tea deprived, temporarily at least, an excellent fellow of a notable feature in his attire. About this time a coastguard observed a Scillonian woman seated on a lonely part of a beach, watching the sad sea waves like another poor exile of Erin. Her perseverance in this romantic attitude was commented on shrewdly, and then the officers of the executive compelled her to rise and move on. She had been resting her frame on a capacious chest of tea.

My mention of the humbler Scillonian woman calls up to my memory another of the more sensational island events of my childhood's days. It was about contemporaneous with the Prince Consort's death. A vessel called, as far as I remember, the *Lord Hungerford*, put into Scilly with mutinous seamen on board. This ship was bound for the West Coast of South America, and a portion of her crew refused to proceed, on the ground that she was unseaworthy. By the time they were brought before the magistrates, popular feeling was furiously aroused in the men's favour. Not only were special constables sworn in, but the coastguard force, under Commander Hire, R.N., was put under arms. Now came the dramatic incident. Three recalcitrant mariners were being escorted to the court-house by sixteen coastguards, with muskets and fixed bayonets, supported by a posse of special constables, when the women of Scilly charged gloriously down on law's array, their weapons being pokers, shovels, spades, brooms, and indeed, "anything that's handy," to quote Calverley. They also adopted a device of war similar to that by which Hubert de Burgh demoralised, long years ago, a Gallic armada. The wind was with the fair ones, and as they rushed on with hurricane impetuosity, they hurled sawdust into

ıat Lyonnesse, to this day, is a stranger to the "gas-light's
' A few odd oil lamps make the windy thoroughfares of
n, when the nights are long, almost more desolate than if
ft in the old-time nether gloom.

ı, as everybody now knows, the mild influences of the
render the climate of Scilly favourable to the culture of
›f flowers not usually to be found growing so freely and
the North Temperate Zone, fruit is not so successfully
Scilly. A few apples, gooseberries, and currants are
y at Holy Vale. There was, in fact, no greengrocer or
he place. The children depended for their gooseberries
on an old labouring man, who, occasionally, through a
ination of commercialism with philanthropy, went across
ıland" with two or three "mawn" baskets; whose luscious
his return from Penzance, he retailed in "ha'porths"
›rths." He seemed to us the incarnation of the idea of
cy joy generally. He is otherwise noticeable as the Bard
, and his name was Robert Maybee.

ıs are rather proud of Robert Maybee, since, although
ned to read or write, he managed to compose a ballad
ery notable wreck; and wrecks were landmarks in local
e poem followed a catastrophe profitable to the islands,
follows the day. They are too dependent for their
ıcal allusion, to bear quotation readily. In one solitary
of his, however, he is personal, and describes the emo-
in him at the age of seventy, when taking an early
around the shores of St. Mary's. "I had been walking
ıe told his compatriots, "and had not exchanged a word
but had composed these verses." There were sixteen
; and I quote six of them, as they have a certain pathos,
n of a naïve simplicity:—

The sun was rising from the east,
The air was calm and still;
The flocks of sheep and little lambs
Played round the southern hills.

The small birds there did sweetly sing,
The linnet and the thrush;
The blackbird there did sing aloud
When perched upon the bush.

The Gilstone and the Gerrick stern
Lie off the southern shore;
And the rocks that I had played around
Some fifty years before.

. . . . .

I walked around the rocky cliff,
'Twas early in the morn,
And viewed the field I ofttimes tilled
And the place where I was born.

The old house had been all pulled down,
The place was left quite bare ;
'Twas in that cottage I had lived
For more than forty years.

I thought of friends then dead and gone,
Who were near and dear to me,
When, passing through the pleasant fields,
I viewed the old Carne Lee.

So I close my souvenirs of Scilly with verses as appropriate to their mood as those of the late Laureate ; though when last I saw their author he was measuring out a half-pint of red gooseberries to a tiny urchin in the main street of Heugh Town, St. Mary's.

FRANK BANFIELD.

ALPHA CENTAURI AND THE DISTANCE OF THE STARS.

THE saying of Seneca, with reference to the impossibility of achieving immortality by ordinary efforts, that there is no easy way from the earth to the stars—*Non est ad astra mollis à terris via*—is one which may be applied in a literal sense to the determination of stellar distances. In old times Hook, Flamsteed, Cassini, and others made numerous but unavailing efforts to measure the distance of some of the fixed stars, and it is only in recent years that careful measurements made with accurate instruments have partially solved the enigma.

It was during a series of observations made by Sir William Herschel at the close of the eighteenth century, carried out with a view to finding the distance of certain double stars, that he made his great discovery of binary or revolving suns. Although unsuccessful in his efforts, his labours were fully rewarded by the discovery of stellar systems moving in obedience to the law of universal gravitation. This important discovery—one of the most interesting of modern times—seems to have diverted his attention from his original design ; but, in any case, his instruments were not sufficiently accurate for so delicate an investigation.

The bright southern star, Alpha Centauri, is, so far as we know at present, certainly the nearest fixed star to the earth. As might be expected from its comparative proximity to our system, it is one of the brightest stars in the sky. It ranks third in order of brightness—Sirius being *facile princeps* among the starry hosts, Canopus second, and Alpha Centauri third. It is slightly brighter than Arcturus, which may, perhaps, be considered the leader of the northern hemisphere. The idea that this bright star might possibly lie within measurable distance was suggested by two facts : first, by its being a remarkable binary star with the distance between its components unusually large for an object of this class ; and, secondly, from its large "proper motion" across the face of the sky—a fact

which is usually assumed to indicate nearness to our system. An attempt to find its distance was made by Professor Henderson in the years 1832–33. Using a mural circle with a telescope of four inches aperture, and a transit of five inches, he obtained an absolute parallax of 1·14 seconds of arc, with a probable error of one-tenth of a second, indicating a distance from the earth about 181,000 times the distance of the sun. It may here be explained that the "parallax" of a fixed star is an apparent change in the place of the star due to the earth's orbital revolution round the sun. It is *one-half* of the total displacement of the star as seen from opposite points of the earth's orbit, or, in other words, it is the angle subtended at the star by the sun's mean distance from the earth, or the radius of the earth's orbit. The "absolute parallax" is the actual parallax of the star. A "relative parallax" is the parallax with reference to a faint star situated near the brighter star, and which is assumed to lie at a much greater distance from the earth.

Further measures of Alpha Centauri made by Henderson and Maclear in the years 1839–40 with two mural circles of four inches and five inches, yielded an absolute parallax of 0·913 of a second indicating a distance of about 226,000 times the sun's distance from the earth, or about 21 billions of miles. A rediscussion of these measures afterwards gave a parallax of 0·976 of a second. From observations in 1860–64 Moesta found with a transit circle of six inches aperture, a parallax of 0·88 of a second. From a new determination the same astronomer found a smaller parallax of 0·521 of a second. Elkin and Maclear in 1880, rediscussing Maclear's results, found a parallax of 0·512 of a second. Dr. Gill in 1881–82, using a heliometer of 4¼ inches aperture, obtained a relative parallax of 0·76 of a second, with a probable error of only 0·013″. Dr. Elkin, using the same instrument in the years 1881–83, obtained a relative parallax of 0·676″. The difficulty attending the measures of an absolute parallax are so great that the relative parallaxes found for Alpha Centauri are now considered the most reliable. Assuming that the small comparison stars used in determining the "relative" parallax are at such a distance that their parallax is inappreciable, we may assume that the relative parallax is practically the same as the absolute parallax. Dr. Gill's result of 0·76″ for Alpha Centauri is now almost generally accepted as the most reliable. This places the star at a distance of 271,400 times the sun's distance from the earth or about 25 billions of miles—a distance which light, with its gre velocity of 186,300 miles a second, would take 4·287 years, or fo ars three months and thirteen days, to traverse.

Taking the proper motion of Alpha Centauri at 3·7 seconds of per annum, a parallax of 0·76″ would denote an annual motion 4·868 times the sun's distance from the earth, or a velocity of ut 14⅓ miles a second in a direction at right angles to the line ight. As there may also be—and probably is—a motion *in* the of sight, either towards or away from the earth, the star's actual city through space is probably greater.

As has been already mentioned, Alpha Centauri is a remarkable ary or revolving double star. Its duplicity seems to have been noticed by Feuillée in 1709. Since the year 1752 numerous sures of the position of the components and the distance between have been recorded, and many attempts have been made to ute the orbit. The apparent ellipse is an elongated one, and istance has varied from about 22 seconds to 1¾. At present stance is about 20 seconds, so that the components may be ith any small telescope. Various periods of revolution have ssigned, ranging from 75⅓ to 88½ years. The true period is mewhat doubtful, owing to the uncertainty of the earlier es ; but, assuming Downing's period of 76·222 years, I find arallax of 0·76″ gives for the mass of the system 2·04 times s of the sun. According to this orbit, the mean distance the components would be about 23 times the sun's mean from the earth, or a distance greater than that which s Uranus from the sun.

rding to Dr. Gould's estimate at Cordoba, there is a e of 2½ magnitudes in brightness between the components. kes the primary star ten times brighter than the companion. ume that both bodies have the same density and intrinsic of surface, this ratio of brightness would imply that the r is about 31½ times the mass of the smaller. The spectrum Centauri is, according to Professor Pickering, of the second type, so we may perhaps conclude that it is a somewhat n to ours, with a mass about twice as great, and conse- little larger in diameter.

In order of distance to Alpha Centauri stands a small star d 21,185 in Lalande's catalogue, for which Winnecke found x of about half-a-second of arc. The distance of this star is, not so certain as that of the famous star 61 Cygni, which is supposed to be the nearest star in the northern hemisphere. h a comparatively insignificant star of the fifth magnitude, ntion of astronomers was directed to it by its large "proper —about 5·2 seconds of arc per annum—a motion which

magnitude, or slightly brighter than the star appears to us. As the spectrum of Eta Cassiopeiæ is of the second or solar type, the two bodies may perhaps be comparable in physical constitution, and a comparison of their relative brightness agrees fairly well with their relative mass.

There are some other stars with fairly well determined parallaxes of about one-sixth to one-third of a second of arc, but those referred to above are the most remarkable.

That Alpha Centauri and the other stars we have been considering are comparatively near neighbours to our system may be seen from the fact that Dr. Elkin finds an average parallax of only 0·089″ for stars of the first magnitude. This gives an average distance of 8½ times the distance of Alpha Centauri, and implies that an average star of the first magnitude is about seventy-two times brighter than a star of the first magnitude placed at the distance of Alpha Centauri. Our nearest neighbour is, however, about twice as bright as an average first magnitude star. It follows, therefore, that, on the average, stars of the first magnitude are really some thirty-six times brighter than Alpha Centauri. If of the same intrinsic brilliancy of surface, this result would indicate that stars of the first magnitude are suns about six times the diameter of Alpha Centauri, and therefore much larger in volume than that star and our sun.

The theory that the stars may be assumed to be, generally speaking, of nearly equal size—an hypothesis advocated by Sir William Herschel and the elder Struve—is now shown to be erroneous by the fact that comparatively faint stars, like 61 Cygni and Lalande 21,185, are at a measurable distance from the earth, while the bright southern star Canopus—second only to Sirius in brilliancy—is at such a distance that a small parallax of only 0·03 of a second, found by Dr. Elkin, seems of very doubtful value.

If the result found by Dr. Elkin for the average parallax of stars of the first magnitude is reliable, we are led to the conclusion that the brightest stars in the heavens, with the exception of Sirius and Alpha Centauri, and perhaps Procyon, owe their brightness to enormous size, and not to comparative proximity to our system.

The distances of two stars from the earth being known, it is easy to calculate the distance between them in space. For, knowing the exact position of each star on the celestial vault, we can compute the angular distance between them. We have, then, two sides of a triangle and the included angle, and we can therefore calculate by trigonometry, or by a graphical construction, the length of the third side, which is the required distance between the stars. Taking the

A THEORY OF SMOKING.

SMOKING," said Dr. Johnson upwards of a century ago, "has gone out. To be sure, it is a shocking thing, blowing smoke of our mouths into other people's mouths, eyes, and noses, and the same thing done to us. Yet I cannot account why a which requires so little exertion and yet preserves the mind acuity, should have gone out. Every man has something by he calms himself, beating with his feet or so." A century Johnson's time, Madame de Sévigné had spoken not less arly about coffee-drinking. Racine, she said, is like coffee. ave gone out of fashion for ever. Corneille will never cease n. A triple prophecy curiously confident and false. The of the three legs of Man, *quocumque jeceris* non *stabit.* is the staple drink of Europe. Racine is still played in every in the world. Corneille is only read—and that occasionally. ifferent is the masculine oracle's response! With a slight cation, *quocumque jeceris stabit.* Smoking had substantially gone It was shocking in the respects he mentioned. It was alluring e reasons he gave, and therefore likely to come into vogue again. ct, his last sentence recalls Mr. Mark Lemon's touching plea Mr. Punch smoked "for comfort, health, and soothing." The t qualification needed is, that smoking had not entirely gone Just before the response, Dr. Parr had fortified himself for celebrated Spital Sermon by a pipe in the vestry. A pipe in the ry! To be sure, it is a shocking thing. Smoking gone out, forth! What would have been thought in Dryden's or in Addison's of such an audacity? Among all the lacerations of feminine trils of our time, can one such outrage be recorded? Railway riages, hansoms, waiting-rooms, provoke the suspicious sniff. But woman now living has ever perceived the faintest whiff of nico- in her place of worship. The first cloud in the vestry would ve out of church Mrs. Grundy and all her daughters. No; oking could not have gone out entirely in Dr. Parr's day.

But if, in Johnson's time, smoking had substantially gone out, ffing had substantially come in again. Queen Charlotte carried her

To know no turning and to speak no lie.
The chief and sovereign lord of all the sod,
His call to war lit up the midnight sky,
And red fires answered him from hill to hill.
Vultures to meet the mystic signal fly,
And watchful eagles wait till all is still.

Nor was the son a soldier of less fire,
But since change comes to all things here below,
And that the law of ancient chivalry—
To conquer and keep pure—to smite the foe
But spare the feeble, waxes weak—the sire
In war had oft times something to forgive,
And of the two, was seen by all to live
The nobler life.
Don Ruy desired to lead
His band across a neighbouring domain,
Neither for open warfare, nor for greed.
But the demand was met with curt disdain.
Then lance on wrist he rode into the town
And slew the citizens and fired the place.
His soldiers, turned to bandits, showed nor grace
Nor pity—and three days the sun went down
Upon this horror. When the deed was done,
He and his men turned homeward from the plains
All glad and conquering, and counting gains.

And this is why the father struck the son.

"Then," said Don Ruy, "I go: the night is made
For endless flight; the forest's direst shade
For gloom where all things vanish. This my goal.
An insult is a sling which throws the soul
Into the pit of darkness. I go hence
And have a right to wrath, for an offence
From sire to son is of so deep a dye
That 'tis the end and death of infancy.
The desert is my place."
And having said
He turned and went.
Man's heart is quick to change.
Quarrels, mistakes, the discords that estrange,
Are swift to come and go. From loftiest tower
Don Jayme stood watching till the form of him

He loved had passed from view. The midnight hour
Struck from the belfry ; and his eyes were dim—
Faltering his step. Unconscious that he wept,
He sought the crypt where his forefathers slept.

A feeble, trembling flame illumed the place
And fell upon the statue of his sire
Alonzo. On his stern and tranquil face
The look of one who might awake to ire
When patience failed; his strange and solemn air
Befitted well the ghostly silence there ;
Seated, his hand upon his knee, he seemed
Ever awaiting.
Jayme, as if he dreamed,
Gazed on the form in that sepulchral gloom.
Mounting the steps he knelt : "I come to thee
Whom I have lost, and in thy silent tomb,
Father ! my agony of tears let fall.
Alas ! thou dost not hear me when I call,
Nor see me, though thy grand eyes rest on me.
I am a soldier and a conqueror—
And priests and kings have entered at my door.
I have lived gloriously, but I come
To kiss thy feet. I have no other home.
I am abandoned—desolate ! My son,
As wolf from forest lair, has fled and gone.
Could he not think God chasteneth whom he loves?
And that though storm the angry ocean moves
It rests unchanged ? May not a father chide ?
Wert thou not voiceless here, my guardian—guide—
Thy word would be my law. For sixty years
The ancient hills have trembled at my tread,
And hosts have fall'n, but I would bow my head
At thy command, and should I please thee not,
Strike at my naked breast, and I will blot
Out of my soul thy wrath with penitent tears !
Terror of Tyrants and of monsters wild,
I am an old man—but I am thy child ! "

He ceased—bowed down upon the Statue's knee ;
The sobs, from which his wounded bosom bled,
Convulsed the stone, and hand no eye could see
Passed with sublime caress above his head.

C. E. MEETKERKE, from VICTOR HUGO.

PAGES ON PLAYS.

PERHAPS more wild words have been talked about the drama in the course of the last month than in the course of the whole year that preceded it. And, unhappily, the wildness has come chiefly from the camp of those who are supposed to make for progress. It is the vice of enthusiasm that it so easily loses its head; that, because it admires the work of any particular writer, it therefore conceives itself pledged to admire that writer *quand même*, whatever he may be pleased to write. This spirit of enthusiasm is a capital thing in a battle, where there is no time to estimate the rightness or the wrongness of the knocks that are going—only time to remember the flag you are fighting for, and to do your very best for that flag. But in questions of art the issue is different. Your own personal loyalty is a matter of no critical moment. What the world wants is the book, the play, the poem, the picture, the image—not a proof of your own touching devotion to the bankrupt dramatist, the ruined painter, the shattered musician. And, unhappily, a good deal of this devotion has been displayed of late, to the detriment of serious criticism, to the detriment of the drama.

The doctrine that the king can do no wrong is a gallant swash-buckling sort of doctrine, excellent for a man-at-arms, but absurd in a critic. Yet this is the doctrine which it has unfortunately pleased the admirers of Ibsen in this country—or, at least, some of them—to assert in regard to his latest work, "Bygmester Solness," and, in consequence, through a kind of perversion, to certain other dramatic works, or works professing to be dramatic. Your hero worshipper is an amiable fanatic, but he is a fanatic; for him the last work of his hero is always the greatest work; he will take no denial—a man who has once written masterpieces must always write masterpieces. It therefore follows—as by lot God wot—that because "The Heroes at Helgeland" is a masterpiece, and because "A Doll's House" is a masterpiece, and because "Hedda Gabler" is a masterpiece, that "Bygmester Solness" must be a masterpiece too. Did these critics never read "Titus Andronicus"? Did they never struggle with the "Confession of a Fair Saint"? Did they never yawn over the

romantic plays of the author of "Tartufe"? Did they find that "Jane la Pale" was equal to "Le Père Goriot"? Only a critic who could think that "Pericles" was the peer of "Hamlet," that the parody of Werther was equal to "Faust," that the "Princesse d'Élide" was equal to "Le Misanthrope," that "Argow le Pirate" was equal to "Splendeurs et Misères," could, or at least ought to, maintain that "Bygmester Solness" was on a level with the work that has made Ibsen's fame. The misfortune of the thing is the infallibility business. Ibsen is a great man—he is the greatest dramatist of his age; but a great man can blunder, and this great man has blundered. The thick-and-thin champions have been a bit hard put to it to justify themselves. They have praised the "Master Builder" for its symbolism; they have also praised it for its realism. The case of the symbolists has been dexterously put by the clever French critic, René Doumic, who asserts that "the use of the symbol is legitimate even at the theatre, but only on the condition that one bears in mind that the symbol is a poetic method rather than a dramatic method, and so long as it is considered not as a form suited for the usage of beginners, but as the latest effort of a vigorous spirit, which seeks to close within an artistic form, at the risk of shattering it, as much of thought as it can possibly contain." The answer here is that Ibsen has failed in his symbolism. He has not shattered, he has been stifled by his envelope. It is not the case of Goethe's oak in the crystal vase; it is rather the acorn in the sphere of iron, choked out of life. The defence of the realists is even less happy. One of the ablest of contemporary critics has defended the episode of Mrs. Dolls—of Mrs. Solness and her dolls—on the ground that he has known of old, and lately met with ladies no longer young, who cherish these relics of nursery-time. That is not the point. There may be plenty of silly old women in the world, or wicked old women, to whom the loss of nine lovely dolls would be a greater tragedy than the loss of two sons; that does not make Mrs. Solness any the less ludicrous, any the less loathsome. But enough of "Master Builder Solness." Since it was produced in London our stage has been favoured by two performances, which were supposed to represent the advanced drama. One was very clever, the other was very stupid. The clever play was Mr. George Moore's "Strike at Arlingford," played under the auspices of the Independent Theatre; the stupid one was "Alexandra," an anonymous adaptation of a piece by the German Voss. Of "Alexandra" nothing need be said; it was well-nigh as bad as a play could be, and it was speedily banished. But "The Strike at Arlingford" is

work of a very different quality. It was called an unconventional play, which was a mistake, and a needless mistake. No play can be unconventional in any serious interpretation of the word, and Mr. Moore's play was not in the least unconventional; it used many of the familiar strings, devices, and moulds in the presentation of a very familiar story. But it was very well written, some of the characters were conceived with the true instinct, and shaped with the true skill. It had, too, the good fortune to find in Mr. Bernard Gould an admirable interpreter of the pseudo-poet, pseudo-revolutionist whom Mr. Moore had chosen for his hero. In speaking of the revival of "A Doll's House," and the production of Mr. Pinero's new play, I shall make bold to use largely the words of a critic with whom I happen to agree so closely that I could scarcely say other than he has said: "It is somewhat of a relief to escape from the heat and dust and noise of the battle over 'The Master Builder' into the serenity and the sanity of 'A Doll's House'—its serenity and its sanity, that is to say, as a work of art. 'A Doll's House'—it should be called 'A Doll's Home,' but let that pass—marks an epoch in dramatic literature, an epoch in the history of the London stage. The chief feeling of the spectator of the revival at the Royalty Theatre was a feeling of gratitude to Miss Achurch for the service she did to our stage when, now some four years ago, she first put 'A Doll's House' upon the stage of the Novelty Theatre. She was the pioneer of a great dramatic movement. When she first played in 'A Doll's House' the name of Ibsen was practically unknown in England. A handful of students read him, knew him, believed in him. With an exception which was not significant, no attempt had been made to put one of his plays upon the London stage. Miss Achurch made the attempt; she triumphed, and since the date of that triumph the story of the English stage has been the story of a more than Homeric battle over the writings, teaching, meanings of the Norwegian dramatist. It is no light thing for an actress to be so intimately associated with such a dramatic revolution. It is to be regretted that she was not able to remain in England to aid more steadily in the work she had inaugurated. For her own art suffered by her absence, by the conditions of a wandering company unrestrained by exact criticism, playing to uncritical audiences. When Miss Achurch reappeared at the Avenue Theatre last year in 'A Doll's House,' those who had most warmly admired her original creation of Nora Helmer were the most conscious of the deterioration that absence had effected in her presentation. It had roughened, coarsened, hardened; it was no longer Nora Helmer, it was no longer the only

interpretation of any of Ibsen's heroines that the English stage has seen which was worth taking seriously. Happily Miss Achurch has taken her criticisms to heart; she has profited by counsels whose austerity, whose severity, were the best proof of the place Miss Achurch had won in critical estimation and of the desire of those who most admired her to see her at her best. The jerkiness, the restlessness, the exasperating volubility which marred her revival of the part, and which, by wearing out the actress's strength, minimised the terrible effect of the tarantella and the *hysterica passio* of all the second act, have been softened down, smoothed away, curbed to a degree that does much towards restoring Miss Achurch's rendering of the part to its early impressiveness, to its early beauty. Happily for the actress, happily for the author, happily for the audience, no one as yet has attempted to find symbolism in the tragedy of Nora Helmer's life. No doubt that *avec un peu de volonté* the thing might be done. It would not even be difficult, if necessary, to resolve 'A Doll's House' into a solar myth, and to explain the closing door as the defeat of darkness by dawn. There are no doubt adherents of the master who would think that any such resolution of the play only enhanced its genius. But, to those whose admiration for Ibsen is not a form of Mahdiism, 'A Doll's House' brings sufficient contentment as a great stage play—a play that marks the highest point, or almost the highest point, in its author's career; for it might be contended that 'Hedda Gabler' is even a greater stage play. Its enemies—and it has many enemies, enemies with limited powers of discrimination, limited powers of comparison—may rail against its moral, may resent the problems it proposes, may bewail over the manner of their solution. All that is from the point. It is not how this man or that man would have had Nora Helmer behave; it is the way that the Nora Helmer of the play does behave that is to be considered. Her vanity, her passion, her humiliation, her regeneration—these are things that the actress has to show her audience, these are the things with which the audience should be concerned. And Miss Achurch did show these stages in the right way, in the way that carried conviction, that made Nora Helmer live and move. It would be inexact to assert, it would be uncritical not to deny, that Miss Achurch was as good yesterday as she was in the time of the performances at the Novelty. Something of the spontaneity, of the unforced brightness, of the unforced intensity, has vanished, is perhaps not to be recovered. Yet much is to be hoped when we remember the way in which Miss Achurch has redeemed her failure of last year. Her Nora Helmer is once more a fine performance; if it is not quite

f the finest quality, it is loyal and artistic work not unworthy of the great play."

From the "Doll's House" to "The Amazons" the transition is sudden. Mr. Pinero is in a frolic mood. "He has been wandering in Arden, or tracing the pathway of the pilgrimage of Mademoiselle de Maupin. The idea of the woodland comedy, the idea of the golden romance, has tempted him to create women who shall wear doublet and hose and meet with adventures. Lady Noeline Belturbet and her sisters are very modern versions of Rosalind and of Gautier's girl; unlike their predecessors, who put on male attire of their own choice, like the bailiff's daughter, they wear boys' clothes to please the whim of their mother, and to soothe her disappointment at having no heir. Given three girls brought up as boys, given Mr. Pinero's wit, his irony, his cynicism, even his melancholy, and a whimsical result was to be expected. But 'The Amazons' is even more whimsical than might have been expected. The author has evidently enjoyed his task; he has written it, as De Musset wrote his comedies, to amuse himself. Naturally enough, in amusing himself, he succeeds in amusing his audience. Of course, the mannish girls are womanly at heart; of course, if they can shoot and box and smoke and talk slang, they can still love and be tender and give their girlish hearts away as lightly as if they had never swaggered in coats and trousers. Overcote Park is a guarded garden; no stranger is allowed to make his way within it. But the strangers come—three strangers, one for each of the girls—and with all the sweet swiftness of a summer comedy vows are exchanged, obstacles are overcome, an inexorable mother placated, and petticoats resumed. In such a fantasy as this Mr. Pinero revels. It has often pleased him to take that mocking view of life which Mr. Gilbert was the first to make familiar to the stage, and in 'The Amazons' he is a mocker from first to last; but the laughter is more good-humoured than it was in 'The Hobby-horse,' for instance. The vagaries of the three girls and of their three oddly contrasted lovers give Mr. Pinero plenty of opportunities. For the beautiful Lady Noeline is tall, and strong, and stately, and disdainful, and Lady Wilhelmina is shy and shrinking, with a taste for the guitar and a consciousness of being effeminate; and Lady Thomasin is a sporting character with heartiness and dash, and a touch of raffishness. If the girls are strange, their lovers are stranger. It was inevitable, of course, that the Lady Noeline's lover should be a gallant fellow of his hands—strong, courageous, chivalrous, a not unconventional hero. But in the other two Mr. Pinero has let himself go. One is a weak, abject Englishman with hereditary ailments, w

who have made history, with a catchword in which he
:e are spoken of as 'we.' The other is a weak, abject
, who fondly fancies himself to be English, who fondly
at to say "Damn it all" is a proof of his English
is portion and parcel of Mr. Pinero's cynical attitude
'e that two such charming girls as Wilhelmina and
should be in any way attracted by this pitiful pair of
:ads and cowards. But that is part of the jest. Great
; not in the A B C; it is in fairy-land, in the kingdom of
: is a place as intangible as Applesinia; it is bewitched
iande. There is the same sort of plea to be made for
rl of Tweenwayes, and André Count de Grival that Lamb
he lords and ladies of eighteenth century comedy. If
before a poacher, and lie and cheat, it is all laughable;
d or could take them and their peccadilloes seriously; and
er all, they may make as good husbands in their way as
Viscount Litterly of the muscles and thews and the candid
ıumour. Mr. Pinero has never written better than some
new play. The first act, from rise to fall of curtain, was as
anything he has ever done. The dialogue flashed like the
precious stone. The September sunlight throbbed with
ıgled with innuendo. And all this was portion and parcel
l, dreamy story—half idyllic, half grotesque, Arcady, with
and lovers, and even its satyrs. The first act is the best
ıe second, though the sylvan charm still lingers, though
still summoned quick and fast, the humours of the
arry Mr. Pinero a little too far afield, into digressions
es that are not essential, not pertinent, that last too long.
ıird act, which passes out of Arcady into a gymnasion
nvaded by rope-climbing adorers, is mere farce, without
poetry, any of the subtlety, any of the charm that had been
of the two preceding acts. Almost any smart fellow might
:n the last act. Perhaps only Mr. Pinero could have
: two first. It does not seem to be by the same hand, or
does not seem to belong to the same piece." It may
e a matter for regret for Mr. Pinero that simultaneously
'oduction of a new piece by him comes the revival of an
with which his name was associated. Mr. and Mrs.
ve chosen, since their return from America, to appear only
s. The first was Mr. Grundy's "White Lie," considerably
ıe second was "The Ironmaster." "The Ironmaster" is
ıtolerable play. Nothing that Mr. Pinero could do could

TABLE TALK.

Novels and Novel Reading.

AS the world gets older and, it is to be hoped, wiser, it sets more store by fiction. I have no statistics on which to found conclusions, but I am convinced that the percentage of fiction now consumed by the average reader is higher than at any previous period of the world's history. Novels are, moreover, the solace of the most refined and distinguished minds as well as of the most indolent and commonplace. Gray's dream of happiness is said to have been lying on a sofa and reading endless new novels by Crébillon the younger—an occupation that might be entertaining, but could not be regarded as wholly discreet or decorous. The busiest and most potent of statesmen has before now divested himself of the responsibilities of imperial government in order to write a review of a novel. His greatest and most formidable rival is likely to be remembered as a novelist when the vast majority of mankind have ceased to trouble themselves about his political convictions or influence. Poetry, which is, of course, another, and it may be a higher, branch of fiction, conveys a pleasure subtler and far more acute to a comparatively small section of readers. Poetry, however, is "not in it" with prose fiction as regards the general public. Those who assume to be cultured are familiar with "Maud" and "In Memoriam," praise "Atalanta in Calydon," and quote from "The Triumph of Time." Some even have read "The Ring and the Book," and affect to understand "Paracelsus." How small is, nevertheless, the number of such compared with those who have wept over the sufferings of "Little Em'ly." With the exception of a few hard and practical men, scientists or politicians for the most part, all read and delight in novels, and I am not sure that some who in public set their faces most rigidly against novels do not in their innermost privacy ponder over the volumes they profess to regard as taboo.

History in the Novel.

WE have long derived our history from fiction, and I am not sure that we are wholly unwise in so doing. Who will be able to change our estimate of Prince Hal, King Richard the Third,

or Sir John Falstaff after the description given of them by Shakespeare? The Mary Stuart of "The Abbot" prevails in our sympathies over the Queen Mary of the Casket Letters, supposing them to be genuine; and the Louis XI. of "Quentin Durward" is, in the estimate not only of Englishmen but of Frenchmen, the very monarch "in his habit as he lived." Even when most wrong, novelists not seldom carry us with them. Indians are "pizon," we are told by Bret Harte and Mark Twain, or other modern and accurate observers. None the less, the Red Indian of Cowper commends himself, or at least did commend himself, to general faith and sympathies. The pictures of Negro life and suffering in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" exercised an incalculable effect in bringing about the abolition of slavery; and though their accuracy was fiercely impugned from the moment they saw the light, the maintenance of the condition of affairs then existing became impossible. I do not know that any war can be directly traced to the influence of a work of fiction. The romances of Rousseau, however, and the plays of Beaumarchais, notably *La Folle Journée*, prepared the way for the French Revolution, the worst excesses of which were stimulated by the plays which followed its outbreak. In England, even, plays have been permitted for political reasons. Cromwell is supposed to have tolerated dramatic entertainments, after their repression under Puritan ascendancy, with a view to using them for the purpose of inflaming English warlike passions; and Dryden, at least, wrote with a similar aim when he produced *Amboyna; or, the Cruelties of the Dutch to the English Merchants.*

The Controversial Novel.

NOVELS are now rarely used for the purpose of exciting national sentiment. Their aim nowadays is more often polemical or didactic. We receive our religion and our teaching in the shape of fiction. In novels we learn what to believe and what not to believe. The most difficult theological problems are threshed out in them for the edification of our maids and matrons. Nothing is quite safe from the novelist. He has invaded the regions even of science—the most distant, it might be held, from his own that could be found. Of fancied Voyages to the Moon and other luminaries literature is full. The earliest of these are dreams or political satires with no more claim to credibility than the story of Gulliver or that of Munchausen A different method is now adopted, and imaginary explorations of the class are given with all the scientific accuracy reconcilable with pure conjecture. To myself novels with a purpose never appeal.

Worst of all is the sermon disguised as a novel. This, to my thinking, is as revolting and abominable as the reprehensible plan adopted with infancy—of disguising a spoonful of rhubarb and magnesia behind a coating of jam. As a result of this process, familiar to my youth, I have always looked upon jam of every description with doubt and mistrust, and some descriptions of it I have never tasted since. Can we be sure that some of our religious or controversial novelists do not exercise a similar influence? Is it not possible that some may become so disenchanted with the blend that their dislike to the form of preaching may extend to the religion it is sought to inculcate?

The Novel of Adventure.

WITH the burden of sexagenarianism upon me I am all for the novel of adventure. Give me a book that pleases a boy, and it will please me. To what books does one most contentedly go back in memory? To romances. I will not compare with "La Cousine Bette" or "Les Paysans" of Balzac, or, mightier still, "Les Misérables" of Victor Hugo, the "Trois Mousquetaires" and the "Monte Cristo" of Alexandre Dumas; but I know which constitute the most interesting and pleasurable reading, and to which I would most gladly return. I will strive not to arouse prejudice, and I will admit that the characters of Balzac and Hugo live. It has been said with some exaggeration that every novel of Balzac is wrung out of a woman's heart. But allowing for difference of period, since Balzac dealt principally with the life of his day, and appreciating as fully as any the magnificent gallery of portraits he has given in his "Comédie Humaine," I maintain that the romantic characters of Dumas live also. Athos, Porthos, and Aramis are as realisable as Vautrin and Henri de Marsay. So Consuelo is as much more realisable as she is more pleasant to contemplate than Nana. A genuine romance of adventure is an absolute boon to humanity. Not the highest boon, let it be granted. I think, however, a man who was condemned to imprisonment until he had read all the novels of Dumas would not be entirely a subject for commiseration. Is it not Claverhouse, in "Old Mortality," who expresses his inclination to inflict on Morton a six months' imprisonment in order to give him leisure to read Froissart?

Novels of Mr. Clark Russell.

WITH the view I have expressed, it is not astonishing that I welcome a popular reprint of the novels and marine sketches of Mr. Clark Russell.[1] With many of these I have long been

[1] Chatto & Windus.

familiar, having read them in the quarters wherein they first appeared. With the bulk, however, I make acquaintance for the first time. They are, in a sense, limited in range, and a certain kind of resemblance runs through all. What books, however, they are !

Last year a severe and disabling attack of influenza gave me a kind of imprisonment, which enabled me to reperuse the entire literary baggage of Charles Reade. Evidence concerning these pleasant if desultory studies is found in the *Gentleman's Magazine.* A much milder attack of the same enemy enabled me to read the nine volumes of Mr. Clark Russell which are as yet included in the series. The enjoyment in the latter case has scarcely been less than in the former. I have followed with interest, absolutely breathless, the mad resolute chase by Sir Wilfrid Monson of Colonel Hope-Kennedy, the destroyer of his peace, and have lingered lovingly over the conquest of Miss Temple in "My Shipmate Louise." For Mr. Clark Russell can tell a love story as well as the best of them, and his descriptions of the gradual and frequently unconscious subjugation of a woman's heart by a calm, resolute man are delightful. An old-fashioned story-steller, moreover, he leaves you in no uncomfortable doubt as to what is coming. The struggle may be prolonged, and danger and death may menace the heroine from "all the airts the wind can blow," but he allows you a faint echo of the carillon of marriage bells with which the whole will close. So pleasant is, indeed, the wooing he depicts, that we are inclined to quarrel with him for not giving us the whole. In Scott's "Rob Roy" we are shocked that a creature so enchanting as Di Vernon should be dismissed in a paragraph. After one or two exquisite scenes, in which she partially surrenders, all that we hear is a portion of a letter bewailing her loss. Here Sir Walter is shirking. It was said that if Shakespeare had not killed Mercutio, Mercutio would have killed Shakespeare. Is the same true of Scott and Di Vernon, and was he unable to preserve her marvellous boldness, ingenuousness, and charm? Some such grievance as I have against Scott I feel against Mr. Clark Russell.

Sea Novels and Sketches.

IT is as a producer of sea novels and sketches that Mr. Clark Russell takes his highest position. In this respect he has had no predecessor. He himself owns his obligation to Herman Melville, the author of "Typee," "Omoo," "Moby-Dick," and "Redburn," to whom in language of warmest eulogy he dedicates his "Ocean Tragedy." We have besides Captain Marryat, who did not confine

himself exclusively to the sea, but whose novels had a delightful marine flavour; and Thomas Scott, the author of "Tom Cringle's Log" and "The Cruise of the Midge," both of them unsurpassable in their way, and only less humorous than "Midshipman Easy" or "Japhet in search of a Father." If only in regard to the quantity he has written, Mr. Clark Russell goes in front of all of these. Volume succeeds volume from a pen that is spontaneous and unwearied. It has been said of his writings that they constitute an encyclopædia of things relating to the sea. This, to myself, who do not seek information in fiction, is a very modest recommendation, if it be a recommendation at all. It is true that there is very little concerning the management of a ship that is not illustrated in one or other of his books. True, also, that the misadventures that befall his heroes or heroines are the most astounding ever conceived, and that it would be difficult for the most skilled, hapless, and persecuted mariner to mention a form of calamity that our novelist does not depict. He does not, however, aim at supplying information, except for the sake of amusement. It must be owned that his works are calculated rather to discourage going "to the sea in ships," than to encourage it. However strong or well built, graceful in its lines or well furnished a vessel may be, it seems bound ultimately to go to the bottom. When, in "An Ocean Tragedy," the "Shark" is pursued by the "Bride," both are splendid vessels of their class, and both go to pieces. It is only the "Liza Robbins," with her unsavoury cargo of guano, that rides through all gales, and for what we know, since we are not told, arrives at home

> With all her bravery on and tackle trim,
> Sails filled and streamers waving.

"Accidents by Sea."

FOR an illustration of the unexpected, which Mr. Clark Russell holds is, or ought to be, always the expected at sea, commend me to the loss of the "Bride." This is, of course, conceivable. Mr. Clark Russell is too true an artist to introduce an impossibility. I have heard, that is, I have been told, that a coachman driving a carriage—I am not sure whether it was not a railway engine—fell down dead, slain by a descending aerolite. Such a thing might well happen, and no one, from the Queen on the throne, is safe against the "off chance" of such a dismissal. Few will sleep the less soundly, however, for apprehension of such a fate. So when the cry is heard on the deck of the "Bride," "Breakers ahead!" Finn, the captain, says, with

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THE MAID OF DOON.

BY ANDREW DEIR.

CHAPTER I.

DINNER was over. They had just lit their pipes and settled down to a gloaming chat.

"Ouf!" said Harley, "now we're off. Yes, I confess it isn't bad to find oneself rich after knocking about the world for on crusts. You see, I really had a bit of roughing. On land- Melbourne, I was taken by the hand by a very obliging fellow whom I entered into partnership in the hardware line. I woke e morning to find that I had been taken by the purse, and that in several hard lines without the ware. With five pounds , I went to have a shy at the diggings, and with two, I shied up. I was a mason's labourer at fifteen shillings a week, a at a pound, and a clerk at twenty-five shillings. I worked my e as an anything but jolly tar round to Sydney, where I e a real gentleman's gardener at the gentlemanly sum of one ten per week. Fine pursuit, horticulture. Once read a book it, though my master wouldn't believe that. So I left his n for the next man to weed, and started inland with an intro- on from a Scotchman to a sheep-farmer friend, seventy miles

The money ebbed out of my pockets and the elbows out of my simultaneously, and it was getting hard to keep the soul from g out of my body, when the tide turned and flowed good I was passing through rather a dreary district when I saw in

front of me a brawny European standing behind a dead horse, and keeping a group of howling Maori at bay with his rifle. There were four living and two dead, and I saw that those left were as determined to relieve the honest man of life's burden, as he was to carry it a little further. Just as he dropped from a bullet-wound I went into them at the gallop, and in a few seconds had, with my revolver, persuaded two of them to continue operations in another world; tickling the others in their flight with a little lead. The man on the ground was the good Ayrshire Scot to whom I was journeying. Luckily, it was only a leg wound, and he managed to stick on my horse for the remaining two miles of the distance.

"Well, that man was more than a father to me. I worked with him on the ranche for two years, when he took malarial fever and died; leaving me, as he had no relations, every cent of his money. I had a hankering after the old country; so sold out and shipped home. Having some business to transact in this quarter, and learning in Glasgow that my old chum, now one of a prominent firm of lawyers, was struggling through a holiday down here, I—yes, here I am."

"And here you are welcome, old man."

"By the way," said Harley, "do you know Colonel Hodgson of Doon House?"

"Only by name," said his host, rising. He drew aside the window-curtain. "See, if you stand here you can just catch a glimpse of the roof through the trees."

"So you do. And yonder is the monument—dear old spot! Is it too late to walk round that way, Wingate?"

"Not a bit. We'll go for a stroll."

And round by the monument they went, the wanderer relating to his friend, all ears, the saga of his doings—of mighty enterprises and hairbreadth escapes, adventures by sea and field. The tongue flashed from world to world. The transit of the universe was nothing to this dark-eyed youth from the bush—this weather-tanned man of thews and sinews. They walked up the Maybole road, turning as the moon opened magic on the night.

"Yes," Harley was saying, "Colonel Hodgson is my uncle. I'm going to visit him to-morrow—not as the man of fortune, but as the hungry heir-expectant. I want to see how the old fire-eater would treat me if I really were at his mercy. Chiefly, I want to learn how he has behaved to my cousin Nelly. He's her uncle, too, and her guardian. Nelly and I were lovers in the dead days, and she used to say that if she lost her mother she'd rather die than—— Angels and ministers of grace! What's that?"

They were crossing the bridge at the monument inn. Harley clutched his friend's arm fiercely, and the two men peered, spell-bound, up the river. There, on the very auld Brig o' Doon itself, shadowed by the trees, but streaked by one thin moonlight thread, stood a tall white figure, making strange signs with its arms—weird, slow movements, suggestive of things unearthly.

"Stoleaway! By the ghost of Tam o' Shanter! I follow thee! Wait there, Wingate."

Harley shot along the river-bank, and was lost to sight. Wingate strove to pierce the gloom of the dense foliage, as he heard him crash and blunder through the shrubbery. The sounds circulated and came back. Harley scrambled to the road, breathing hard and displaying torn garments.

"The—the strangest thing alive—or—or dead," he panted. "Got quite close, and thought I had it when the ghastly thing disappeared."

"And you haven't brought back even a hair of auld Meg's tail? Most disappointing!"

"Well, it's feminine. I'll stake my life on that. So, next time I leave the pleasures of the chase to you."

Wingate was a bachelor—a bachelor on holiday, and at his friend's service. Together they visited Doon House on the following day. To casual observation the Colonel seemed, on the whole, pleased to see his nephew again, but there was one whose keen scrutiny the first involuntary flash of sinister unwelcome did not escape. Standing in the shade, Wingate, between half-shut eyes, measured the man in the moment of his approach.

"Liver gone—cruel—indomitable—martinet," was the verdict. Conversation ranged, until someone came in from the garden, blushing rosily, and somebody's heart began to play a frantic quick-step on his side. Wingate remarked the tones of almost fawning affection in which the Colonel addressed his niece, and sought to reconcile them with the verdict. A picnic to Crossraguel Abbey being arranged for the following day, they were about to leave when Harley burst out:

"Oh, I forgot! We saw a ghost last night."

"Stuff, man! That's your Colonial imagination."

"No fear. It was alive, alive O! On the Brig o' Doon, too. Wingate will corroborate."

"Eh—what?" blurted the Colonel. "On the auld Brig? Don't talk nonsense, Frank. Smoke, Mr. Wingate? Ha! I'll give you a fine Indian weed for the walk home."

"Shall I—I—oh, yes I'll get them!" stammered his niece, vanishing.

Coming down the avenue, Harley, airily, between puffs: "Jolly girl that—eh?"

"M—yes."

"And what else, anatomist?"

"A thoughtful girl and—and a troubled girl. How is she provided for? That's important."

"Her mother left her entire fortune to the Colonel, with the provision that Nelly should receive five hundred pounds a year, and ten thousand as marriage portion."

"So that if this girl were to die your uncle would net, saving annual, five hundred, saving prospective, ten thousand?"

"Ye banks and braes! What's the man driving at? D'you mean to say——"

"Nothing."

"D'you mean to think, then——"

"That your cousin might tell you something of last night's—er—Maid of Doon."

There are men who throw out their words, crisp and clear, from the chest, and with such evident relish that, instinctively, you feel that they are braining, as well as tongueing, them—nay, more, that the silver utterances are Hall-marked of the heart. And Wingate, with his mild, clean-shaven face and quiet, decisive manner, was one of these. Men learned this; hence his reputation. Harley had been ruminating.

"Wingate, you're an enigma."

"Don't call names. Didn't you notice anything striking to-day?"

"Yes; I thought my uncle changed colour when I mentioned the ghost incident. That was all."

"Well, that was something. But I saw stranger things in your cousin's face, and how, on a rather transparent pretext, she hurried from the room."

"Then, O riddle-reader! until the riddle be read, we'll nightly visit the glimpses o' the moon."

It was a merry drive next day in right merry weather. Nelly had hunted up some young friends, male and female, from Ayr, and the richly-coloured country, the delightful interruptions by the way, the old-fashioned town of Maybole, and, at last, the truly picturesque ruins of the ancient abbey made summer of living.

Crossraguel has a pretty story of its own, and its impression was not unfelt by the party that picnicked in the grass-grown chancel,

the blue heavens arching their roof. Only once did Harley find his cousin alone. It was when they had climbed the one remaining tower, and he held her hand as she peeped, cautiously, over the giddy edge.

"Nelly," he said, hurriedly, "I want to ask you something. Tell me—has he been—is he good to you—as kind as you deserve?"

"Oh, Frank, don't ask me that!"

She turned a sad, pleading face towards him. In that moment her eyes had filled.

"Nelly, I've come to help you. You must——"

"Oh, don't—please don't! See! he's watching us. Go over there, quick."

Immediately afterwards she ran down the stairs, and her laugh was heard above them all. But Harley was thinking—he who was not given to thinking except when it could not be helped. Wingate stuck to the Colonel like a leech, and well Harley knew that the leech was drawing blood. That night the Maid of Doon did not present herself on the Brig, nor for a full week to come. Then, circumstances being similar, she again appeared. Harley's course was determined.

"Now, old man," said he, "be swift. I'll cut off retreat. You take exactly the course I did last time. Wait here, now. When you hear my cuckoo-call, swoop."

Move as he might, the shrubbery, the dry undergrowth, the roosting birds spoke loudly of the disturber, and sent warning on the night as they tracked him. Harley saw his prey slipping, gave the sign on the instant, and, henceforth abandoning all attempts at stealth, bounded forward with redoubling din. He could see Wingate's form darting by the moon-bright water toward the bridge. During judicious pauses he noted with satisfaction that the apparition was substantial and not of air, in that its movements were chronicled even as his own. He stood still now, well concealed behind a bush. The apparition was reckless. A lightning spring or two, and Harley held the dread thing fast! There was a distinctly feminine scream.

"Let me go. How dare you?"

"Nelly, it isn't—it isn't any use. Do you think I don't know you even in this guise?"

The ghost fell sobbing on his shoulder.

"Oh, Frank! Frank! you don't know all."

"Nelly! Nelly! D'you hear? Don't cry like that. Bless me you're—you're all trembling. Let me take off that white thing. What's the matter? Darling, I've a right to know."

"In heaven's name, don't ask—don't ask! Oh, if you ever cared for me, let me go!" She half raised the white covering on her

head, peering with wet eyes at a dim-lit window of the house that showed through the foliage. The hand on his arm trembled violently.

"If he should suspect—if he should trace me—oh, Frank, if he should find me here, he'd—he'd kill us both—kill us—kill us!"

Chapter II.

"So, after all, she told you nothing? H'm! Rather a wild-goose chase!"

"My dear fellow, I didn't want to have a real ghost in my arms. The girl was out of her wits. But how did *you* know it was her? You seemed cock-sure in the matter."

"Tolerably certain, yes. My methods of deduction made me so. Now, before taking further steps, do you mean to marry the girl?"

"You're point-blank, but that is the business that brought me here."

"Then, in that event, and only because your cousin is more to you than your uncle, I take your case. I have made a careful study of such cases, and here I see great danger in delay. Therefore, whilst carefully avoiding anything that might arouse suspicion in your uncle's mind, you must discover, through your cousin, whether he takes an interest in, or gives any instructions regarding, her sleeping apartment."

Harley promised. "I'm dazed," he said, "but I'll go on, in faith."

So the excursion went on apace. There were drives to Dunure the quaint, to the lovely glen of Ballochmyle, and the countless other beauty-nooks that make the very name of Ayr a kind of spell. There were golf matches at Troon and golf matches at Prestwick. Festivity perpetual—and all the while the thickening plot; and all the while the unravelling. Walking homeward one night, Wingate said to his friend:

"You had an opportunity to-day. Did you take it by the forelock?"

"Yes, but what I fished was so minnowy that it's hardly worth mentioning."

"Everything's worth mentioning to a lawyer when you're his client."

"Well, it was simply that he insists upon Nelly sleeping with the

window down from the top. The Queen does that, he says, and look at *her* age."

"Is that all?"

"Yes—no; by-the-by, he advised her to read in bed as an inducement to sleep, and gave her a boxful of novels. He bought her a patent reading-lamp and book-holder, too, for the purpose. Not much in that—eh?"

"Just life and death in that. Harley, we must precipitate matters."

Harley's face signalled alarm.

"Yes, and if I find you're right, I'll begin by precipitating the old brute from his topmost window."

"You will please to bear in mind that a single injudicious word may cost the forfeit of our power to render any assistance whatever. To-morrow I shall pay your uncle an early visit, and get him away to golf at Prestwick. You will be headachey, and going to stay abed. To do a great right we must do a little wrong. If I don't return within an hour, you'll go straight to your cousin, and tell her all—tell her that you are independent of your uncle—in short, make her your promised wife. Unless I'm worse than blind, she'll consent. And heaven knows she needs you, poor girl! Tell her to arrange for my examining the house in the afternoon, getting the servants out of the way for an hour or two. Then, being no longer headachey, you will come on to Prestwick, and join us about two o'clock. Your uncle has the old soldier's love of a wager. You will play him two rounds for ten guineas a side. Prior to this, I shall have him informed that I must go to town by the two-thirty. That I take the down, instead of the up, train is part of the great right and the very little wrong."

It was all settled, and all carried out to the letter. Arriving at the appointed time, Wingate found Miss Barrie much agitated and anything but enamoured of the business in hand. He artfully introduced the side-issue.

"I had just a whisper from Frank. Allow me to congratulate you."

She blushed and thanked him, smiling.

"Now," he said, "if you choose to tell me all you know, it will save much time, much trouble, and perhaps more."

"Really, Mr. Wingate, I can't. I daren't. I couldn't live here if I did. He would read it in my face. I'd much rather you would find out for yourself."

"Very well, then, I'll look at your bedroom first."

She conducted him to a plainly furnished room of medium size. He stood for a minute, taking in the general aspect of things.

"Um! You sleep with your head to the window. Now, Miss Barrie, where do you place the reading-lamp? I see. Just over your head. Thank you."

He walked to the window, and, stepping on a chair, examined the upper portion closely.

"You're not in the habit of pinning anything on to the frame, here—are you?"

"Oh no!"

"Nor of driving tacks into it?"

"No."

"Now, I'm going to pull it down from the top. Is that how you have it during the night?"

"Yes, about that."

"And the room above this is your uncle's? Then, with your permission, I'll have a glance at it."

As Wingate entered the Colonel's bedroom his eye lighted upon a long green curtain that, suspended from the roof, hung down by one side of the bed.

"For draughts, I suppose," said he, fingering it.

"Yes. Uncle said he couldn't sleep for the cold, and bought it quite recently."

"Has hooks along part of the foot, too. What are they for?"

"He told me they were for fastening the curtain to the ceiling when required."

Wingate looked up quickly. "Did he volunteer that information?"

"Yes. I never asked."

"Most extraordinary!"

Mounting a chair, he swiftly unhooked the curtain at the top, laying it across the bed. The raising of a narrow ornamental band that bordered it revealed, on one side, a row of tiny hooks, and on the other a row of corresponding eyes. These he quickly fastened together, the result being a kind of long sack without bottom.

"Uha! So far, so good."

Walking to the window, he raised the sash and thrust his head out. He then held the curtain over, flapping it, and, after a few attempts, the hooks caught inside the window below.

"Hold this, please, just a moment, while I run to your room."

The girl looked scared. "Oh! do be quick!" she murmured. "He might come back too soon."

Wingate was in her room. The hooks fitted, exactly, into the punctures in the wood. He rushed upstairs again, making further inspection of the curtain.

"I was sure of it. Worn thin here, and two little holes on either side at equal distances. Has your uncle a square iron or metal box of any kind?"

"None, except that tin one in which he keeps some dusty documents."

She pointed to a box, stamped "Private Papers," that lay under the dressing-table. He lifted it on to the table by the window, fitting it into the curtain, which it stretched to tearing point, the sharp corners showing through the holes. He drew it out again, tapping it all round. It was securely fastened, light in weight, hollow in sound.

"I suppose your uncle always keeps the key himself?"

"Oh yes! I never see it."

Wingate laid his ear against the edge of the box for two minutes.

"'M—yes, I think that's all now. We'll restore order. I've given you a deal of trouble, Miss Barrie, but it's a great success."

Miss Barrie looked very unhappy.

"What does it all mean, Mr. Wingate? Won't you tell me, now?"

"My dear young lady, it wants more investigation. Meanwhile, make no change in your bearing toward your uncle, and—yes, it would be as well for you to appear on the Brig to-night."

Harley, returning late, found his friend curled up before the fire in an easy chair and brown meditation.

"Well, mystery-teaser, how have things gone?"

"Just as I expected. Everything is in perfect accord with the theory which I formed long ago. I don't think I told you of my interesting chat at the abbey with your uncle's coachman, who was with him in India. I landed big fish there. Judge for yourself. There is an old wife's legend which runs that a death at Doon House is always preceded by an apparition on the Brig o' Doon. Your uncle has a superstitious dread of this legend and anything thereto pertaining. From only one window in the house can the Brig be seen. That window is in your uncle's bedroom."

Wingate then recounted, in detail, the discoveries of the day, confining himself to the bare facts, and never once uttering a word of comment.

"Now, two heads are better than one cocoa-nut. What do *you* make of it?"

"A patent, Scoto-Indian puzzle. That's all I make of it. It's

all too uncanny. You talk about heads. I'll be off mine directly if I think any more about it."

"Don't! Just tell me this—has your uncle never asked you to stay overnight at Doon House?"

"No. It's very queer, considering that he's been so friendly, too."

"Very! Well, our next step is fraught with more danger. We must occupy your cousin's bedroom instead of her, to-morrow night. During the day we shall draw them to the garden. There your old horticultural mania will return to you, overwhelmingly, and you will drag your cousin off to enlighten you as to the names and occupation of every distant flower. *I* shall take care of your uncle. Then you will ascertain, as quickly and minutely as possible, your cousin's means of exit from the house when she is the Maid of Doon. You will tell her that she must not appear in that character to-morrow night; that she is, secretly, to arrange to sleep in another apartment, and place the lamp at her window when the coast is clear."

Wingate's plans always had finish, and they seldom failed. The following day made no exception. It was a full hour before midnight when the two concealed themselves in the shrubbery to await the signal, and soon afterwards they had the satisfaction, grim as it was, of seeing the lamp at the window. Provided with rubber-soled shoes, they crept, almost noiselessly, round to the rear of the house, pausing always when the dog barked. Mounting the flat roof of an outhouse by means of a wide, sliding door, they were within easy reach of a window in one of the wings, and, in another minute, found themselves within the house. It was pitch-dark, and they stood stock-still. Neither had ever aspired to be shot for a burglar, and that was the present risk. The room was unfurnished.

"Watch your feet," whispered Harley, moving forward. "Steps outside the door."

They literally felt their way down to one landing and up to another, stopping when the stairs pistol-cracked, as stairs always do when you wish to move unheard. They slid into the bedroom, however, without mishap, bolting the door cautiously behind them. Wingate let down the blind softly, fixed the reading-lamp over the bed, and, drawing from his pockets several little pieces of tin, ranged them along the foot. On each of these he shook out a little heap of yellow-brown powder; then, with a box of safety Tändstücker in his hand, he sat down near the door, motioning Harley, strangely bewildered, to sit down beside him. One hour—two hours passed. The suspense was unbearable. Three hours had almost gone, and Harley,

whose eyes had kept faithful sentry from the window to the face of his companion, was just about to shake the latter, who seemed to be dozing, when a hand was laid on his own arm, and Wingate strained forward, listening. Something stirred overhead. A faint sound—a pause—the same sound again! Yes, the window was going up—going up by inches, and at intervals. The sound ceased. Something flapped very lightly against the window. For several minutes it continued—now hard—now light—now stopping altogether, as a blind might at an open window. There was an especially hard one, followed by a clicking sound, and the motion ceased. Wingate rose to his feet, slid on tiptoe to the window, peered behind the blind, and glided back again. A slight sound as of keys against metal! then the stillness of death! Motionless they sat, their eyes riveted to the window. Minutes passed. Suddenly, but without agitation, Wingate pointed to a dark object crawling, greasily, along the wall, right above the bed. Both men moved towards it for a closer inspection. All at once Wingate dragged his friend back.

"My God!" he gasped. "A tarantula—a black tarantula! Its bite is certain death."

Just as he whispered the spider dropped on the pillow, and the sight of it sprawling there, with its fiery eyes and hairy body, sent a cold chill to the very heart of Harley. But for a merciful providence, what fate would have been his Nelly's!

"Let me kill the accursed thing!" he whispered hoarsely, springing forward.

Wingate thrust him back.

"Are you mad? Do you know how it jumps?"

Harley sat down at the door in disgust. He did not know anything, he did not care anything; but he ardently desired the life of the hideous insect that was desecrating that pillow. It was heading for the light. Wingate struck a match quietly and applied it to the powder. A series of bright, bluish flames burst forth, and a sulphurous odour began to pervade the air. A visit to the new stars, and peregrination ceased! The spider betook itself straight to the wall, and thence to the window. They watched it disappear. Just before daybreak something thrust the blind inward, and, with a sigh of relief, they saw that the curtain was gone.

. . . . . .

It was the afternoon of that day of haunted dawning. In the library of Doon House sat the Colonel by the window, Wingate near the door.

"Yes," the latter was saying, bluffly, "I thought I'd get you to

settle our argument about the exact house occupied by Burns's niece. Harley said he had something better to do than bother about *Burns's* niece. So I came on alone."

"You take quite an unusual interest in this corner of the earth."

"Interest in Ayr? Should say I do. Haven't I walked, ridden, driven, or cycled every road in Ayrshire? Was mine not foremost among the youthful spirits that hovered o' nights round the toon o' honest men and bonnie lasses; that rowed stiff miles for the uncivilised purpose of gobbling icy indigestion, and honey-masked dyspepsia in the alluring halls of Fleury Meng? My heart warms whenever I see the old landmarks. And here, in this paradise, who could forget it? The stately monument, the inimitable figures of Tam o' Shanter and his crony, the Shell House, and down the blossom-hung paths and green slopes, the moving glass of Doon with its mirrored pictures, arched by the Auld Brig—a land pregnant with memories—an air redolent of him who was so much a poet because so Nature-fired, a man because so weak, a brother because so erring."

There was a scraping sound in the room above, followed by a heavy thud. Wingate muttered unconsciously.

"Roping the boxes—what a row! Must keep this up."

"Eh? What's that?" said the Colonel.

"I say if there's anywhere a man should be good, it's here; and yet I believe there are men who, even with these surroundings, would sell their soul for money—barter it for, say, five hundred a year and ten thousand slump."

The Colonel lay back, livid. In the next instant he sprang to his feet.

"What do you mean by that? And why are you roaring? And what's that noise?"

"My dear Colonel, you really mustn't. Think of the disastrous effects to your liver, if you had one. Let me explain. There was a fair girl dangerously troubled by her uncle. He was superstitious. She didn't know her danger, but she discovered that when she played upon his weakness he did not trouble her. Thereby hangs a ghost-tale."

The Colonel moved nearer the door, and stood scowling. Wingate, right in his path, faced him.

"Colonel, do you remember that night on the frontier, when the Goorkhas were playing tunes on the ribs of the Afghans with their *Kukries* (bumping the banisters—the idiots!), and the colonel, who was very like you, galloped back to camp to stop young Charteris, who was engaged to his niece, from carrying her off from a

monster? (Tramping like elephants—at the door, too.) Brandis tried to reason with him on the other side of the door, but he wouldn't hear reason."

"Oho! That's your game, is it?" The Colonel sprang to the door.

"So, he took him by the throat—so! and shook him—so! 'You murderous old villain!' he said, 'haven't you done enough?'"

"For—God's—sake!" gurgled the Colonel, black in the face, "don't choke me."

"And while he held him there, lo! the lovers escaped!"

As Wingate released his hold, there was a sound of carriage wheels without. The Colonel, still panting, threw up the window-sash and thrust his head out. A waggonette was passing from the back of the house into the avenue. From behind a heap of packages his nephew bowed, grinning; and his niece, smilingly, kissed her hand. The Colonel drew in, red-hot.

"You meddling jackanapes, this is *your* doing."

"And my glory," returned Wingate, again the imperturbable lawyer, with his back to the door.

"With my carriage and my coachman, too!" He rang the bell furiously.

"Another man's coachman, now."

After much ringing, came not the butler, but the housemaid.

"Where's Brown?" bellowed her master.

"He's—he's unwell, sir."

"Drunk, she means," interjected Wingate. "My arrangement, Colonel."

The Colonel turned purple.

"Tell the groom to saddle Damascus, and bring him round this instant."

"As well tell him to saddle the Alps," said Wingate, his back again to the door. "Firstly, because as the butler is, so is the groom; secondly, because the horses are taking the air, as it were, in the field by the glen. Also my arrangement!"

Yellow to the eyes, the Colonel sat down.

"Harley will pay for this. The scamp will never handle a penny of mine."

Wingate exploded. "Ho! ho! ho! You funny old man! The solemn way you joke! Dry humour that, eh? A man worth seventy thousand pounds handle a penny of yours!"

The Colonel exhausted the rainbow, and began afresh.

"Now, Colonel, enough of this. I'll tell you what you're going

to do. I've had a rather heavy day's work, and you're going to ask me to join you at dinner. After that you're going to ask me to smoke one of your fine Indian cigars, which will really go high."

"Indeed! You take affairs into your own hand."

"Precisely. They are mine. I'm a lawyer, and I hunger."

"And why should I ask you, pray? Why?"

"Because, while an open window at night may sometimes conduce to sleep everlasting, it doesn't *always* insure longevity. *Some*times it insures the reverse. Now, you understand?"

Like a cowed animal, the Colonel sat as white as death. Wingate laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Colonel, this is the second time you've played for Hell; the second time I've made you foozle, and saved you. The first time was on Prestwick links. Both times you've been ungrateful."

Hours had passed. The sun had set, leaving the heavens a glory of purple afterglow that men travel the world to see and come home to find in Ayrshire. The lawyer's instructions had been implicitly obeyed, and the two men were still sitting at the dinner-table smoking in silence, when footsteps were heard on the gravel outside, and a telegram was handed to Wingate. He looked at the Colonel as he opened it.

"No, not from the detective department. Read for yourself."

It was from Carlisle, and ran: "Be gentle. God bless you! Nelly Harley."

The Colonel's voice shook.

"Give me your hand; I'm not ungrateful this time. I say it, too. God bless you!"

MEMORIES OF OLD ST. PAUL'S.

WELL-authenticated tradition asserts that a familiar line in Bishop Heber's prize poem of "Palestine," a line in which he so happily describes the rise of King Solomon's temple at Jerusalem, ran originally thus: "Like the green grass, the noiseless fabric grew." The tradition adds that at the suggestion of Sir Walter Scott, to whom Heber read his poem over in manuscript previously to its public recitation in the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford, this line was erased, and the more felicitous words "Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung" were substituted. It matters little whether we employ the former or the latter of these two similes. None, we suppose, will deny that it is most instructive, to say the least, to compare the growth of a fine building with that of a product of Nature. But the growth of an historical edifice rich with the spoils of time, like St. Paul's Cathedral, resembles most closely a venerable oak, which, in the words of a great poet, exhibits—

> The solid trunk, the aged stem,
> That rears aloft its glorious diadem;
> That through long years of battle and of storm
> Has striven whole fore round it to reform;
> That still through lightning flash and thunder stroke
> Returns its vital sap and hearts of oak.

Strange as it may sound to some of our readers, it is still incontestably true, that not one Londoner in a thousand knows, or even cares to know, anything concerning the history, be it early or late, of the metropolitan cathedral. Those of a facetious turn of mind will frequently ask a friend from the country, intent on what is commonly termed "doing" the place, that atrocious riddle, "Why is St. Paul's Cathedral like a bird's nest?" in the hope of favouring him, on receiving a "Give it up," with the answer "Because it was built by a Wren"; but there matters generally end, and of the history, the antiquities of the fane, they in general know nothing and care to know nothing.

It would be an interesting task to trace, with the aid of Dean Milman's scholarly monograph, the history of this church in detail;

but it would exhaust the limits, not of one, but of many papers. We propose, therefore, in this paper to examine only the outline of its history, and to dwell upon only the most salient parts of that history, which, it is almost superfluous to say, disturbs traditions, recalls grievances, touches prejudices, excites deep feelings, and affects momentous religious interests.

The discovery, some sixty years ago (during the progress of excavations for the foundation of Goldsmiths' Hall), of a stone altar adorned with an effigy of Diana, lends considerable weight to the theory that the hill on which St. Paul's Cathedral stands occupies the site of a temple dedicated to the worship of the great goddess of Ephesus. A camp of the Romans, then a temple of the Saxons, next a cathedral church built by Ethelbert, King of Kent, with the sanction of Sebert, King of the East Angles, next a relapse into Paganism, and then the restoration of the Cathedral by the famous St. Erkenwald—these are the chief points in the history of Paul's Church, from the commencement of its history until the beginning of the seventh century.

Why the cathedral church of London when, in the Anglo-Saxon times, the City became an episcopal See under Mellitus, the companion of Augustine, was dedicated to the Apostle of the Gentiles, antiquaries are not agreed. Very ancient tradition preserved by the ecclesiastical historians, however, asserts that this island was, at a very early date, visited by St. Paul, who preached the Christian gospel to its inhabitants,[1] and if so it may probably have led to the association of his name with the first Christian temple in London, but there is no evidence to warrant the conclusion.

Towards the close of the reign of William the Conqueror, St. Paul's Cathedral was razed to the ground by fire. Shortly afterwards Manutius, Chaplain and Chancellor to William the First, who occupied the See from 1086 to 1107, began a new fabric, which was not finished, however, until two hundred rolling years had run their course. This structure was completed in 1315, during the reign of Edward II., and despite many additions and subtractions, executed through the long ages which are sometimes styled "the dark ages," stood firm until its fate was sealed by the unparalleled conflagration of 1666.

What was the form of old St. Paul's the second? What were its architectural dimensions? To these questions we can supply ready answers. Referring to the pages of William of Malmesbury's

[1] See Short's *History of the Church of England*, c. i. ; Bright's *Chapters on English Church History* ; Sparrow Simpson's *Chapters in the History of Old St. Paul's.*

"Chronicle" we see at a glance what its character was. It had a choir, the glory of which surpassed that of Westminster. It had a grand nave of no fewer than twelve bays. It had transepts of five bays each. Moreover, the only cathedral church that could pretend to rival its pier arches was that of Norwich. The nave measured 90 feet in height and 260 feet in length. Beyond this stretched the transept, and the choir, which extended fully 260 feet in length.[1] The choir vault equalled all the stately height of Westminster. Moreover, bearing in mind that the perspective of this magnificent church terminated in a rose window, which was more exquisite than either of those that now delight the gazing eye in the transepts of Westminster Abbey—bearing also in mind that this window, "richly dight," cast "a dim religious light" through the seven tall graceful lancets which filled up the entire eastern end, the reader can pardon the pride with which the London citizen of the pre-Reformation epoch regarded the fane. Among the numerous cathedral churches throughout Christendom Paul's had justly the pre-eminence. Eclipse was first, and the rest were—well—nowhere.

Nor was the external appearance of this mighty church unworthy of its internal appearance. The tower rose to a height of 235 feet, on a square with sides that measured as many as 50 feet in length. This square displayed externally three two-light windows, each of which was 60 feet in height. Above these rose another story, which was lighted by a similar range of windows nearly half as high. The joy and pride of the noble structure was the spire, which soared like a tongue of golden flame into the blue heavens above all others.

Thus roughly, but yet, we believe, accurately, have we sketched the general aspect of Old St. Paul's. We have now something to say concerning Paul's Cross, which, as Dean Milman truly says, was "historically part, and an important part, of the cathedral."

Long before this Cross became a magnificent and almost unrivalled rostrum, it had been the rendezvous of the assemblies, or what are sometimes designated the "folk-motes," of the denizens of the City of London.[2] In later times it was the pulpit orator's paradise.

It was rebuilt by Bishop Kemp, after the Wars of the Roses, and for centuries, by reason of its imposing grandeur and consummate gracefulness, ranked as one of the chief ornaments of London. Its position, according to Dean Milman, was at the north-east corner of the Cathedral, and it is conjectured by this learned writer that it was

[1] Fergusson's *History of Architecture*, iv. c. ii.

[2] *Annals of St. Paul's Cathedral*, 1869, p. 62; Sparrow Simpson's *Old St. Paul's*, 152–155.

mayor.[1] Such was the ordeal that the preacher at Paul's Cross had sometimes to face. All, during the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth, the discourses of the preachers at Paul's Cross were largely attended, and vigorously applauded, by the motley crowds who assembled—hail, rain or sunshine—to hear them. Paul's Cross stood intact until the reign of the martial Saints, by whom it was demolished. To people so fond of improving all occasions, it might be supposed that the Cross would not have been an eyesore. The Zeal of the Land Busies, the Boanerges Holdforths and the Sergeant Bind-their-Kings-in-Chains, however, called to mind that doctrines which were not to be found either in the pages of the Old or New Testament had constantly been preached at Paul's Cross, and the remembrance of this impelled them to cry "Down with it, down with it even to the ground." When the Restoration came, then came also a desire to re-introduce the Paul's Cross sermon; and whereas this sermon had formerly been preached without the Cathedral, it was now preached within it. In those sermons, which are preached Sunday after Sunday in the evening to large and attentive congregations at the present time, the antiquary may still detect the ring of the old Paul's Cross sermons. Here, as elsewhere, the old order has changed and given place to new.[2]

We often hear it said in the present day that those who frequent our churches and cathedrals are singularly wanting in a due and becoming reverence for the sacredness of such buildings and their separation from profane uses. But this is by no means peculiar to the age in which we live, and it must be added that in this respect matters in "the good old times" were ten thousand times worse. It was then the custom to hold law courts, fairs, and even markets, within the walls of churches and cathedrals. These structures were the recognised places for eating, drinking, working and sleeping. Plays and interludes were acted within their walls, and priests and people seemed to consider them peculiarly adapted for church ales, Whitsun ales, and drinking bouts—a state of affairs which contrasted singularly with the apostolic dictum, "Let all things be done decently and in order." It may be doubted, however, whether any public building was more shamefully desecrated in this way than Old St. Paul's. Posterity, or rather that section of it which is accustomed to behold in our cathedral churches a Pharisaical regard for propriety and decorum, may well stand aghast when it reads of St. Paul's in the days of our Tudor sovereigns.

[1] *Diary of Henry Machyn*, ed. Camden Society; Foxe's *Acts and Monuments*, vi. 41, 392.

[2] There is a well-executed view of the Cross during sermon time in Wilkinson's *Londina Illustrata*, vol. I.

As early as the reign of Edward the Third petty dealers commenced to expose their wares for sale under the walls of the Cathedral, and the more sacred the day was the more active the market was.[1] Through the nave and through the aisles, even while the choir and clergy were chanting the solemn strains of a penitential litany, the hum of buyers and sellers waxed noisier and noisier. Rag Fair and Petticoat Lane are the only districts of modern London which could at all compare with what in mediæval London was familiarly termed "Paul's Walk," or the "Perwyse of Paul's." The house of prayer became literally, and not figuratively, a house of merchandise and a den of thieves. The money-changers entered the walls and drove out the worshippers. The summits of the pillars, their rich tracery work, and their elegant cornices were the coigns of vantage of pigeons, jackdaws, and birds of every dye and hue. There the London apprentices daily resorted with bows and arrows for the purpose of shooting the birds, and of engaging in games that were suited to any place but the walls of an ancient cathedral. The beautiful and costly painted windows were treated with but scant respect, and the gambols ceased only when the scandal became meritorious for the thunders of excommunication. The Reformation imposed a temporary restriction on the perversion of St. Paul's Church, but when the storm had blown over, and comparative tranquillity had been restored, things went on as before. The metropolitan cathedral became a metropolitan market. To such base uses as it was put to, we do not know where to look for a parallel. While many citizens regarded the church as a fashionable place of resort, others regarded it as a trysting-place of friends, and others again as an exchange for the transaction of business and the collection of news. Advertisements of all kinds, secular and sacred, covered the pillars and the walls of the nave, which were criticised and discussed in the loudest of tones by the passers-by. But while the authorities strained at gnats, as so often happens, they swallowed camels. An apprentice who entered the church without first removing his cap, or a gallant who forgot to doff his head-gear, was promptly called to order by the door-keeper; but these functionaries had nothing to say to the wretches, all tattered and torn, who dragged their filthy carcasses out of the scorching summer sun, or the biting winter wind, and lay down to sleep in the presence of worshippers, who might be as clean as a new pin. The painted courtesans found no more attractive promenade for displaying their charms to the best vantage than "Paul's Walk," and never omitted to turn their steps ther when the chimes proclaimed the hour of noon. With the

[1] Milman's *Annals*, pp. 83, 124.

sixteenth century came the Reformation, and though St. Paul's Cathedral felt the influence of that great movement so far as matters of doctrine were concerned, the abuses of which we have spoken flourished as gaily as before. Wherever Reformation extended, it certainly did not extend to the correction of abuses within the Cathedral. The right of way which the public had established was rigidly adhered to, even when that bright occidental star Queen Elizabeth, of most happy memory, was sent to rule and reign over England. Brewers drove their lumbering drays, drawn by clattering teams of heavy horses, through the sacred precincts from north to south and from south to north. Bakers marched to and fro bearing loaves of bread on their heads, and sometimes came in on their carts. Mules, horses, and dogs, went backwards and forwards, and gloried in the short cut. From time to time attempts were made to suppress these abuses, but all proved abortive, with the exception of the ingress of the four-footed beasts, which in dusty weather raised clouds much resembling those of the summer threshing-floors spoken of in the Book of Daniel.

Queen Elizabeth, scandalised at the profanation of which St. Paul's was the scene, and at the riots which often took place within its hallowed walls, determined to abate the nuisance. Knowing that fine and imprisonment were insufficient to deter the offenders, she resolved that a pillory should be erected in the churchyard, near the official residence of the Bishop of London. Soon an offender graced this pillory with his presence. A certain lewd fellow of the baser sort, forgetting the respect which was due to the house of prayer, created a disturbance, and was promptly nailed by his ears to the pillory post. The next step which Elizabeth took towards the cleansing of the temple was to issue an enactment against all buying, selling, shooting, bargaining, and chaffering during the time of Divine service. But this only partially removed the evil, for whenever Divine service was not being performed, Paul's Walk was as noisy as ever it had been. There walked those who loved darkness rather than light ; neither came to the light lest their deeds might be made manifest. There, though the beasts of the field were excluded, every other abomination was admitted. There went the idle, the splendid, and the gay. There, when everybody else was at the ordinaries, went those who could not afford to pay for a dinner, to dine with Duke Humphrey, who by a popular error was transferred from his tomb in St. Albans Abbey to one that was occupied by a Beauchamp in St. Paul's. Duke Humphrey, while in the flesh, had loved good cheer, and was never so happy as when he was dispensing the

o be yours, where, in view of all, you may publish your suit
manner you affect most, either with the slide of your cloak
e shoulder ; and then you must, as 'twere in anger, suddenly
t the middle of the inside, if it be taffeta at the least ; and so
means your costly lining is betrayed, or else by the pretty
ge of compliment. But one note, by the way, do I specially
to, the neglect of which makes many of our gallants cheap
nary, that by no means you be seen above four turns ; but
h make yourself away, either in some of the seamster's shops,
tobacco office, or amongst the booksellers, where, if you
ead, exercise your smoke, and inquire who has writ against
ie weed, &c. For this withdrawing yourself a little will
nefit your suit . . . if by chance you either encounter or
throw your inquisitive eye upon any knight or squire, being
iliar, salute him, not by his name of Sir Such-a-one, or so ;
im Ned or Jack, &c. This will set off your estimation with
a ; and if, though there be a dozen companies between you
etter, he call aloud to you, for that is most genteel, to know
shall find you at two o'clock, tell him at such an ordinary,
and be sure to name those that are dearest, and whither
your gallants resort. After dinner you may appear again,
insiated yourself out of your English cloth cloak into a light
rogram ; and then be seen for a turn or two, to correct your
some quill or silver instrument, and to cleanse your gums
ought handkerchief. . . . Now, if you chance to be a gallant
crossed among citizens ; that is, a gallant in the mercer's
alted for satins and velvets, your Paul's Walk is your only
he Duke's tomb is a sanctuary, and will keep you alive from
nd land rats that long to be feeding on your carcass ; there
spend your legs in winter a whole afternoon ; converse, plot,
d talk anything ; jest at your creditor, even to his face ; and,
ening, even by lamplight, steal out ; and so cozen a whole
abominable catchpoles."

writers beside Ben Jonson and Dekker advert to what, for
of a more expressive term, we may call the "humours"
s Walk. Thomas Nash, in his "Supplication of Pierse
e to the Devil," a satirical poem published in 1592, says,
l how the masterlesse men that set up their bills in Paul's
ces, and such as paste up their papers on every post for
ique and writing scholes, escape eternitie amongst them."
n, Richard Corbett, the witty Bishop of Norwich, in his
' on Dr. Ravis, Bishop of London, quoted by Archdeacon
his "Glossary," has the following lines :

ch places it is least haunted with hobgoblings, for if a ghost ılk more, he could not."[1] Thus it will be seen that St. thedral, in the olden time—those times which certain people lastingly extolling at the expense of the present—was by every species of profanation, by the basest of words as y the basest of deeds.

ıg the second half of the sixteenth century fire, neglect, decay, and a variety of other causes wrought untold the once peerless fabric of Old St. Paul's. In due course ı died, and James the First ascended the throne. Seeing ıncholy state of dilapidation into which the Cathedral had ımes appointed a commission to inquire into its revenues, equently headed a subscription list for its repair. But sub- s only dribbled in, and of the total sum that was needed— wo thousand pounds odd—only a mite was raised. Under the First matters slightly mended. Laud was appointed f London, and instantly threw himself with heart and soul projects for the restoration of the Cathedral, availing himself lents of Inigo Jones, who was now in the zenith of his fame. tions, owing to the energy of Laud, poured in from far and ones went with a mind to work, and the consequence was lisfigured what he ought to have adorned. His performances hing more nor less than those of a ruthless reformer. The ance of the church he faced with a cold and formal Roman nd did his best to obliterate every trace of the former Gothic which it had once displayed in rich abundance. He was e Italian artists who, in painting the heroes of classical , invariably invested them with the fashionable garb of the h century. "In the restoration of St. Paul's," wrote Horace "Inigo made two capital faults. He first renewed the sides bad Gothic, and then added a Roman portico, magnificent ıtiful indeed, but which had no affinity with the ancient parts ained, and made the Gothic appear ten times heavier." On nal embellishment of the Cathedral a wealthy London citizen, made a large fortune as a Turkey merchant, expended the ten thousand pounds. Among the other contributors was Pindar, sometime Ambassador at Constantinople, who, as says, "is especially to be remembered, who, having at his rge first repaired that goodly partition made at the west end ıire, adorning the part thereof outwards with four pillars of arble, and statues of those Saxon kings who had been

[1] Bishop Earle's *Microcosmography*, ed. Bliss, 1811, p. 117.

founders or benefactors to the church, beautified the inner part thereof with figures of angels, and all the wainscot was of excellent carving—viz. of cherubims and other images richly gilded; adding costly suits of hangings for the upper end thereof, and afterwards bestowed 4,000*l.* in repairing of the Cross."[1] So the church was restored after a fashion, and gave satisfaction to all who beheld it. Laud, as may be supposed, was assailed during the progress of the work; but Laud was not a man to be deterred from any purpose which he was bent on carrying through, by popular clamour. Edmund Waller, the Court poet, celebrated the triumph of the restorer in his verse, and among other pretty things declared that—

> Nor aught which Sheba's wondering Queen beheld,
> Amongst the work of Solomon, excell'd
> This shape and building, emblems of a heart
> Large both in magnanimity and art.[2]

At the downfall of Monarchy St. Paul's, in common with all other important ecclesiastical edifices in London, entered on a period of neglect, defilement, and wanton mischief. The Saints committed untold depredations in their zeal for the extermination of the worship of Baal and the rags of Popery. Dean Milman quotes a contemporary rumour that Cromwell had it in intention to hand over the Cathedral to the Jews, for a synagogue—which may or may not be correct. The east end was set apart for a congregation of psalm-singing knaves, whose spiritual necessities, if indeed they had any, which we very much doubt, were supplied by the anti-dean Cornelius Burgess, a tub-thumping rascal, who was never so happy as when banging a cushion in a conventicle, and mouthing his scraps of bad Hebrew before the members of the House of Commons. Two fine statues of kings which stood on Inigo Jones's portico were dragged down and dashed to pieces by these wretched fanatics, who were content with nothing but what was hammered on their own anvil. The portico itself was let out for booths to hucksters and to sempstresses. The interior of the Cathedral was converted into a cavalry barrack, which Sir William Dugdale, pained and grieved, as he well might be, saw with his own eyes. Horses littered the pavement, and soldiers made seats of the tombs. The eastern part of the choir was partitioned off by a wall, and converted into a preaching shop for Dr. Burgess, the approach to it being made through the uppermost window on the north side eastwards.[3] "Since my last," wrote

[1] Dugdale's *History of St. Paul's*, ed. Ellis, 1818, pp. 107–108.
[2] Works. [3] Sparrow Simpson's *Old St. Paul's*, p. 267.

Evelyn, in his "Diary," under date of December 18, 1648, "soldiers have marched into the City. . . . They have garrisoned Blackfriars (which likewise they have fortified with artillery); Paul's Church, which with London House they have made stables for their horses, making plentiful fires with the seats." Right odious, as may be supposed, were Laud's scaffoldings in the eyes of the Saints, and down they came. How durable they must have been is evident from Dugdale, who says that saw-pits were dug in the Cathedral itself for the purpose of cutting up the timbers. That the choir stalls and the organ loft should both have gone the same way was only to be supposed. "That sacred Temple dedicated to S. Paul, and heretofore set apart and kept in all possible decency for the service and worship of God, they have now converted into a filthy stable and filled it with hay and horses," &c. This passage occurs in the issue of the "Mercurius Eleuticus," December, 1648, a contemporary newspaper, which was secretly printed at a press in the Cavalier camp. There is another passage in a later number of the same sheet, which runs thus: "The saints in Paul's were the last weeks teaching their horses to ride up the great steps that lead into the quire, where as they desided they might perhaps learne to chaunt an antheme; but one of them fell and broke both his leg and the neck of his rider, which hath spoiled his chaunting, for he was buried on Saturday night last. A just judgment of God on such a prophane and sacrilegious wretch." We may mention one other instance of the profanation of St. Paul's during the interregnum. According to a contemporary pamphlet, cited by Dr. Sparrow Simpson, the present learned precentor of St. Paul's, in his volume of gleanings, a young foal that was born in the church was submitted to a mock baptismal ceremony by Paul Hobson's soldiers. The animal was actually sprinkled by these profane wretches in the name of the Trinity, and because it was a bald colt, was dubbed "Baal Rex." Could profanity descend lower?

The gloomy reign of the sectaries came to an end in 1660, and that of the old monarchy was re-established. It was then that what the witty Dr. South calls "the grand epoch of falsehood as well as debauchery" set in. St. Paul's now entered on a period of repose. But it was a doomed structure. In 1666 London was visited by an unparalleled fire, in which the once fair temple was completely engulphed, and, like the baseless fabric of a vision, left not a wrack behind it. This is the saddest portion of the annals of Old St. Paul's. It is emphatically what the poet has well termed—

oft in wrapt admiration. Hear what he says in the two following verses, which we venture to quote from a poem, written before his apostasy from the Church of his baptism :—

> Nor could thy fabric Paul's defend thee long,
> Though thou wert sacred to thy Maker's praise ;
> Though made immortal by a poet's song,
> And poets' songs the Theban walls could raise.
>
> The daring flames peeped in, and saw from far
> The awful beauties of thy sacred quire ;
> But since it was profaned by civil war,
> Heaven thought it fit to have it purged by fire.[1]

Dr. William Sancroft, subsequently one of the nonjuring divines, was Dean of St. Paul's at the time of the fire, and the See of London was occupied by Humphrey Henchman. Bishop Henchman had evinced the liveliest interest in the restoration of St. Paul's, and now made every exertion towards the rebuilding. Among the "Harleian Manuscripts" there are a number of autograph letters from Henchman to Dean Sancroft, the greater part of which relate to the proposed repairs and alterations at Old St. Paul's. Henchman, unfortunately, did not live to see the completion of the temple, as he departed this life in 1675, and was buried in the south aisle of Fulham parish church. He took but little part in the affairs of State ; but, according to Isaac Walton, "no one mentioned him without some veneration for his life and excellent learning."

The great fire of London not only effaced the mediæval history of Old St. Paul's, but did away from the eyes of posterity with all the havoc and wanton mischief which the destructive fingers of the Saints had succeeded in accomplishing. Perhaps it was as well. How many beautiful temples are there in this our land before which the pious antiquary is tempted to emulate the example of Sir Ralph the Rover, in Southey's well-known ballad "The Inchcape Rock," who tore his hair and cursed himself in wild despair?

Here we have reached the bounds beyond which we do not intend to pass. Old St. Paul's has been our theme, and to Old St. Paul's we intend to keep. In conclusion, perhaps we may be permitted to observe that, despite the wear and tear that Old St. Paul's sustained in the long interval between its erection and its fall; despite, too, the profanation of which it was the scene, and the unseemly levity which the sons of men carried into its hallowed precincts, the fane, there is every reason to believe, was used, if not always used, as it should have been. The gorgeous and imposing ceremonial of Mediæval Christendom has often constituted the theme

[1] *Annus Mirabilis*, 1665–66.

of the sneers and gibes of those whose narrow, meddling intellects mis-shape the hidden forms of thing, as Wordsworth says; but it should never be forgotten, in common fairness, that in the Middle Ages, as much as in the present day, a stately Gothic cathedral was a vision of a more beautiful and brighter world to multitudes of the poor; and to many who were in sorrow, need, sickness, and adversity, Religion was the one romance of the poor. It was a vision which they could have without money and without price, which lifted them far above the dull, harsh, crabbed, squalid region of their dreary and monotonous lives. The beautiful image which was employed by an early North-umbrian Saint, of human life, found its exposition in many a hallowed fane. "The bird," he said, "flies into the lighted hall out of night, enjoys the brightness and warmth for a moment, and then flies out again into the night." It was in the glorious sanctuary, in the great congregation, where heart beat in unison with heart, where voice united with voice to swell the strain of thanksgiving, and the noise of such as kept holyday, that common beliefs and common experiences drew the children of men, weary with toil and carking care, into closer, dearer, tenderer relationships of sympathy and hope. Whenever we survey some grand old Gothic cathedral we are insensibly reminded of an eloquent observation which occurs in one of the great works of Dr. Lecky: "The mediæval cathedral which, mellowed but not impaired by time, still gazes on us in its deathless beauty through the centuries of the past." These words are, in a pre-eminent degree, words of truth and wisdom. They are as applicable to a cathedral which still bids defiance to the ravages of time and decay as they are to one which, like Old St. Paul's, exists only in the pages of history.

WILLIAM CONNOR SYDNEY.

ABOUT PIKE.

"AND for by cause that this present treatyse shoulde not come to the handys of eche ydle persone whyche wolde desire it yf it were empryntyd allone by itself & put in a lytyll plaunflet, therefore I have compylyd it in a greter volume of dyverse bokys concernynge to gentyll & noble men to the entent that the forsayd ydle persones wyche sholde have but lytyll mesure in the sayd dysporte of fysshyng sholde not by this meane utterly deystroye it." Thus wrote Dame Juliana Berners, or whoever was the author of "The Treatyse of Fysshynge with an Angle," in the good old conservative times of the middle of the fifteenth century.

It certainly seems to us very remarkable that a person who justly estimated the many advantages, both moral and physical, to be derived from the cultivation of the art of "Fysshynge," and who could lay down such admirable rules for its prosecution so as to insure "the helth of your body, and specyally of your soule," with "the blessynge of God and Saynt Petyr" added, should be so selfish as to exclude, to the best of her power, all "ydle persones"—by which we must understand all those who were not of gentle blood—from partaking of these inestimable advantages. It appears even more cruel, when we consider the unlimited "hawkynge and huntynge with other dyvers" amusements which were so amply enjoyed by the gentlemen of those times—and which were utterly beyond the reach of those of inferior station—that the poor man should have been debarred the only vent to those instinctive yearnings after "sport" so innately dear to the Englishman, and that, in the only way perhaps in which he could indulge this passion without encroaching in the slightest degree upon the enjoyment of his superiors; for surely of coarse fish there must have been enough for all; and events have proved that even where the "sayd ydle persones' have been allowed any amount of such fair fishing as the worthy Dame describes, the result has been certainly not to "utterly deystroye it." Could the shade of Dame Juliana Berners visit the Broads and Rivers of Norfolk, and see the number of hardworked mechanics and shopmen (not to mention others possessed of more leisure, many

attracted even from the great metropolis itself), diligently pursuing the gentle craft to the certain good of their bodies, and, let us hope, of their souls also; and could she listen to their enthusiastic talk—even politics being forgotten—as they slay their monsters o'er again, the kindly christian spirit which breathes through every line of the "Treatyse" would regret that one word had been written therein calculated to debar, for a single day, even those not born of gentle blood from so beneficial a recreation.

So much has been written about the "Norfolk Broads," good, indifferent, and bad—but in a rapidly-ascending scale as the latter quality is approached—that I really am afraid to add to the profusion of literature on the subject; but as the fish of which I shall have to speak is *par excellence* the sporting fish of those waters, and it is there that I have studied it, I trust I may be forgiven if I introduce the reader to the 5,000 acres of lake and the 160 miles of river which constitute perhaps the finest nurseries of what are known as "coarse fishes" to be found in any English county. Streams adapted to the requirements of such fish as frequent rapid waters flowing over pebbly bottoms, are quite the exception in this low-lying country, but the still or slowly-flowing rivers must at all times have abounded with the numerous species, perhaps less attractive, if not less useful, which make their homes in quiet waters. To the number of monastic establishments scattered broadcast throughout the county, this grand supply of fish was doubtless of the greatest importance, for in the days of yore the value of fresh-water fish was much more fully appreciated than at present; and the monks who made their homes in the fat meadows which bordered the streams, depended mainly on the stew-pond for their dinners at certain seasons; not but what the holy fathers had a very ingenious way of converting into fish several things which did not come into their nets exactly by the use of their fins; the Barnacle goose, for instance, might be eaten on fast days, for was it not born of a fish! The otter, too, as well as seals and porpoises, enjoyed the privilege of ministering to the carnal necessities of the good men on like occasions. To this enforced fish diet, however, we are doubtless indebted for the introduction of new and useful species into our waters, or the careful cultivation of those indigenous to them, and it is probable that we owe the carp and grayling, at least, to the inhabitants of the religious houses. How many other blessings we owe to "the monks of old," who can say? Certain it is that in an age when might was right, and ignorance universal, the monasteries were the centres of civilisation, and the monks the guardians of all

that was left of learning and the arts. The monastic institutions served their purpose, and have disappeared, leaving only their ruined homes to charm us with their stately beauty. A good many hard things have been said of the men who reared these noble structures; but let us at least give them credit for the good they did, and the blessings they bequeathed to us, carp or grayling included.

Chief among the fish which found a place in the stew-ponds and at the tables of our ancestors must have been the pike. This fish is peculiarly suited for the treatment to which it must, of necessity, be subjected in confinement: sluggish in habits, a voracious feeder, and very tenacious of life, it suffered little detriment from its enforced detention, and when at last it was required for the table, its large size and the almost infinite variety of modes by which it could be converted into a substantial and palatable dish must have rendered it a favourite food.

Fishes of the family *Esocidæ* are found very generally distributed in the fresh waters throughout Europe, Northern Asia, and North America; but in the old world only one species, *Esox lucius*, the common pike of our waters, is known. Its range extends eastward into Northern Asia, but to what limit in that direction is not fully known; it is found as far north as Lapland, and southward to Central Italy and the vicinity of Constantinople, but is said to be absent from the Iberian peninsula. It is common in North America and in the eastern part of the United States southward to Northern Ohio, but in America it is not the only representative of its family, some five other species of *Esox* being known. Whether the pike is an introduced species in this country or not is difficult to say, but the probability, judging from its extensive distribution on the Continent, appears to be strongly in favour of its being indigenous. The discussion, however, has brought to light many early mentions of this fish; for instance, Leland states that a pike of great size was taken in the reign of Edgar in Ramsey Mere, Huntingdonshire. Edward I. fixed the price of pike higher than that of salmon, and Mr. Macpherson in the "Fauna of Lakeland" quotes an order from that prince, dated September 12, 1298, addressed to Robert de Clifford, requesting him to allow the Bishop of Carlisle to have sixty jack from the royal ponds at Inglewood to stock the moats of Carlisle Castle; also a similar order of Edward II. in 1319. Chaucer, describing the possessions of the "Frankeleyn" who was "Epicurius' owne sone," declares—

> Full many a fair partrich hadd he in mewe,
> And many a breme, and many a Luce in stewe.

Even so far back as the first of the Plantagenets the "luce" appears as the heraldic device of the family of Lucie, certainly a most respectable antiquity, and quite long enough ago to entitle it to our respect; whether known to the Greeks or not, there is no evidence, and the *Esox* of Pliny, it is said, may be some other fish; but Ausonius, who lived about the middle of the fourth century, evidently knew him well, as the following translation of his reference to the luce will show; it is characteristic enough, although it under-estimates his value as an article of food:

> The wary Luce, midst wrack and rushes hid,
> The scourge and terror of the scaly brood.
> Unknown to friendship's hospitable board,
> Smokes midst the smoky tavern's coarsest food.

So much for the bookmen.

The "mighty luce" is the tyrant of the waters he frequents—morose, solitary, cold-blooded, evil-eyed and hideous, his appetite is insatiable and omnivorous, sparing not even his own kind, and utterly destructive to fish, feather, and fur. From a pond known to the writer, where it was unfortunately introduced, it has completely exterminated the little grebes which formerly bred there in numbers; and at the famous Scoulton Gullery the number of tender little balls of down in the shape of baby gulls, besides coots and water-hens which find a living tomb in his interior—who can tell! Since the introduction of a close-time for wild birds, many of the rarer indigenous ducks have remained to breed in the county of Norfolk, but I doubt if they carry off their young ones: all, or nearly all, go to feed the hungry pike. One of a party of sportsmen returning from shooting not long ago, took a parting shot at a partridge which fell in a pond, and a keeper was sent back to fetch it, but could find no trace of the bird. The next day its remains were found in the stomach of a pike which was caught in the same pond. Many similar stories could be related, for fishes sometimes make strange meals—a silver "spoon" has frequently proved fatal to a pike; but somebody has recorded an instance in which a salt-water shark rewarded its captors by yielding up from its interior a set of ivory-handled knives and forks.

Any number of instances of the voracity of the pike are on record—in fact, they are "too numerous to mention;" but there is one which is so curious that I cannot resist quoting it. "A gentleman a few years ago," says Mr. Pennell in his delightful "Angler-Naturalist," "set a trimmer in the River Avon overnight, and, on proceeding the next morning to take it up, he found a heavy pike apparently fast upon his hooks. In order to extract these, he was obliged to open

the fish, and in doing so perceived another pike of considerable size, inside the first, from the mouth of which the line proceeded. This fish it was also found necessary to open, when, extraordinary to state, a *third* pike, of about three-quarters of a pound weight and already partly digested, was discovered in the stomach of the second. This last fish was, of course, the original taker of the bait, having been itself subsequently pouched by a later comer, to be, in its turn also, afterwards seized and gorged."

Pike delight in slow, reedy streams with abundant beds of weeds in which to shelter lurking for their prey, and such they find in abundance in our sluggish waters. One of the numerous writers on that favoured region truly says, "The great glory of the Norfolk Broads, however, is their pike;" but when he goes on to state, "So common are they that in some places I have known them to be sold for manuring the land!" one cannot avoid a slight exclamation of surprise, till reassured by the subsequent explanation that the author of the statement is "but a humble chronicler of actual facts!" Certain it is, however, that not only the rivers and larger Broads abound with them, but that every little "pulk hole" has its monster tyrant in the form of a pike, big or little; and it often happens that the greedy creature effects its own destruction by devouring all the inhabitants of the pool, and then falls a victim to the famine it has itself produced. It has often been a subject of speculation how baby pike make their way into isolated pieces of water; but this is not a matter of much surprise when we remember that the parent fish come into the shallows tc deposit their spawn, which is peculiarly liable to be transported on aquatic weeds, or on the feet, bills, or feathers of the water-fowl, whose favourite feeding-place is precisely that chosen by the pike for its nursery. Izaak Walton, however, affirms that "'tis not to be doubted but that they are bred, some by generation, and some not; as, namely, of a weed called *Pickerel-weed*, unless the learned *Gesner* be much mistaken, for he says this weed and other glutinous matter, with the help of the sun's heat in some particular months, and some ponds adapted for it by Nature, do become pikes;" but I think he seems only half-hearted in his belief. The mysterious and sudden appearance, however, of pike of larger growth in isolated waters has, like the same unaccountable behaviour on the part of the eel, long been regarded as past man's finding out; but there are many instances on record of pike being found on dry land, apparently in transit from one piece of water to another, only one of which need here be quoted; and this seems so much to the point and is so authentic that I need not apologise for again quoting Mr. Pennell,

who shows that, under favourable circumstances, it is quite possible this feat might be accomplished. He states that during the night a fish-tank at the Zoological Gardens broke, and in the morning a pike which had been confined in it was found by the keeper, still lively and with plenty of strength remaining, more than twenty-four yards on its journey direct to the nearest water, which, however, in this instance, unfortunately, happened to be the *otter's* pond.

In Norfolk waters the pike is pre-eminently the poor man's fish, and affords the best sport attainable, to the greatest numbers. The lordly salmon we can never hope to have, and the trout only in special localities, and these, as a rule, not available for the public; the pike, however, is always with us, and it would be unwise in the extreme to introduce strangers such as the silurus or the pike-perch, as some have desired to do. These voracious feeders would be no friends to the roach- and bream-fishers, and if once established would probably deprive us of the excellent sporting fish, now so abundant, without in any way taking their places. It would be equally unwise to destroy the pike with the hope of fostering trout in streams so suitable to the former, but totally unfitted for the breeding of the latter.

About the month of March or April, occasionally a little earlier, the female pike, attended by her male companion, comes into the shallow water to deposit her spawn. This accomplished, they return to deep water—that is to say, if the male survives: for report says, how truly I know not, that the female, like the lady spider under similar circumstances, not unfrequently makes her first much-needed meal consist of her now useless mate. But whilst in the shallows they pass through many and great dangers, not the least of which is the poacher, who, armed with a snare made of twisted strands of pliable copper wire formed into a running noose and attached to the end of a stiff pole, very gently passes the fatal loop over the unhappy fish, tail first, and with a sudden snatch tightens the cruel wire round its body, and ignominiously brings his victim to bank.

In days of yore, before the great Lincolnshire and Cambridgeshire fens were drained, pike must have greatly abounded. A very eccentric old man, who died at Lynn in 1825, whose real name was William Hall, but who delighted to be known as "Will Will-be-so," "Fen Bill Hall," or, subsequently, as "Antiquarian Hall," in the year 1812 undertook to write the "Life of a low Fenman," which, seeing that he tells us he was—

> Born in a coy, and bred in a [draining] mill,
> Taught water to grind, and ducks for to kill;

and that the first twenty-five years of his life were spent on a small island called Willow Booth, only a few perches in extent, where he—

> . . liv'd for months on stage of planks,
> 'Midst Captain Flood's most swelling pranks ;
> Five miles from any food to have,
> Yea, often risk'd a watery grave,

had he carried out his intentions to the full, doubtless the result would have possessed the greatest interest in the present day ; but unfortunately his "sketch of local history," written in doggerel rhyme, of which the above is a specimen, came to a speedy and untimely end; only sufficient appeared to make us long for the rest. Hall does not tell us much about the pike, but in an enumeration of his summer occupations incidentally refers to its capture. I quote the whole passage as, independently of our immediate subject, it gives a curious picture of a fenman's daily round at that season :

> Seeing coots clapper claw, lying flat on their backs,
> Standing upright to row, and crowning of jacks ;
> Laying spring nets for to catch ruff and reeve,
> Stretched out in a boat with a shade to deceive.
> Taking geese, ducks, and coots, with nets upon stakes,
> Riding in a calm day for to catch moulted drakes ;
> Gathering eggs to the top of one's wish,
> Cutting tracks in the flags for decoying of fish,
> Seeing rudds run in shoals 'bout the side of Gill Sike,
> Being dreadfully venom'd by rolling in slake ;
> Looking hingles and sprinks, trammels, hoop-nets, and teamings,
> Few persons I think can explain all their meanings ;

in which latter observation I think we shall all agree. Seeing "coots clapper claw," doubtless, however, alludes to the defensive attitude assumed by the coot ; "Gill Sike" is the name of a drain in Holland Fen, and "slake" is stagnant mud. The reference to "standing upright to row" is interesting, for it happens that the usual mode of propelling their boats practised by the Broad-men of to-day is probably identical with that referred to ; standing in the stern, by means of a pole, the light craft is "quanted" along over the shallows and through the sinuous passages in the reed-beds, as rapidly and silently, if not quite so gracefully, as a gondola, a feat not easily performed, whilst from his elevated position nothing moving on the Broad escapes the keen and practised eye of the occupant. The expression "crowning of jacks," is rather a puzzle, but an old friend, who has fished and fowled in the Lincolnshire fens all his life, tells me it is a well-known term to him. When out in the marshes by a drain-side, in the spring of the year, at which time the

water is very clear, and the pike often lie near the surface, it is impossible to approach for the purpose of swarming or shooting them from a direction in which the stalker can be seen; he therefore makes a detour into the marsh, and returns cautiously to the side of the drain, at a spot somewhat in the rear of the fish, and from which it is unable to see him, so that the assault can be made without fear of detection. In a good light the fish can be descried at a considerable distance, so as to give plenty of space for this operation, which is known as "crowning" him.

I have said the old pike, if they escape all the dangers to which they are exposed during spawning time (not the least of which is the otter), return to the deeper water, where they are comparatively safe; but the reverse is the case with the young fry, for they, by remaining in the drains and ditches, are more secure from their numerous enemies, including those of larger growth of their own species. The ruling passion is early developed in the baby pike, and, while yet only a few inches long, nothing under his own size escapes him; and ere the remnant of the young brood join the parent fish their numbers are greatly reduced, generally through the weaker members serving to build up the structure of the stronger, for the jack tolerates no rival. Dame Juliana, evidently, does not hold this fish in great esteem, apparently disgusted with his cannibal propensities, for she says: "The pyke is a good fysshe: but for he deuouryth so many as well of his owne kynde as of other: I loue him the lesse;" and after having described the "moost surest crafte of takynge" him, and having got him safely on the hook, then follows the only little bit of doubtful morality in her otherwise delightful book, for says she: "And yf ye lyst to haue a good sporte: thenne tye the corde to a gose fote: and ye shall se god halynge whether the gose or the pyke shall haue the better."

Pike do not appear to suffer from a slight admixture of salt water, provided the transition is not too abrupt. They are met with in the tidal waters of the Thames, and Jesse states that he had received pike from the Medway, to all appearance like the common species, except that their heads were smaller and more pointed. They were, however, firm fleshed and "of a most delicate flavour, totally unlike that of a pond pike." This he attributes to their having fed on smelts, or to their living in brackish water. Occasionally an exceptionally high tide carries the salt water farther than usual up the rivers which enter the sea at Yarmouth, with every destructive effect so far as the fish are concerned, and many pike perish; but it is not often such a scene occurs as was witnessed at the opening of the

Lowestoft navigation, when the waters of the ocean were admitted into Lake Lothing, at the back of that town. The "Norfolk Chronicle" of June 11, 1831, describes the result as "fatal to thousands of the former inhabitants of the peaceful lake. On Wednesday and Thursday last its surface was thickly studded with the bodies of pike, carp, perch, bream, roach, and dace, multitudes of which were carried into the ocean, and thrown afterwards up on the beach; most of them having been bitten in two by the dogfish, which abound in the bay." And then comes a "singular fact, that a pike of about 20 pounds in weight was taken up dead near the Mutford end of the lake; and, on opening the stomach, a *herring* was found in it entire"—a strange meal for a fresh-water fish.

I fear the palmy days of very big fish are past; but even now, circumstances favouring (for pike are not always on the feed), fine bags are frequently made. Mr. Lubbock writing in 1845 says that he knew of four fish taken in the same day and on the same Broad, which weighed collectively 100 pounds. On Ranworth Broads ninety pike were taken in one day by two amateur fishermen by means of trimmers, many of them of large size; and in 1834, four days "liggering" ("ligger" is the local name for trimmers) on Horsey Mere and Heigham Sounds produced 256 pike, weighing together 1,135 pounds. This same Horsey Mere has long been justly celebrated for the number and excellence of its pike, and the proverb "Horsey pike, none like," bears testimony to the fact. It will be observed that most of the above were taken by means of trimmers, a practice which in the present day would not be tolerated; but, coming to more recent times and more legitimate methods, in the season of 1879–80 eleven of the best pike taken by rod and line weighed collectively 281 pounds, the heaviest being 36 pounds, and the smallest 22 pounds. On March 26, 1880, three rods took twenty-six pike, weighing 154 pounds. On another occasion, in the month of February of the same season, two pike were brought home from different localities by Norwich anglers, one of which weighed 36 pounds and measured 47 inches in length; the other weighed 30½ pounds and was 46 inches in length; they were both females and full of roe. It is rarely one has the opportunity of seeing two such splendid fish side by side. They did not strike one as being very large for their weight, but closer inspection showed their magnificent proportions, both depth and "beam" being very great. Many of these big fish are taken in private waters, where a day's fishing can generally be had by asking; but successful anglers, as a rule (and perhaps wisely so, out of regard to the owner who has afforded them such excellent sport), are very

reticent as to the precise locality in which their prowess was exercised; and the above two fish, like many another equally grand of their kind, were said to have had their homes in the "river Jordan."

I have never seen, nor do I remember to have heard of, a Norfolk pike weighing more than 36 lbs., and all the very large fish have been females. An experienced angler and fish-preserver tells me he never met with a male fish weighing more than 20 lbs. The roe of a large pike will weigh as much as 6 lbs. Some wonderful stories are on record of big pike. Day mentions on various authorities 170 lbs. and 146 lbs.; and Daniel in his "Rural Sports" refers to one from Loch Ken, Kirkcudbrightshire, which measured upwards of 7 feet long, and weighed 72 lbs.; another from the same locality is said to have weighed 61 lbs., and yet another from county Clare scaled 78 lbs. Mr. Pennell mentions on apparently good authority some very large continental pike; but all these sink into insignificance when compared with the famous Kaiserwag Lake pike, the story of which has so often been told. When captured it was found to be ornamented by a ring, the Greek inscription on which stated that it was placed in the water by Frederick II. in October, 1230, only to be captured 267 years after, having at that good old age attained to a length of 19 feet and a weight of 550 lbs. Was not the skeleton to be seen in Mannheim Cathedral in proof of the legend? But, sad to say, a wicked German anatomist discovered that the vertebræ of several fish had to be used to make up the required length! Truly, there must have been giants in those days.

It is difficult to obtain any exact statistics as to the rate at which pike grow. It may therefore be of interest to state that a certain lake in the county of Norfolk was stocked with pike weighing about half a pound each, it having been previously ascertained that none of these fish at that time were present. After ten or twelve years some of them were taken, weighing 18 lbs. A fine fish taken in Horsey Mere, and weighing 30 lbs., was estimated by the Broadman to be nine years old. This man has spent his whole life on the Broad, is very intelligent, and a thorough sportsman. He based his judgment upon certain appearances presented by the fins and teeth, which appear to be reasonable data if rightly interpreted. This will fairly agree with Block's estimate as quoted by Yarrell, viz., that under favourable circumstances a pike will at the age of three years measure 20 inches (about 2 lbs. in weight), and then go on increasing in weight at the rate of 4 lbs. a year for the next six or seven successive years. The growth of a pike doubtless varies very much in accordance with circumstances; but in such a locality as Horsey

Mere, with plenty of space, congenial shelter, suitable water, and food in abundance, it would after passing the "jack" stage, be very rapid. After attaining a certain (or rather, perhaps, uncertain) size, it would put on weight in a ratio rapidly decreasing in proportion to the age of the fish. Of course, such monsters, to use the words of Izaak Walton, "have in them more of state than goodness; the smaller or middle-sized pikes being by the most and choicest palates observed to be the best meat," and "all pikes that live long prove chargeable to their keepers, because their life is maintained by the death of so many other fish, even those of their own kind."

That the pike (and happily the same may be said of most fishes) is not very sensitive to pain has been abundantly proved; instances of their taking the same bait again and again even when wounded, or with hooks still in their jaws, are in the experience of every fisherman; but some of their faculties must be sensitive enough, that of scent for instance, and who would interpose his shadow between himself and the fish he hoped to capture? As Tennyson puts it:

> But if a man who stands upon the brink
> But lift a shining hand against the sun,
> There is not left a twinkle of a fin,
> Betwixt the cressy islets white in flower.
> *Enid.*

The sense of hearing in fishes, although present, as they have been known to answer to the call of those accustomed to feed them, cannot be very keen; but if the vibrations of the atmosphere reach them but slowly there can be no doubt that the vibrations of the earth transmitted through the medium of the water are readily conveyed. Gilbert White gives a very curious example of this.[1] He says: "On the morning of the 1st of November, 1755, some people that were busied about the pen-stock of a pond saw the fish agitated in a very unusual manner, and expressing uncommon terror and dismay; but were unable to form the least judgment concerning this novel commotion till the next mail from Portugal brought advice of the sad fate of the city of Lisbon, which was destroyed in that most awful moment by a tremendous earthquake."[2]

Mr. Pennell says: "The 'one virtue' to which, amongst a thousand crimes, the name of the pike has been linked is its gratitude;

[1] Bell's edit. vol. 2, p. 305.

[2] The following passage occurs in the *Norwich Remembrancer* under date of November 1, 1755. "This day (on which Lisbon was almost totally destroyed by an earthquake and fire), the waters in the fish-ponds at Bracon and other places in this county (Norfolk) were observed to be violently agitated; several, which were full of water, became almost instantly dry, and the fish therein destroyed."

to deprive him of his "one virtue," stern facts are against the poetic legend. One remarkable instance occurred on November 12, 1891, when a pike weighing about 8 lbs. was found in South Walsham Broad, which had choked itself attempting to swallow a tench of $2\frac{3}{4}$ lbs., which, when the writer saw it, was still alive although half engulphed in the capacious jaws of the pike. I remember another instance in which two tench were found in the stomach of a pike, but it may be mentioned that in each case the pike was in poor condition; it may be, therefore, that it is only when "by raging famine pined," that it makes a meal of its slimy friend. If, however, entirely devoid of moral virtues there still remains one field of usefulness, with which, trusting it may prove beneficial to the afflicted, and quoting once more from dear old Izaak Walton, I will bring to a close these rambling observations: "And it is observed, by *Gesner*, that the jaw-bones, and hearts, and galls of pikes are very medicinable for several diseases, or to stop blood, to abate fevers, to cure agues, to oppose or expel the infection of the plague, and to be many ways medicinable and useful for the good of mankind;" but he observes, that "the biting of a pike is venomous and hard to be cured," of which latter there can be no doubt.

THOMAS SOUTHWELL.

the cause. The Mons was a mound, perhaps twenty-five feet at the hamlet of Salt Hill, a little over a mile from Eton, by the oad through Chalvey. It was separated from the Bath Road eld. When this was reached its ascent was made, and the waved the college flag three times from the summit. This ed the strictly official part of the proceedings, and a move de to the "Windmill," a large inn by the wayside, where the ned in detachments, the seniors being separated from the Great numbers of people attended the spectacle, and the as often completely occupied by carriages and horsemen. itself was not unfrequently represented, and the noble s of the country who had sons at the college were naturally ed to the scene. After dinner a very singular, and it must be senseless and objectionable, custom was occasionally carried out. utiful garden, well timbered, and watered by a brook—which en has since been made into the pleasure grounds of a private dence—extended along the roadside exactly opposite to the Windmill," and belonged to that establishment. If the captain, for hose benefit the collection of salt had been made, was a popular oy, it was an understood thing that the promenade in the garden—after the mid-day meal—was to be attended with no more damage than would be likely to accrue accidentally from the frolics of high-spirited young fellows. But was the captain objectionable—which often only meant a student, but no adept at games—the fifth form drew their wooden swords, and laid about them right and left, doing as much wilful damage as the time would permit. The wretched captain had to pay full compensation out of his salt. Mr. Brinsley Richards states that Gladstone, as a senior boy, used his best efforts to prevent this destruction at the Montem of 1826.

Miss Edgeworth has preserved in her "Parent's Assistant" a curious newspaper account [1] of the Montem of 1799, in which some characteristic touches occur. The substance may be epitomised: George III., accompanied by the Prince of Wales and Lord Uxbridge, rode down on horseback from Windsor Castle to the school at eleven o'clock. The King walked round the court, and then, mounting again, headed the procession. The Dukes of Kent and Cumberland also were present, with the equerries. Then came the boys, and after them the Queen and the Princesses in two carriages, and a host of riders and pedestrians. At the bridge by the Playing Fields, the King was stopped by the Salt-bearers, and paid his fifty guineas like a man, the Queen producing the same sum

[1] Known to the writer through Hone's *Year Book*.

when her carriage came up. At Salt Hill the King, with his usual eagerness, insisted on arranging the carriages so as to allow the boys plenty of room to pass. The horses were taken out, and even then his Majesty had some twisting round of the poles to effect with his own hands, assisted by the Duke of Kent. The Royal party were all attired in the Windsor uniform, except the Prince of Wales, who wore a dark blue suit, with brown surtout over it.

There came on a heavy shower of rain, but the old King, putting on his top-coat, braved the elements. It was so windy that the ensign could not raise his flag on the summit, and the King sent word he was not to try to do so. The Prince of Wales was, perhaps, too carefully got-up to enjoy the shower, for we find that he retired to the "Windmill," where, it may be reasonably presumed, he had a drop of something comfortable to counteract the damp air. He did not go back to Windsor with the King, but started off for London with his brother Cumberland, and was at the opera in the evening.

George III. was exceedingly popular, and the scene went off most harmoniously. But this was not always the case. At a Montem early in her reign the present Queen was indeed herself received with affection, but her political adviser, Lord Melbourne, just then most unreasonably suspected of evil counsels, was hissed, hooted, and groaned at, but sat on his horse by the Royal carriage with a calmness calculated to awake envy in persons of a less equable disposition.

The origin of this procession, and the collection of money under the name of salt, is wrapped in considerable obscurity. Mons—that is, the mound itself—is supposed to be a tumulus, and some ceremonies might possibly have survived of pagan institution, and have been carried out by the peasantry in ignorance of their origin. But these would not be likely to have been adopted by scholars in the reign of Henry VI. Then, again, in Lipscomb's[1] "History of Buckinghamshire" the pageant is thought to have been originally that of the boy-bishop, and the collection, it is hinted, may have come from the "blest salt" of the friars.

St. Nicholas was the patron of boys, and on his festival, the 6th of December, young lads were allowed to dress up in ecclesiastical vestments and sing hymns, one of their number being attired as a bishop, with crozier and mitre. The young generally are fond of playful masquerades of the kind. Goethe has a poem on the *Pfaffenspiel* of his childhood, and the shifts for supplying the resources of the Sacristy—

[1] Some of the references have been kindly supplied me by Father Kent, Oblate of St. Charles, Bayswater, who is versed in researches of the kind.

"Die Mütze musste den Bischof zieren,
Von Goldpapier mit vielen Thieren."

"With tall cap is the bishop crowned,
Of paper gilt, with beasts around."

The ancient Church did not discourage the fancy, and the representation of the boy-bishop took place at the cathedrals and at some of the schools. It may be concluded there was nothing unseemly in the pastime, since Dean Colet, in framing the statutes for St. Paul's School in 1512, expressly ordains that his scholars should hear the "Chylde-Bishop's sermon at Paulis Churche."

In 1542, however, the custom was abolished by order of Henry VIII., and though it was revived for a time in Mary's reign, it is exceedingly unlikely that Elizabeth would have allowed its retention. Now we know that the latter queen, visiting Eton, requested to be told all the old ceremonies, and a list was prepared, in which the Montem was included. From this circumstance alone it is safe to conclude that the procession to Salt Hill was *not* that of the boy-bishop.

As for the friars selling "blest salt," it is an unsupported statement. At one time unknown influences in the physical world were all attributed to electricity by popular exponents. It was a safe general term. And so, in antiquarian research, it is, or was, too common to put down some usage, otherwise inexplicable, as "a custom of the old monks." It is quite true that in the Latin Church salt forms an article in the sacred pharmacopœia, if the term may be used without offence. Salt was administered to the catechumens at Easter when the Eucharist was given to the faithful. It is used also in other ceremonies, and in the preparation of holy water. But that sacred salt was ever sold is a conjecture, and not a probable one.

It would be easy to suppose that "salt" was a small scholasticism, moderately humorous to the pedants, for pay or coin in general, since salary (*salarium*) is only salt-money, and in ancient times in the West, and up to the present hour in the East, the eating of salt is a pledge of fidelity. The Indian mutineers of 1857 were termed by the loyal, *numuk-harám*, false to their salt.

But it is more probable that the procession to the Montem, and the collection of salt, had a feudal origin. The college was possessed of landed estates, and a writer quoted in Lipscomb says that a tradition in Eton records that the tenure of some of them was by "salting." Salt-silver is a legal term meaning the moneys paid by tenants in certain manors in lieu of the service of bringing their lords' salt from the market.

THE ORANGE-TREE.

Hipponenes tali vicit certamina male,
Talia poma nemus protulit Hesperidum.—ANTHOLOGIA.

THE modern traveller in the Azores, who sees oranges being exported from the islands in scores of millions, very naturally believes that the trees which produce that fruit are indigenous to the soil.

He recalls the ancient myths of a tree bearing golden apples which Earth gave as a wedding gift to Hera on her marriage with Olympian Zeus, and which flourished secure in the garden of the shrill-singing nymphs, on the islands of the West. These oranges, thinks the traveller, are the golden apples of the Hesperides. What can be more obvious? But the garden of the Hesperides had no precise locality when the old legend was first penned. Some, indeed, believed it to be situate near Mount Atlas, on the shores of the western ocean, and thither went Heracles to slay the ever-wakeful dragon which guarded the tree and bear away its fruits to Greece. Other poets fixed the site of the mythic garden in the country of the Hyperboreans, at the back of the frozen north wind.

No. The Hesperian groves lay in the realms of fancy; the golden apples were fruits of the imagination only.

The bare idea of such fruit was not even suggested by any tree of the citrine group; for, incredible as it may now appear, orange, lemon, and citron were alike unknown in the countries which bordered the Mediterranean and formed the little world of the Ancient Greek. But as centuries rolled on, a strange new fruit, coming from the mysterious East, began to find its way into his hands. Its bright yellow colour and aromatic odour delighted the senses. "Surely," he cried, "these are the golden apples of which the old poets sang!" And he placed the beautiful fruit as an offering in the temples of the gods. But its taste was not as sweet as its smell. It was bitter, and, doubtless, very unripe. It could not be intended as food for mortals. But it was said to be a talisman, which preserved its owner from poison and his property

from moth and woodworm, so he carried the apple about his person, or placed it at home in his wardrobe.

The fruit which thus made its first appearance in Europe was the bitter orange—or Seville orange, as we usually call it.

Its original home is believed to have been Northern India, for the orange-tree, with its bright green leaves and thorny spines, may still be seen growing wild on the lower mountain slopes of Silhet, Sikkim, Kumaon, and other districts which abut on the great Himalayan ranges.

In prehistoric times, the tree spread westward into Media and Persia, where it was improved by cultivation, and thence occasional specimens of the fruit may have been carried by traders' caravans to the shores of the Levant.

We find mention of oranges in *The Bœotian*, a comedy, written some 387 years before Christ, by Antiphanes, the earliest of Athenian poets:

Merchant. Pray, maiden, take these apples.
Girl. Oh! what beauties!
Merchant. Indeed, they're beauties, and this seed but lately
Arrived in Athens, from the Great King's country.
Girl. Nay, I should say from the Hesperian garden,
For they're the golden apples.
Merchant. Three in number.
Girl. The beautiful is ever rare and costly.

The Great King's country is, of course, Persia; and when the merchant remarks that there are only three oranges, he is alluding to the number which usually figure in the popular tales. For when Atalanta had disposed of her numerous suitors by challenging them to race and spearing them in the back as she overtook them, it was by dropping three golden apples on the course, and so distracting her attention, that Hippomenes won the race and the hand of Atalanta; and we may believe that it was a similar number that the fabulous hero plucked from the mystic tree when he had slain the dragon Ladon.

About sixty years after Antiphanes wrote the lines above quoted, Alexander the Great had led a great army into the East, and had conquered Media, Persia, and part of the Punjab; and the natives of Greece saw the very trees on which the golden apples hung. The accounts which Greek soldiers and camp followers brought home may have enabled Theophrastus (B.C. 322), the pupil of Socrates, to include in his "History of Plants" the classic account of the tree which has survived to our time:

"The Median and Persian territories produce, amongst other things, what is known as 'the Median or Persian apple.' The tree has a leaf very similar in shape and size to that of the *Asclepias*. Like the pear and oxyacanthus, it has thorns, smooth but very sharp and strong. The apple is not eaten, but it is exceedingly fragrant, and so are the leaves of the tree; and if you place the apple among your clothes, it preserves them from moth. It is very useful too if you should happen to have drunk poison. Besides, it gives fragrance to the breath, for if you boil the rind of the apple in soup or other liquor, and then squeeze the juice into your mouth and swallow it, it makes the breath sweet. In Spring the seed is taken out, sown in carefully tilled garden-beds, and watered every fourth or fifth day; and when it has grown it is transplanted, in spring-time, to a place where the soil is soft and moist, and not too light, for it delights in such surroundings. It bears apples all the year round. When some have been already gathered, others are blossoming, others again are ripening. Those flowers, which have a thing like a distaff projecting from their centre, are productive, the rest are unproductive. It is also sown in earthenware pots with holes in them, just as palms are."—*Book IV., Ch.* 4.

There can be little doubt that the "Median apple" here described is identical with the Seville orange. The allusion to the fact that both blossom and green and mature fruit appear simultaneously is almost conclusive evidence that such is the case. In the above passage from Theophrastus, as quoted by Athenæus, the Median apple is compared to the *daphne*—that is, the bay—and Virgil (B.C. 30) makes use of a like comparison when describing the same fruit:

> Distant Media produces
> Bitter juice, and clinging flavour
> Of the lucky native apple.
> Tall the fragrant shrub, and stately,
> Seeming very like a bay-tree.
> And if 'twere not for its perfume,
> Wide diffused upon the breezes,
> Then indeed it were a bay-tree.
>
> *Georgics*, Book II. 126.

Media, which is constantly indicated as the natural home of the orange-tree, was the country lying around the southern extremity of the Caspian Sea, and now represented by the districts of Azerbijan, Shirvan, Ghilan, and Mazandaran. The Median territory was bounded on the east by Parthia, and on the west by Assyria, while the country described as Persia was a comparatively small province at the head of the Persian Gulf.

Let us now glance at a much later description of the orange-tree, that of the Roman naturalist, Pliny, who, it will be remembered, lost his life in the great eruption of Mount Vesuvius, which overwhelmed Herculaneum and Pompeii in the year 79 A.D. "The Assyrian apple, or Median apple as some call it, is a remedy for poison. Its leaf is like that of an arbutus, with alternating thorns. Its fruit is not eaten, but fruit and leaves are alike redolent of a perfume, which is communicated to clothes amongst which they are laid, and repels the attack of insects. The tree bears fruit at all seasons, some dropping, some ripening, some budding. Other nations have attempted to introduce the tree (on account of its excellent remedial properties), in earthenware pots, with holes to admit air to the roots, but it will only grow in Media and Persia. This is the fruit whose pips the Parthian nobles mix with their dishes, in order to render their breath sweet."

The alternating spines and leaves are very characteristic of the bitter orange-tree, but the other points of Pliny's description are copied from that which Theophrastus had written just 400 years previously.

About the commencement of the Christian epoch, the orange had gradually acquired a new name. Instead of being known as "the Median apple," it was called *κίτριον* by the Greeks. And here let me, once for all, beseech the reader to dismiss any idea he may have in his mind, that the word *κίτριον* meant "a citron." It meant nothing of the kind; and the origin of the new name is one of the most curious episodes in the history of the orange-tree.

Pliny, in his thirteenth book (ch. 29), mentions the *arbor citri* or citrus-tree. It was a kind of cedar, and is usually identified with what modern botanists call the Mount Atlas cedar, *Cedrus atlantica*. The tree grew in great abundance in the country of the Mauritani, which bordered on the Atlas range of mountains. From its timber were made the costly "citrus tables," which were formerly held in such esteem by people of fashion at Rome. When husbands reproached their wives for spending so much money on pearls, the women retorted by accusing the men of extravagance in citrus tables. The first mention of one is in Cicero's second oration against Verres —"You deprived Diodorus of a citrus table, remarkable for its age and beauty;" and Pliny knew of a citrus table which had once belonged to Cicero (B.C. 50) himself, and for which the great orator had paid a million sesterces (about £9,000), notwithstanding the fact that he was a comparatively poor man; and, in several other instances, even higher prices had been paid for very perfect specimens of this kind of furniture. The citrus-tree formerly flourished in the oasis of

Jupiter Ammon and other places in Africa. Its sweet-smelling wood was employed in the construction of temple roofs, and, being proof against the attack of woodworm, it was found practically to last for ever. It was the opinion of the commentators in Pliny's time that Homer alludes to the same citrus-tree under the name of *thuon*. When Hermes, despatched by Zeus to the island home of the nymph Calypso, arrived at the cave where she dwelt, he found a fire burning on the hearth, and the scent of cleft cedar and *thuon* spread itself over the island; and again, when Calypso sends away Ulysses, she clothes him in garments perfumed with *thuon*, or Mount Atlas cedar.

Nævius (B.C. 200) expresses the same idea when, in his poem on the Punic war, he speaks of "a citrose garment."

But what has all this to do with the orange-tree? Let us see what Pliny says a little farther on. "There is *another* tree with the same name, *arbor citri*, which bears an apple detested by some on account of its smell and bitter taste, but sought after by others. It is used to decorate houses."

This other kind of citrus-tree is evidently our old friend the Median apple, pining in its earthen flower-pot, beneath the roof of some wealthy patrician of Rome.

The name of citrus is nothing else than a form, or corruption, of the Greek κέδρος, a cedar. Phænias the Eresian long ago suggested this derivation of the name, and his suggestion has been adopted by the modern etymologists.

The ancients, as we have seen, valued the Mount Atlas cedar for its sweet-scented wood. Its cones, which are full of resinous matter, were laid amongst woollen garments for the purpose of imparting to them its perfume and driving away the moth. Other kinds of wood were rubbed with oil of cedar, and so rendered proof against woodworm (*Plin.* 16, 76), and, for a similar reason, books were anointed with the same oil, in order to preserve them from the attacks of destructive insects—a custom to which Ovid is alluding when he speaks of "a book yellow with citrus oil" (*Tristia* 3. 1).

Now, we have heard how the orange was credited with similar virtues. Hence the name of *arbor citri*, or citrus, was, in an evil moment, applied to the orange-tree, and *citreum malum* (in Greek κίτριον μῆλον), or citrus apple, to its fruit, because they possessed many properties in common with the familiar *arbor citri*, or Mount Atlas cedar.

Juba II., the learned King of the Mauritanians (B.C. 30), who received his education at Rome, has recorded, in his "History of Libya," that even among the people of that country the *kitrion* was

called "the Hesperian apple." He does not say that it grew on the Mount Atlas cedar; for who knew better than the King of Mauritania that such was not the case? Nevertheless, the ignorant public thought so.

The *kitrion* is called the apple of the Hesperides.
So likewise is the Median apple.
The garden of the Hesperides is near Mount Atlas.
Near Mount Atlas grows the citrus, of which tables are made.
The Median apple or *kitrion* resembles the citrus in smell, and possesses the same virtues.
Therefore the Median apple must grow upon the citrus.

Such was the popular argument, and it was a plausible one. But the botanists did not fall into this vulgar error.

Oppius Chares, who lived about the end of the Republic, wrote in his book on forest trees: "There is the citrus apple-tree, and the Persian apple-tree; one grows in Italy, the other in Media." Apuleius (A.D. 160) makes the same distinction. Nevertheless, Galen, writing at the same period, tells us that no one ever talked about a "Median apple," but everyone styled that fruit *kitrion* (Vol. xii. p. 77, Kuhn's Edition).

The egregious error was perpetuated when the modern botanists adopted *citrus* as the generic name for the group of plants to which belong the orange, lemon, citron, and lime. It is too late to correct that mistake, but it is not too late to correct what I venture to think is equally a mistake, and that is the translation of *citrus* by "citron-tree," and *citreum malum* (or κίτριον μῆλον) by "citron," which we find in most dictionaries and lexicons. It is that translation which has so obscured the history of the orange, and led many to suppose that the fruit was unknown to the Greeks and the Romans.

The word *citrus* should probably be translated (1) the Mount Atlas cedar; (2) a popular term for the bitter orange-tree.

Similarly the expression *citreum malum* (Greek, κίτριον μῆλον) should be rendered (1) the apples, or cones, of the Mount Atlas cedar; (2) a popular term for the bitter orange.

I am quite willing to admit that the citron may have been *included* in the above denominations; for if the ancients were acquainted with the bitter orange, there is no reason why they should not have been equally well acquainted with the citron, and *vice versâ*. At any rate, they did not make any distinction between the numerous and closely allied species of the botanical genus, of which both the orange and citron are members.

But I contend that the ancient descriptions which have been left

of the Median apple, or *kitrion*, apply to the Seville orange rather than to the citron, and that "Seville orange" is the English equivalent for the above Latin and Greek names.

At the memorable banquet described by Athenæus (A.D. 228), the conversation happens to turn on the subject of the orange [κίτριον], and whether that fruit was ever mentioned, or alluded to, by ancient writers, and one of the learned guests delivers his opinion on the point: "I am induced, my friends, by what Theophrastus says about the leaves of the tree, and its colour and fragrance, to believe that he is speaking of the orange, and do not any of you be surprised at his saying that the fruit is never eaten, for, until our grandfathers' time, nobody used to eat it, but they used to stow it away in their chests, along with their clothes, as though it were some great treasure." He then proceeds to relate a marvellous but improbable story: "A fellow-citizen of mine, who was entrusted with the government of Egypt, sentenced some convicts to be given to the wild beasts, and as they were on their way to the theatre appropriated for the purpose, a woman, selling fruit at the roadside, gave them out of pity a bit of an orange which she was eating, and they ate it. Shortly afterwards they were exposed to the attacks of some great wild beasts, and bitten by asps, but suffered no injury. The governor felt quite at a loss to account for it. But when he learnt from the soldier, who had charge of the prisoners, that they had had a piece of an orange given to them, he ordered next day that some of them should have a piece of an orange served out to them, and others none. And those who had had the orange received no injury when bitten, but the others died at once. And after repeating the experiment, he discovered that the orange was an antidote for all kinds of poison. Now, if you stew a whole orange, together with its pips in Attic honey, until it is dissolved, and take a mouthful or two the first thing in the morning, you will never suffer any ill effects from poison."

When the other guests heard this, they began to attack a dish of oranges with such avidity that one would have supposed that they had had nothing to eat or drink all that day!

Palladius, who lived about 350 A.D., and was the author of a treatise in the nature of a "Farmer's Calendar," mentions some orange-trees (*citri*), which were to be seen growing on his own estate in the Neapolitan territories of Sardinia, in a situation where the soil and aspect were moderately warm, and there was plenty of moisture, and he observes how his trees bore fruit continuously, just as they were said to do in Assyria. (*Scriptores Rei Rusticæ*, p. 940.)

And, lastly, we learn from the *Saturnalia* of Macrobius (Book III. ch. 19) that in the fifth century the *kitrion*, or "Persian apple" of Virgil, had lately become a product of Italian soil.

Such is the history of the bitter orange-tree, as gleaned from the works of ancient writers. At first, the yellow fruit was carried to Greece, ripening as it went; but no man knew how it grew. Later on, attempts were made to raise it from seed, after the Median fashion, in earthenware pans. Pliny, writing in the first century, advises that the young orange-plants, which were sent from a distance to Italy, should be very closely packed while in transit; and so we presume the growing tree was transferred with success from its native soil; but, even then, it was only planted in flower-pots, and used to adorn the houses of the wealthy.

Three centuries later, we first hear of the tree growing out-of-doors in favoured situations; but in many places it required a covering in winter to protect it from the frost.

Where the Romans had failed the Moors succeeded. The latter people reintroduced the bitter orange-tree into Europe on their conquest of Spain, and it soon became thoroughly acclimatised. According to the historian Masoudi, it was brought by the Arabs from India, at a date somewhat subsequent to the 300th year of "the Flight," which would correspond to the year of our Lord 912. In the ancient language of India, the fruit was termed *nagrungo*, and the name survives in the modern Hindustani *narungee*. Westward spread the Indian fruit, and with it spread the name of *naranj*, which the Arabs had adopted from the natives of India. The tree was first raised from seed at Oman in Arabia. Thence it travelled to Syria and became a very common object in the *houses* of the inhabitants of Tarsus and other towns in Syria. It was also carried to Egypt, where it had never been known previously, but it was observed that the fruit lost much of the pleasant taste and rich colour which it possessed in India owing to changes of soil and climate.

In the well-known Arabian story of "Ali Nur al-Din," which belongs to this period, a beautiful garden near Cairo is described, in which blood oranges, lemons, and citrons are represented as growing. And in that of the "Three Ladies of Baghdad," oranges are exposed for sale on the fruiterer's stall, but some caution is needed if we would treat such tales as historical evidence.

When the Moors conquered Andalusia they introduced into Western Europe this Indian variety of the bitter fruit, and also its Oriental name.

The old Roman name of *citrus* was entirely superseded by the

Spanish term *naranja*, so far as concerns the orange, and was appropriated to its congener, the citron properly so called. The Romance languages softened the word into *arangi*, and the modern spelling, orange, was evidently suggested by a fanciful derivation of the name from *or* (*aurum*), gold.

There is reason to believe that the Arabs introduced some comparatively sweet varieties of the orange into the Levant, but the really sweet fruit—the parent of the oranges whose peel litters our streets during the winter months—was all this time flourishing unknown in far Cathay. When, in the sixteenth century, the old Portuguese navigators penetrated to the distant East, they brought home from China this most popular fruit. What was regarded as the first imported tree, planted in 1547, was to be seen growing at Lisbon two centuries ago, and, for aught I know, it may be growing there still.

Our old name of "China orange" lingers only in a proverb, but the Germans continue to call the fruit *Apfelsine*, that is, "apple of China," and so commemorate its domicile of origin; while the Italian name *Portugallo* points us to its discoverers. It is a noteworthy fact that the Arabs, while retaining the name *narunj* to signify the bitter orange which they brought from India, have themselves adopted the term *burtukan* to indicate the sweet variety which came to them from Portugal.

The first recorded appearance of the fruit in England is in 1290 (Edward I.'s reign), when a large Spanish ship arrived at Portsmouth with a cargo of fruit, out of which the Queen, Eleanor of Castile, purchased fifteen citrons and seven oranges. In her own country she must have been familiar with the latter fruit, and the yellow oranges may have served to remind her of her old home (Chambers's *Book of Days*, vol. ii.). The next notice is in the year 1399, when *pomes d'orenge* figure among the dishes at the coronation banquet of Henry IV. (*Harl. MSS.* 279). In 1509 the oranges procured for the daily dinner of the Lords of the Star Chamber cost twopence; and some old household accounts for the year 1530, belonging to the Lestrange family of Hunstanton, contain the item, "Paid for oranges threepence." For a banquet given by the Mayor of Norwich to the Duke of Norfolk and others in the year 1562, sixteen oranges were purchased for twopence (Leland, *Itin.* vol. v.). The orange is twice mentioned in Shakespeare's play of "Much Ado about Nothing," and Machyn's Diary informs us that on May-day 1559 the revellers at the Queen's palace at Westminster threw eggs and oranges at one another.

The tree itself was not introduced into England until a later date.

In a survey of the manor of Wimbledon made in the year 1649, an orange-house is described in which were forty-two large orange-trees planted in square boxes, and valued at £10 apiece.

Pepys's Diary, under the date April 19, 1664, contains the entry: "To the Physique garden in St. James' Parke, where I first saw orange-trees." And on June 25, 1666, the writer continues: "Here" (at Lord Brooke's house at Hackney) "I first saw oranges grow, some green, some half, some a quarter, and some full ripe, on the same tree, and one fruit of the same tree do come a year or two after the other. I pulled off a little one by stealth (the man being mightily curious of them) and eat it, and it was just as other little green small oranges are, as big as half the end of my little finger."

The same old gossip tells us elsewhere how, on one occasion, he regaled his guests with China oranges, "a great rarity since the war, none to be had"; and how, on another, he drank a pint of orange juice at a draught, but, "it being new," he was doubtful whether "it might not do him hurt."

Queen Mary, the consort of William III., began to collect exotic plants in 1690, and some of the orange and citron trees which formed part of her collection are still to be seen at Hampton Court Palace. The orange was symbolical of the Royal House, and many specimens of the tree were imported into England from Holland. But at Beddington, Surrey, there was, in 1691, a garden belonging to the Carew family, and containing what is described as being the finest orangery in England. The trees were said to be nearly a hundred years old, measured thirteen feet in height, and were covered with fruit.

It is hopeless to expect that a plant which is so fastidious as to its surroundings, and so susceptible to cold, and which grows with difficulty in many parts of Italy and Greece, can adapt itself to our inhospitable climate. An orange-tree must always remain to the English what it was to the ancient Romans, a delicate and curious exotic.

But its fruit, once so rare and precious, has become a most familiar object in every corner of the civilised world. No less than eighty distinct varieties of the orange have been produced by cultivation. Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australia vie with one another in supplying the world's demand for this most delicious fruit.

THOMAS H. B. GRAHAM.

THE RISE AND FALL OF MILLBANK PRISON.

MILLBANK PRISON is down, and in the heaps of bricks, iron, and heterogeneous materials scattered about in all directions we can scarcely recognise the once populous prison, a building replete with so many memories of mismanagement, of lavish and futile expenditure, and often the subject of parliamentary questions in days now happily gone by. Now, it is no panegyric on this fallen building, no regrets, that we are about to utter, but rather shall we endeavour to briefly outline a few salient points in the chequered career, and life-history, and inhabitants of Millbank. Could any one doubt on a first glance at this leviathan pile that it was a prison? Look at the sullen blocks, pentagons as they are called, six in number, with the repulsive-looking turrets and capped towers, monuments of the entombed misery to be found within, and trophies of the dulled, almost lifeless beings who have lived and died there, their resting-place the prison graveyard. And even this, the last halting-place of many a stumbling life, is guarded by walls, as though the prison routine should extend even beyond the grave, and grimly say, "Still do I keep thee." And we pass on to the prosaic portion of our paper, for the present, and leave the reverie into which we had fallen behind us. Millbank was commenced in the year 1812 and finished in 1822, the total cost being £458,000. It does not seem to have been held very long in favour, as we find it declared "a complete failure" by the Home Secretary in office May 3, 1843. And from this time, with a few exceptions, it has given trouble to many politicians, exasperated architects, and driven preventive medicine almost desperate, if hygienists existed at all in those days. We see it, as a penitentiary, a failure; as a modern penal establishment, a failure; we know that many pestilences thrived within, and that many a prisoner destined to sail across the seas rested instead within its walls; that mutinies were frequent, and that disorder was triumphant, at those periods of ebb and flow of transportees; and later on, when modern legislation stepped in and repealed the hulk system, still a failure. Look at this prison as it has been during the

ars, and we shall find profitable materials for reflection.
Penal servitude has been taken there, and the prisoner
ys to serve has been left there, for discharge. Compare
s, the recent sentence, and the man counting the hours
s of his liberty. The Judge has passed sentence, say, at
Criminal Court, and the convict soon finds himself at
after a brief journey in the prison van, a dark and hearse-
ssion, a living funeral, warders acting as mutes, and the prison
emetery. The handcuffs are removed from his wrists, and
hained from his neighbour; no longer is he bound to him, and
several others, by adamant, but he is once more a separate unit
enal army, his membership and enrolment commencing when
the dock. All seems strange to him, and he thinks like one
eams; but it is no phantasm of the night, it is stern reality;
e voice of the warder in charge of the party directs him to enter
l allotted, in which, after perchance reading over the rules hanging
the wall, he sinks into a stupor of despair. He is soon told the
ods of communication with the officer in charge of the landing,
ti-coloured staff being thrust through a cleft in the cell wall,
cting the official's attention. This relic of Millbank routine served
lace of the electric call, with which all modern prisons are fitted,
a cell having a tell-tale flap corresponding with the specific number
he same. He is told to make up his bed and turn in, and to sleep.
re is the rub. To sleep, with all the novelty of locks rattling and
doors slamming, the echoes answering the dreary waste of stone
l brick. To sleep, with the awful sense of the impending doom,
lately hanging over his horizon like a thick dark cloud, now
cending, even enveloping him, embracing his plank bed, till he
s that the shadow of death must be even brighter than this im-
etrable gloom, a darkness that can be felt. And thus the night
vly drags on, interrupted by the quarterly chimes and solemn
sic of the Westminster Clock, hourly proclaiming in its rich voice
instability of man, and the mockery of fate. The distant rattle of
s increases, and in the still night air he pictures to himself the retire-
nt of members from the House, the comfortable homes which await
m, late though it be, and he wonders how he, a convict, can bear to
ık of freedom, and he envies keenly the cab-driver, who is in the
n air, calculating the probable amount of the overcharge obtainable
n his fare. Thus passes his first night as a convicted prisoner,
ugh it is possible that some of the strangeness of the cell may have
n worn off by a prolonged detention on remand if bail has been
ısed. And with the morning there comes a series of duties to be

when he wrote perhaps a hundred or more weekly, but as a convict, and he is not sure as to whether the figures are twenty or twenty-one, or even nineteen. How strange to receive a letter which is unopened by any one, or without erasions made by the prison officials. When he reaches home, will he find the habit of ringing his communicator still with him when he wishes to leave his room, and will he wonder and pause, as he leaves his front door, at his free egress? To-morrow he will be able to answer these queries and solve his doubts. A sudden thought strikes him as he thinks of the large and frequented railway station at which he had so often met his City friends, and eagerly scanned the evening posters, and hovered over the book-stall. Would any one recognise him? would perchance some stranger stop to look at him and note the wandering, hesitating step of the licensee, as he roams about the platform, free yet mentally bound, chained to his old surroundings by force of habit, and marvelling that he cannot feel at home, amidst the laughter and din of the buffet, so near? He will enter and play the free man, and he turns towards the folding doors, hesitates, and hurriedly walks out of the station towards the Grosvenor Hotel, leaving the importunate cries of "Cab, sir?" behind him. He must return, however, and re-learn his old habits, and, full of a gathered strength, which he now knows he must foster, again passes through on to the platform, when a L. B. & S. C. R. guard greets him with the following salutation: "How are you, sir? lost sight of you for many a year; been abroad, sir? looking well, though; going with my train, I suppose; ten minutes yet, sir!" Here we leave him.

A few words now as to escapes, adding a few introductory remarks on escapes as a whole. It may be stated as a maxim, that a man sentenced to penal servitude will, in 9,999 cases out of every 10,000, complete his term, which is equivalent to the postulate that an evasion of a sentence is almost impossible. It is true that one or two have been consummated, and this in recent years; but it is an incident of extreme rarity for a prisoner to get clear away out of the country. Some years back a convict confined at Millbank managed to break out of his cell, get up a chimney, carefully covering himself with soot so as to resemble a chimney-sweep, and finally scale the walls, though he seriously hurt his hand in the process. He sauntered up Whitehall, past Scotland Yard, in a very cool manner, and looked up some friends who provided him with clothes suitable to his newly-acquired dignity. But he was captured near Euston Station, after a sharp struggle, by detectives who were waiting for him, and handed over to the prison officials, who provided him with a yellow and drab dress and some exhilarating leg-irons as a memento

aim and end of existence was to wander round and round a tub, and deprived of his tub, he knew not happiness. This yard was a sad picture, as the life-history of many a man there could demonstrate, alcohol being the chief agent in qualifying these convicts for their tenancy at Millbank, and this yard as a finale. We have seen all classes of life here represented, from the gentleman by birth and education, to the sons of Bethnal Green, the latter predominating. Look at these men, walking, limping, crawling, round and round, this man engaged in counting on his fingers, over and over again, in monotonous regularity, some imaginary sum that he has acquired, and of which he is the happy owner; that smiling face over there benignly tolerating the presence of what he calls "inferior society," for he is a great potentate, and has many honours and favours to bestow. Notice that melancholy-looking creature now passing you, as he slowly drags along, almost fearful of walking, lest he should break his fragile bones, which are made of glass, as he thinks. Do not look too closely at the man about to pass, as he is scowling malignantly at you, and wishes you no good. This man suspects everybody in the yard as plotting his ruin, and he must be carefully watched amidst this motley throng, lest he commit some assault, as his hand is against the hand of everyone. He hears voices calling him at certain times to mistrust all round him, and he is troubled by currents of electricity which pass through him, as he thinks, and telephones are connected with his hearing; such is the hopeless, helpless case, the outcome of uncontrolled passions which have whirled him with a rapidity absolutely frightful into the lunatic yard of Millbank. One more face, and we leave the unhappy men. This thin, feeble-looking, careworn man, now on a level with your point of vantage, wishes to starve himself, if permitted. All his food is poisoned, or may be tampered with by the addition of some slow poison which he is certain the warders put in his food. And so on he goes, day after day, with the same image always in front—poison. We said "unhappy men," but this is not to be taken as a sweeping qualification, for many of these lunatics are supremely happy and contented, living in the dreamland of their own delusions, and in all probability dying therein, quiet, inoffensive specimens of blighted hopes and unfulfilled promises. It remains for us now to meditate upon this fallen prison, as down, and down for ever. Could not these bricks, doors, and pieces of masonry cry out their varied tales of bygone sufferings, and the lights and shadows of many a renewed life, strong once more through chastening, and tell us of the faces so frequently seen again and again, growing old in crime, shadows

of Hades. If these bits of hardened clay could be endowed with consciousness, with what importance would they not feel themselves invested, what potentiality of might to restrain the strong man, to humble his pride, to cage him in his cell, to say to him as he touches the walls, Thus far shalt thou go and no further, to part for many years husband and wife, father and child, to cause bitter tears of sorrow and the prostration of abject humiliation! Yet they are but bricks after all!

A series of sales have been recently held at the old prison; the buildings are now demolished, the bricks swept away, the doors and gates carried off, and before many months have elapsed the rise and fall of Millbank will be an apt illustration of the march of civilisation, sweeping all before its triumphal campaign as it journeys ever onwards.

G. RAYLEIGH VICARS.

TENNYSON'S GREAT ALLEGORY.

THAT the "Idyls of the King" has an inward significance is expressly declared by the poet in the line—

New-old, and shadowing Sense at war with Soul.

Milton was so impressed by the aptness of the "Morte d'Arthur" for the figurative presentment of religious ideas, that he long hesitated between it and the drama of "Paradise Lost."

The most cursory reader cannot fail to notice the allegorical drift. It constitutes the secret charm of the tale, being hidden with most cunning art, never obtruded, never thrust upon us, never offending us by the discovery that we are being preached at, embodying the loftiest spiritual truth in most luxuriant beauty of form, so that, for the sake of the poet's art, we forgive the tremendous earnestness of the moralist.

Moral purpose is woven into the very warp and woof of the legend. The dictum of modern culture, "*Art for Art's sake*," was unknown to the earliest, as it is discredited by the latest, of that long line of romancists whom the story fascinated. Successive generations of minstrels—Welsh, Norman, English—infused their social and religious ideas into it so unmistakably that he who follows the course of the Arthurian legend actually traces the growth of social sentiment from pagan times, through mediæval chivalry, up to the flower of modern culture as represented by the dead Laureate. The animating purpose of the romancists is well revealed in the luminous words of Caxton's Prologue:

> For herein may be seen noble chivalry, courtesy, humanity, friendliness, hardiness, love, friendship, cowardice, murder, hate, virtue, and sin. Do after the good, and leave the evil, and it will bring you unto good fame and renown. . . . But all is written for our doctrine, and for to beware that we fall not to vice nor sin, but to exercise and follow virtue, with the which we may come and attain to good fame and renown in this life, and after this short and transitory life to come unto everlasting bliss in heaven.

In its last analysis the Arthurian legend launches us into the far shadowy realm of mythological ideas, from which have sprung the

parallel heroic legends of every people, and which in due time attached themselves to the exploits and defeats of the historic Arthur. Ultimately, therefore, the Idylls throw us back upon the world of ideas by which alone we can interpret their inner significance.

A word of caution may not be amiss. The word "allegory" must not send us back to the introspective pages of the "Pilgrim's Progress" for our illustration. Bunyan gives us a parabolic history of inner personal experience; Tennyson gives an ideal interpretation of the facts of history. The one shows us a pilgrim fleeing to save his own soul; the other, a warrior militant to redeem society. The "Morte d'Arthur," without excluding the other, presents a picture of the ideal hero in relation to the lower movements of earth and time—how he bears himself; what forces oppose him; what defeats, successes, attend him; how he, having his being in the realms of "Soul," comports himself in presence of the "Sense" conditions which prevail in human affairs. It rescues the allegory from the introspective selfishness of religious experimentalism, and consecrates it to the idea of national regenerations. Hence Tennyson can see resemblances to the great prototype in all who devote their lives to the cause of social redemption, *e.g.* the Prince Consort, who

> Seems to me
> Scarce other than my own ideal knight.
> . . . . . .
> Voice in the rich dawn of an ampler day,
> Far-sighted summoner of war and waste
> To fruitful strifes and rivalries of peace.

Clearly the story of the "blameless king" is written, not alone for the sake of Letters, but even more for the sake of Life. It exhibits a noble attempt to destroy the old dilemma between ideal and practical, or, if reconciliation be impossible, to show how the choice of the faithful amongst men, whether an Arthur or a Hercules, must fall upon the ideal. The practical problems of society cannot, indeed, be solved, but they may be illumined by the light that streams from far-off, shadowy Camelot. The asperities of modern debate may at least be softened before these whispered voices from the far ideal past. Men who battle for the right in the ever-prosy present may from this romantic type of heroism derive the assurance that their strength shall be more than their weakness, their honour greater than their shame, and their defeats in life swallowed up in their conquest of immortal influence.

When Burke made his famous declaration that the age of chivalry was past he was thinking only of that phase of mediæ-

teach the brave enthusiast to pursue his visions though it be amid the inextinguishable laughter of fools shrilling out with Dagonet:

> Conceits himself as God, that he can make
> Figs out of thistles, silk from bristles, milk
> From burning spurge, honey from hornet combs,
> And men from beasts—Long live the king of fools!

As little is he to be turned aside by the cynic criticisms of the "worldling of the world," Sir Tristram, who reminds him, "thou nor I have made the world," and that "too much wit makes the world rotten"; who surrenders the far star that shines in the heavens for the star reflected in the mere; and who regards his aspiring vows as but "the wholesome madness of an hour." Least of all will he be moved by the slander of the wicked who, like Vivien, leave—

> Not even Lancelot brave, nor Galahad clean!
> How, in the mouths of base interpreters,
> From over-fineness not intelligible
> To things with every sense as false and foul
> As the poached filth that floods the middle street,
> Is thy white blamelessness accounted blame!

The world can do excellently well without Gradgrind, but clings to Quixote. Instinct is against the surrender. Byron ridicules the hapless Don, but presently mounts the cap and bells himself, and, fired with the story of Marathon and Thermopylæ, sets out to liberate a nation, and dies in sheer disgust of a tribe of slaves and bandits. Mankind are led by those who were the scoffed and beaten Quixotes of their age. John Brown first dangles at the end of a rope, then "his soul goes marching on" to the wars of freedom at the head of a million men. Your English "Quixote" fanatically cleaves to fatal Khartoum, and his death does more for Egyptian freedom than his life. Your Norse "Quixote"—mad—will navigate the North Pole on an iceberg! Of all such fanatical and impracticable heroisms Arthur is the type. He is the flower of that chivalry of every age whose enterprises are foredoomed to defeat.

Predestined failure is the cross the ideal knight has to carry evermore. He aspires, but cannot accomplish. The impracticable stubbornness of things is against him. He is born before his time, and shoots upwards like a star, while his contemporaries peacefully follow the normal laws of development. He is hemmed in by the limitations of his fellows, and entangled in the fateful coil of circumstance. Arthur cannot reform Cymria, for Cymria is unreformable; not Arthur, but Cymria is weak. He cannot retain the fidelity of his queen, because she—

Could not breathe in that fine air,
That pure severity of perfect light.

She "wanted warmth and colour," which she "found in Lancelot." He cannot prevent their vows beginning to "gall his knighthood." Not even the charmed circle of the Table Round is proof against the wiles of a Vivien, fortified though it is with the art and science and magic of a Merlin. Nay, as Merlin symbolises the sterner human wisdom, and Vivien the lighter human frailties, so Merlin, fooled, enchanted, prisoned by Vivien's charm "of woven paces and of waving hands," exhibits the defeat of Soul before the harlot arts of Sense,

And lost to life and use and name and fame.

The blame of failure rests not with the idealist but with the clay-clod men who "spoil the purpose of his life." Who does not applaud Xavier as he leaps into the boat at Goa, and, smiting his sandals together, hurls them on the receding shore as a testimony against the epidemical wantonness of his countrymen? "Soul" was defeated indeed; but it was "Sense" that failed.

Yet with what fine justice Tennyson apportions the doom of these moral failures! With what divine sympathy he appraises the lower and higher motives, showing this to be merest wantonness, that a pathetic weakness, and yon a loathed captivity in the bonds of a hated earthiness. A Gawain "light-o'-love," blown along a "wandering wind": a Guinevere, not wanton but "wild," needing "warmth and colour"; victim, perchance, of a mournful blunder when she mistook the messenger for the king: a Lancelot, chivalrous, generous, "made to be loved," a noble lion caught in snares of the trapper Sense, an earlier Sir Philip Sydney struggling in the toils of a love to which he seemed foredoomed: darkest of all, a Modred, the aspiring Satan of the Table Round, no wanton but worse—a traitor, a sullen dark-browed plotter, whose treacherous espionage sinks him below their hell of sensualism to his own deeper hell of diabolism: and over all the radiant figure of the blameless king, not without a subtle touch of reproach also in this, that if his purity armed him against the arts of a Vivien, it blinded him also to the human needs of a Guinevere, and—with a wooden impracticability for which even moral genius cannot atone—suffered him to tarry coldly at home while Lancelot, "his chief knight," was despatched to bring his queen—these are the symbolic figures which apportion the pity, the blame, and the "deep damnation" of this moral tragedy.

How grandly Tennyson indicates these inevitable defeats of Soul in that still early period of human development before "the ape and tiger die." With what impressive and ever heightening effects he

retreats of poetic meditation, and thence, on the wings of the "Paradise Lost," flew forth like his own eagle, "mewing its mighty youth," to win from Sense to Soul the children and the children's children of that crooked and stiff-necked generation.

The concluding hundred lines of the "Passing of Arthur," without explicit assertion, fill the mind with thronging suggestions of the unconquerability and the permanence of moral purpose. Nowhere has the poet's art, with more exquisite significance, risen into the art of the parabolist. Every succeeding stanza bears in upon the mind with increasing persuasiveness the faith of the immortality of influence. Historic institutions must indeed decay, but the creative spirits who built them up survive in the purer loves and the nobler lives of those who come after. "The whole Round Table is dissolved," sorrowfully cries the bold Sir Bedivere. True, returns the departing king, but "God fulfils Himself in many ways,"

> And the new sun rose bringing the new year.

WALTER WALSH.

LEGENDS OF THE NORTH FRISIAN ISLANDS.

THE legends and traditions of the people who inhabit the lonely isles of North Friesland have seldom been studied in Britain. Indeed, it is only recently that the islands themselves have been brought within reasonable reach. Heligoland, the most celebrated of the long fringe of islands which cling to the coast of Schleswick-Holstein, has always been the most accessible, but even to Heligoland until recently there was only one steamer a week from Hamburg during nine months of the year. But Heligoland has basked in the world's favours compared with her more northern sisters—sisters, however, with which she has little in common. Heligoland has, at any rate since 1807, when Britain took her from the Danes, been well within the ken of civilisation, but it is only a few years since Sylt—the traditional starting point of Hengist and Horsa—and Föhr, have become accessible even to summer visitors. Amrum was for the first time three seasons ago added to the list of islands that one could visit without hiring a special vessel, but Pellworm and the other islands are still more difficult to get at than many places a thousand miles more distant. Under such circumstances, under such conditions of isolation, it is not perhaps to be wondered at that the North Frisian people have been left very much to themselves, to form an enchanted garden of folk-lore, but a garden indeed in which, to be literal, there is nothing of flowers, but only weird stretches of grey sand and long lines of surf-washed shore. When one attempts to write of the legends of those Frisian islanders, he is fain to wish that his readers knew the islands. Folklore is always local. It is always, like wit, racy of the soil. Just as the wine of the Moselle differs from that of the sister Rhine, so do the legends of, say, England and Scotland differ. Each has its characteristic features or its significant details which enable the reader at once to say of two versions of one story to which country each belongs. And if this be true of countries so intimately associated for centuries, it may be assumed it will be true of the Frisian islands as distinguished from

the Continent. Generally speaking, the legends of these islands may be regarded as belonging to one and the same class, for although until the cession of Heligoland they were actually under three powers —for Heligoland was British, Sylt and Föhr were German, and Fanoe was Danish, they were one at least in their Frisian race-nationality. I do not wish to push too far the identity of the race. Once had all the islands one king as a separate state ; for many a long year they have had little or no sympathy with each other. The Sylt people used some centuries back to go to Heligoland to join in the herring fishery ; they were not particularly welcome ; now there is no herring fishery there ; no Sylter goes to Heligoland, and no Heligolander to Sylt. Each island has, besides, developed dialectic distinctions in the old Frisian language. Again, their "secondary" languages, if I may call them so, are entirely different. I have not visited Fanoe, the remanent Danish island of the Frisian group, but I have no doubt that besides the Frisian of the household, the people will use Danish in church and school. German, I believe, they know nothing about. In Sylt, the elder people, besides Syltish, all know Danish ; it is not so long since they were wrenched with the Duchies from Denmark ; German is the official language, which no Sylter would think of speaking in private. In Heligoland, the people never speak anything but Heligolandish among themselves. German is very easy to them, for it is the language of the church and of nearly all the summer visitors ; English, like German, was taught in school, and was, until the cession, the language of the magistrate's and Governor's courts ; Danish is utterly forgotten. This was illustrated when a Danish ship ran on Sandy Island (which lies a little way off Heligoland), and the crew passed some days in that island ; they were received most fraternally by the Heligolanders, but the conversation was carried on on both sides in very broken English, and yet eighty years ago both parties were Danes. I mention the different linguistic conditions of the Frisian island chiefly to indicate the peculiarity of their legends, the cachet which identifies at once a Frisian legend is not sympathy among the different islands, nor frequent communication among them—for both are entirely wanting—but is due to the local conditions, to their similarity in respect of isolation, of mode of life, of means of amusement and so forth. The Frisians of whom I write are purely islanders, and their unity of thought and ideas is due in the first and foremost place to their geographical situation, although, of course, neither their substantial identity in race, nor their near proximity in point of language, is to be forgotten when considering their legends as a whole.

Sylt, the largest and strangest [illegible] of the islands of Nort[illegible] was fortunate enough to have a G[illegible] Grimm. I know little o[illegible] history, and know not where to [illegible] trace it. He was schoo[illegible] Keitum, a pretty village with the [illegible] unusual attraction in thes[illegible] of a good many trees. He lived [illegible] to be a very old man, [illegible] married three wives in succession. [illegible] His widow, a very old bu[illegible] intelligent woman, told me the his[illegible]ry of all his marriages, a[illegible] the fate of his kindred. Great were [illegible] his opportunities, for he wa[illegible] one scholar of the island; but great [illegible] too were his merits, for but [illegible] his zeal and enthusiasm, doubtless [illegible] great portion of the curios d[illegible] covered from time to time in the is[illegible]nd would have been destroye[illegible] or lost. Most interesting to students were his literary labours. A[illegible] born Sylter, he had heard as a boy the stories he re-told as an old man; he knew personally the traditional locality of every legend, and he had literary art in a considerable degree. From his books I, therefore, borrow considerably, premising but this, that Hansen had one superlative merit for a collector of folklore: he had no comparative knowledge. Save for Arnkiel's Danish book, he seems to have had no works on customs or superstitions in his library; we may, therefore, take with special confidence his tales as being pure water from the fountain. One vice, also, he notably has: not one of his books has an index, and the tables of contents are of the most meagre and unsatisfactory kind.

History knows comparatively little of the North Frisian islands. Local tradition says that they and the marshy fen-land were almost depopulated at the time of the invasion of Britain, and that the Danes, and especially the Jutes, came in and possessed the marsh land, while the islands received from West Friesland colonies of men of the same race as those who had emigrated—not Danes. Undoubtedly the contests between the islanders and the people of the marshy mainland extend back to a very remote time. Only one chief, as has been above observed, governed Friesland proper and its islands as one kingdom, viz., Radbod, who was defeated by Charles Martel in the first contest between the heathen of the north and the chivalry of central Europe. He had his chief residence in Heligoland, and was almost converted by St. Willibrord, not quite, for it is of this Radbod that the tale is told that in the midst of the baptism ceremony he stopped the priest and left the water, because, said he, "I do not care to forfeit the fellowship of my forefathers in hell, only to sit with a little flock in heaven." (Vita Bonif. Pertz 2, 221. Grimm, D. M. (Stallybrass) iv. 1280.)

When Radbod died, his kingdom fell to pieces and was never

re-united. The island Frisians were left very much to themselves—a condition of things they have always immensely enjoyed. From time to time Denmark swooped down on the people, and exacted tribute and sailors. After the peace of Nottingham in 868, for instance, we hear of an expedition of Frisians and South Jutlanders whose ships were collected at the Rust, a Sylt harbour down to 1644, now a sandbank near List. There they were joined by their masters the Danes, who were on a pillaging expedition into East Anglia. It was a highly successful incursion from a plundering point of view, and it was when in flight from the invaders that King Edmond lost his life. The Sylt chronicler throws a picturesque light on his fall, by mention of an incident, which I do not remember to have read of elsewhere, telling how the king, hotly pursued, hid under a bridge as the Danes pressed after him. He might have escaped, for it was night, but a moon-gleam on his spurs betrayed him. He was seized and put to death.

For full a thousand years after this the Danes continued to press the Frisians into their service—service most grudgingly rendered. There is some excuse for the Frisians' lack of all feudal spirit. Owing to the unhappy custom which obtained in Denmark of creating from time to time tributary states in Schleswick or Holstein with the Frisian islands included, whose ruler the king afterwards found himself bound to defeat, and whose lands he reclaimed, it was often difficult to say, in the midst of incessant civil war, *who* was the liege lord of the island Frisians. In 1628, for instance, the islands belonged to Schleswick-Holstein ; Denmark and Germany were at war with each other, and a large troop of German soldiers landed in Sylt. The Sylters, trying for once to understand politics, thought their duke—half Dane that he was—however he might quarrel with the king at Copenhagen, would be on his side against the Emperor's troops, and promptly took the visitors into custody. As it turned out, the Sylters were quite in error, for on this occasion the duke was on the Emperor's side, and this little accident rather upset their friendly relations. In 1673 they had another odd thing to understand. The Danish King ordered the men of Sylt and Föhr to serve in the royal navy. The Duke of Holstein, not to be outdone, at once required their services as militia on the mainland. It was a charming situation, and the obvious course of obeying neither command was cheerfully followed. Ultimately the duke, on condition of payment of a new tax, remitted the military service ; but the king sent a press-gang to get his sailors. One of the usual miserable internecine wars followed, by which Denmark has suffered for her sins of governments

[illegible] than any other country, and the Frisians were pillaged by both sides. As time passed on, however, the islanders became [illegible] to Denmark. King Christian VI., in 1735, [illegible] the compulsory service; King Christian VIII. visited Fölt every year for sea-bathing, and was very popular indeed. So much so, that when in 1850 the young men of that island and of Sylt were invited to serve as volunteers in the Schleswig-Holstein [illegible] Denmark, not one from Fölt would go, and less than [illegible] from Sylt. Within five years of Prussia's acquisition of the Duchies (what other polite word for that act can one use?) 345 persons [illegible] from Fölt rather than serve the Prussians. Perhaps the [illegible] of time may bring its revenge! Before treating of the legends, it is perhaps as well that some idea of the people among whom they are found, and some historical summary, however rapid, should be given. Their annals are like the annals of other peoples, with deeds of valour and adventure, and of shame and treachery. During the last two or three centuries the island Frisians have been a [illegible] adventurous people; they were in the first rank as Greenland fishers, and as adventurers they were found in Barbary. But wherever they went to live, they came home to Sylt to die. The people have a sterile and inhospitable shore, but so industrious are they at home and abroad, that there is scarce any poverty in Sylt. This, too, is true of Heligoland, not so much that the Heligolanders have hoards, like the Sylt investments in the Danish funds, but that all are comfortable, and all are proud. If his wishes are modest, his life simple, his temptations to expense few, the Heligolander knows that poverty in the sense of actual want need little be dreaded, and any lonely old person is well looked after, for his wants, too, are few, and half the island are his kindred.

Take the island Frisians as a whole, the men are finely-built, straight-nosed, sea-tanned folk; the women are in early youth pretty, but are all small, and have much hard work; they marry early; they have excellent education for their children, and in their leisure hours they have a store of legends and folklore, rich indeed, of which I can now give but a gleaning the most meagre.

The traditions of the island have not all been equally well preserved. Heligoland has of the whole group the least traces of folk tales. This [illegible]rtly explained by its small population, rapidly influenced by the [illegible]tion insisted upon by the English Government. But undoubtedly [illegible]toms and folklore of the island, such as they are, have never [illegible]nd a capable collector. Oetker, who has written much the [illegible]k on the island, though it is now thirty years old,

resided one winter on the island, and collected much valuable information. I confess, however, to doubt as to his accuracy in all respects, as the Heligolanders, like many other people, will follow your lead in conversation if they think you will like it. Oetker, for example, gives "vier" as the Heligolander's numeral "four"; no doubt he was told so, but the word the people always use is "steué" (I spell it phonetically, as I have never seen the word in print), and even had he heard it I doubt if he would have reproduced the pronunciation, for I have been told by my boatman that a German who learns the word always says "stooé." It is a slow and difficult thing to pick u[illegible] people's folklore, unless you are one of their race and constantly [illegible]g them. "Even then, it is a common experience of collecto[illegible]ays truly the excellent and very useful hand-book of folk[illegible] published by the Folklore Society, "that persons who may rea[illegible]rimming over with the most curious and interesting tales will [illegible]tly deny that they know any; and it is difficult to overcome t[illegible]ctance to tell them even after long periods of friendly intimac[illegible]ience and geniality are the only means, unless the collector p[illegible]also the most potent key of all, the ability himself to tell tales [illegible]ange the metaphor, if he can once set the ball rolling, the probal[illegible]hat the others will not allow it to stop. Nothing is more cont[illegible]han tale-telling among those who can tell tales." I had a mar[illegible]tance of this recently in Heligoland. Knowing the people ind[illegible]y pretty well by frequent visits, I have endeavoured more tha[illegible] to get them to tell me something of their folklore, not of[illegible]ith much success. One night, however, walking with a young[illegible]golander I got unexpected information on many points by tellin[illegible] about the Beltane fires in Scotland. "But we have those fire[illegible]," he said, "only they are on Sylvesterabend;" that is the day b[illegible] the New Year, which corresponds with Old Christmastide, [illegible]me of the winter solstice; he showed me the place on the cliffs w[illegible] the fire was lit, and told me how he and other lads had played ar[illegible]nped about it, according, as he said, "to our ancient custom." [illegible]ng along we came to the Flagenberg, a mound on the Oberlar[illegible]ere I remarked, following Oetker, "But I thought the witches da[illegible]here on Christmas Eve." "Oh no," was his reply, "they only dan[illegible]ere on the first of May, so the old people say, but I have been[illegible] on the first of May and have seen none," and so on. Thus it i[illegible] the little book above referred to says, that the best collecting is that [illegible]ch is done by accident, by living among the people, and gathering [illegible]e sayings and stories they let fall from time to time. But this is [illegible]very slow process for one who, be he German or English, cann[illegible]peak the Frisian language fluently. Sylt,

more severely than any other country, and the Frisians were pillaged by both sides. As time passed on, however, the islanders became sincerely attached to Denmark. King Christian VI., in 1735, abolished the compulsory service; King Christian VIII. visited Föhr every year for sea-bathing, and was very popular indeed. So much so, that when in 1850 the young men of that island and of Sylt were invited to serve as volunteers in the Schleswig-Holstein navy against Denmark, not one from Föhr would go, and less than twenty from Sylt. Within five years of Prussia's acquisition of the Duchies (what other polite word for that act can one use?) 345 persons emigrated from Föhr rather than serve the Prussians. Perhaps the whirligig of time may bring its revenge! Before treating of the legends, it is perhaps as well that some idea of the people among whom they are found, and some historical summary, however rapid, should be given. Their annals are like the annals of other peoples, with deeds of valour and adventure, and of shame and treachery. During the last two or three centuries the island Frisians have been a peculiarly adventurous people; they were in the first rank as Greenland fishers, and as adventurers they were found in Barbary. But wherever they went to live, they came home to Sylt to die. The people have a sterile and inhospitable shore, but so industrious are they at home and abroad, that there is scarce any poverty in Sylt. This, too, is true of Heligoland, not so much that the Heligolanders have hoards, like the Sylt investments in the Danish funds, but that all are comfortable, and all are proud. If his wishes are modest, his life simple, his temptations to expense few, the Heligolander knows that poverty in the sense of actual want need little be dreaded, and any lonely old person is well looked after, for his wants, too, are few, and half the island are his kindred.

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otherwise, because it shows that the story-teller of each generation, who handed it on, felt that the bold narration of an ancient tale really in decency required the addition of little embellishments to make it realistic enough for hearers who were growing even more and more suspicious of the probability of old battles. Hansen tells us he heard the tale of the giants' war from an old woman, Frau Inken Nessen, of Braderup, in Sylt. The war arose, it appears, from the depredations of the underground folk who drank one Frisian's beer, stole the bride of another, misled a blind man, and so forth. Then assembled their King Ring, with his gilded helmet with a boat as crest, and King Br[illegible] who rode in a golden carriage. Most of their followers had [illegible]ly skins as clothing, but Bramm, King Bröns's councillor, had [illegible]ches of which he was inordinately proud. The Bull of Mors[illegible] had a hide, with gilded horns standing above his head. T[illegible]smith, of the same place, was always a thirsty fellow, so he took In[illegible]sk of beer on his back, but as he desired no one to know of it, Ri[illegible] gave out that the cask was a drum. His comrades found o[illegible]e trick, however, very soon, and bade Niss, the smith, go on i[illegible]dvance while they would mind the drum. (It is still an oath [illegible]ylt, says Hansen, to swear "By the Drum.") Tjul, of Arch[illegible] was a peasant, and as fat as a haystack. He brought his barn[illegible]r with him, for he said, "When we go into the fight I can hold [illegible]efore me, so that the enemy cannot get at me, and if they com[illegible]o near I shall squash them flat with it." His name is still perp[illegible]ated at Archsum. The Boar of Stedum was groom to King Brö[illegible] he had a cord round his neck to show that he was a servant, and [illegible]beam in his hand which served as vaulting-pole and weapon; Ha[illegible]e had a scythe; Boh and Boik had boat-hooks; Tix and The[illegible]ame from Tinnum, but while the former was King Bröns's sec[illegible]ary and had a golden necklet, Thör was the King's fool, and wo[illegible]a beer-hoop, or a willow branch round his neck to show he was a s[illegible]e. The Uwen (a family) came from the east, and the Mannen (a[illegible]her family) from the west. (Hansen remarks on the peculiarity of[illegible]ch names in a footnote, and mentions that near Morsum among a[illegible]he Frisian population there was a family called "The Frisians," a[illegible] their graves were even in the last century called the Frisian [illegible]unds.) Barming came with his whole family, for he lived at [illegible]lum, and that, as land distances are counted by Frisians, was a [illegible]g way off; he was a travelled thane, and had even brought home [illegible]lass jar. When his hill or mound was opened fifty years ago or [illegible] a glass urn was found in it by one Henning Rinken, but he sold [illegible]n 1843 to King Christian VIII. of Denmark. Riaul and his

household came from Westerland—now a fashionable bathing-place, with kurhouse and weekly balls during the season—but he and his were called the Westerland cats, because they were both small and more deceitful than all the other warriors. Sialle and Kialbing were fishermen, and like Barming came from Eidum. Sialle had a porpoise-hide over his shoulders, with the head coming over his head, and the tail wagging behind his back. He smelt like carrion, but he said that was of no consequence since he would be all the more objectionable to the enemy—and he was right, as we shall shortly see. Kialbing flourished a whale's jawbone. Unding and Wirk, who came from Rantum, like pruderons, had thought of the probability of being hungry during the battle, and hung themselves round with dried fish; they carried fish-hooks in their hands. Most of the giants had bronze or iron swords and cha[illegible] of metal; but those who could shoot well had also crossbows with arrows of wood or fish bone. Truly, like the Austrian army in the war time, this troop of giants was "awfully arrayed." After offering a sacrifice to Wedke or Odin, the army went northwards over the heath. [illegible] tail of the army came the odoriferous Sialle, and Thör, the King's fool, who called out that he was driving his father's cows and swine to graze. On the way the whole army lay down by a pond and drank. Jess, one of the warriors, stopped when they came to the [illegible] giant's mound, one of the underground dwellings of the [illegible] although Thör cried loudly, "Jüss! Jüss!" as one calls [illegible] "for," said Jess, "there may be someone here we should [illegible] So he tore the wild grass from the side of the mound to [illegible] entrance, but the dwarfs had been very careful, and had [illegible] up every opening, except the very low passage which one [illegible] see leading to such dwellings, through which scarcely a [illegible] certainly not a giant, could wriggle on his face. So the army [illegible] ever northwards, and as they came to the place where the Sylt [illegible] house now stands they saw the enemy approaching. But the [illegible] ground folk's curiosity turned into joy when they saw it was only [illegible] giants who approached in their military array, for they had [illegible] that the cross would have been borne before them. (One sees where [illegible] part of the story came in.) But retreat was obviously prudent [illegible] the dwarfs vanished into the hiding-places, of which the heath [illegible] then full, and the giants were left foolishly looking at each [illegible] However, the enemy were certainly thereabouts, if they could [illegible] found; so the great dog which belonged to King Bröns was put [illegible] the scent, and as he raised the coveys the giants killed them. [illegible] the dwarfs were clever folk, and directed their attacks speedily against

the dog, and he died miserably. This angered the King, so that he ordered Sialle, with his offensive porpoise-hide, to the front, so that the enemy might be driven by the stench from the place ; for he had noticed that the dwarfs had very fine noses. This is almost as curious a detail as the mention we have elsewhere that the head of the dwarfs was King Finn. In almost all traditions of the north Finn is the head of the giants. To take one instance from a Swedish tale. A giant promises to build a church for the white Christ if Laurentius can find out his name. Laurentius finds out that his name is Finn by hearing the giantess hush her sleeping child. Now, it was from hearing the dwarf-King Finn's wife hushing *her* child to sleep that a Frisian had learnt that the dwarfs intended to make a murderous attack on the big people, and it was to partly anticipate the attack that war had been declared. It is the giants, too, who are usually gifted with a keen sense of smell, as everyone knows from his nursery recollection of Jack the Giant-killer, if from no other source. In the Eskimo story of the girl who fled to the inlanders, however, Rink tells how the inlanders knew a coast woman had come by the smell ; and in another tale, pointed out by Mr. W. H. Jones, we hear of a singular people whose upper parts were human and the lower little dogs, who were endowed with a keen sense of smell. Or was this battle story originally told of Finn as a giant, and has he had all his attributes, save that of a miraculous sense of smell, taken from him in the course of generations to exalt the Frisian invaders? To resume the account of the battle, however, the enemy fled affrighted at the odour which met them ; and the Puks (our Puck must have belonged to this family) were the first to yield, throwing themselves at the King's feet and imploring mercy. After the war they were taken into the friendship of the Frisians, and became servants rather of the brownie order. The submission of the Puks so enraged their former allies that they became now the attackers rather than the attacked, and "quick as fleas," as honest Hansen puts it, they sprang at the giants, catching them by the legs and striking them beneath their mantles with knives and axes of stone. The giants fought like lions, and slew many ; but when they saw King Bröns and his son dead, and hundreds of others, they turned and fled towards the place called the Riisgap, whence, in later days, Hengist and Horsa sailed, tradition says, to the conquest of England. Fortunately for the Frisians, there was an unexpected diversion ; for the women of Sylt, mindful of their husbands' appetites (which seem from the legends to have been truly gigantic), had prepared various foods for them, and were on their way to the battle-field when they heard of the

ignominious and unexpected flight of their husbands and lovers *They* would not be so easily defeated. So, with many a curse upon their men's cowardice, they stood together and bade the dwarfs attack them. Those who came on received brose in the eye and were blinded; down the throat of another it was forced till he choked; and so on, till the flying Frisians took heart of grace, and, plucking up their courage, returned to the field and fought and killed until every dwarf lay dead on the heath. Only Finn, the King, remained to weep alone, in the moonlight on his stone throne, over the kingdom that was once his, and was his no more. He could not live after his people had died; and, as the sun set in the sea with the glorious hues which make so notable a feature of North Frisian island life, King Finn took his stone knife and slew himself. Meantime, the survivors of the Sylters rejoiced greatly, and as is their manner (and as ours is) chiefly by feasting. They ate all the dried fish with which the Rantum fishermen had decorated themselves and what remained of the suppers their wives had made; and a man from Archsum having a number of cheeses with him (they were indeed giants, and would be invaluable in any commissariat), they ate them all too. *Dann gingen sie mit ihren Weibern vergnügt nach Hause.* And this prosaically ends the long account of the great battle.

The next day the heroes were buried, and their mounds may be seen to this day—a fact that must have considerably assisted the venerable Inken Nessen's memory, when she was telling her strange tale. Sylt is simply studded with funeral mounds, underground dwellings, and hillocks and valleys, with legends attaching to them. Several of the mounds have been opened. In the Katzhügel, where the "Westerland Cats" were buried, urns, daggers, and rings have been found; a glass urn was found in the Barminghügeln, as above mentioned; and very many other mounds have been opened. The list of Hansen's own pickings fills six pages of small type at the end of his *Sagen*, and his widow's house at Keitum is to this day, or was in 1887, one of the most interesting archæological museums that could be visited. Hansen prepared also an interesting antiquarian map of Sylt, which is most invaluable to visitors, as it clearly indicates the site and local name of every field, or mound, or sandbank in the whole island. It is a model of sound archæological research, which has been judiciously imitated for Heligoland by Dr. Lindemann in his recent work on that island, though Heligoland affords nothing like the same archæological opportunities and attractions as does the lanky island so dear to the old Keitum

schoolmaster. The mound where Brönns lies is about 26 feet high and 400 feet round, and is close to the Sylt lighthouse. Near it westward, is the small Brönshügel where his son lies. Still further west the King's dog and Niss, King of the Puks, are interred in smaller mounds. The majority of the warriors were interred in two long graves called the Kämper-Graben, or Giants' beds or Börder. These mounds are not so high as the large round Brönshügel, but larger, and set round with great stones ; the one is long and rounded, 90 feet long, 30 feet wide, and 10 feet high, and the other four-cornered, 135 feet long, 28 feet wide, and 4 feet high. The neighbouring village of Kampen is said to take its name from the fight, a derivation which has on the surface more probability than the origin given locally to the village of Braderup, which explains that when the people of that place went home after the battle, they said each to the other, "Der Braten is auf," hence Braderup. As Hansen remarks, with the dry humour which adds much to the pleasure of Sylt tales "This explanation seems to me somewhat improbable, and to have been invented later."

It appears that with the sweeping victory on the Morsum heath, the underground folk were not absolutely exterminated, and some of the survivors sought refuge, of all places in the world, in the comfortable beer-cellar of Niss, the smith, who had been before the war one of the loudest of those who complained of their depredations. Still, Niss found his beer miraculously disappeared. At last, one day his wife discovered one of the knavish little dwarfs in the cellar beside the tap. She gave him a scolding, and the dwarf promised to put such a blessing on the barrel that it should never be empty, provided no word of swearing was ever said over it, and that the wife kept the secret from her husband. Frau Niss readily promised. For a time all went well, but the smith was a thirsty soul and drank much, and this ever full barrel was as much a mystery to him as it was when it had become so speedily empty. One day he could not resist giving vent to his surprise, and called out, "This is indeed a Devil's Barrel which never gets empty." The words had scarce left his lips when the barrel was dry, and the dwarfs began as before to steal beer and food, without giving any return for it. In this state of matters Niss's wife told him what had occurred, and he and she had long and earnest conversation with their neighbours as to how their dangerous guests were to be got rid of. Some advised one thing, and some another. At last came an old dame who in her youth had often played with the dwarfs, and told Niss how these tiny folk were powerless before the Cross, or anything that resembled a cross.

They could not get over it, or through it, or under it; they must flee before it, or die. Then came the advice. The smith must set a cart wheel before each door, then set his house on fire, and see what would happen. It was bold advice, possible only in primitive times, but the smith had faith. He placed wheels before his doors, and set fire to his house. Immediately there appeared all the dwarfs at the doors eager to escape. But they could not. The spokes of the wheels represented a cross, and though they stuck their little hands through and cried for help, yet out they could not get, and all were burned. As they were in their agony, they perceived the old woman who had given the advice to Niss, and cried out to her, "Spölke, Spölke, wat heest dü üüs forrat!" (Playmate, playmate, how hast thou betrayed us!) That was the last of the underground folk in Sylt. As Sylt did not become entirely Christian till 1400, the story of the dwarfs' aversion to the Cross may not be very old after all; there was probably a story circulating amongst the remanent heathen for years prior to that as to the power of the emblem to which the Christian portions of the island attached mystical importance. But, as a matter of fact, the mention of the cart takes us to an entirely different class of beliefs, and probably the reason assigned for the efficacy of the wheels—viz., that the spokes formed a cross—is a comparatively modern gloss.

Sylt sailors have a legend which compares the heavens to the roof of a great house, of which the earth is the foundation. Every night the sun disappears at the western edge of the roof (*bi Wester Okken*), and then it becomes the property of the maidens who have died unmarried, and they cut the sun into little bits, which the young men who died bachelors have constantly to go up and down a ladder sticking into the roof's corners to give light during the night.

English sailors still tell the tale of the *Mary Dun* of Dover, whose boom was so big that it would alternately sweep the cliffs of Dover and the coast of Calais, whose captain, or men, for versions vary, went about on horses, and whose masts were so tall that those who clambered aloft as boys came back as grey-haired men. Most marvellous of all, this ship had three decks and no bottom. This legend is found in all perfection, and with much detail, among the Frisians. A curious variant of the story, from the Lapps, is contained in the notes to Jones and Kropf's "Magyar Folk Tales," p. 361, which recounts how once upon a time there was a pot so large that when cooking was going on at one end, little boys were skating at the other. One of the men to whom the pot belonged set to work to make a pair of shoes for his comrade, and used up

seven ox-hides on the work. "One of them got a bit of dust in his eye, and the other sought for it with an anchor, and found during his search a three-masted ship, which was so large that a little boy who went aloft was a white-haired man when he got back again. There were seven parishes in that ship." The "Book of Noodles" might receive two fresh illustrations of the wide extent of Gotham from the Sylt legends. A Dutch ship laden with cheeses was wrecked on the coast, and fishermen came from far and near to secure what plunder they could before the Strandvogt, or shore superintendent, came on the scene. Among these fishers were two men from the neighbouring island of Föhr. They, unhappily for themselves, met Pua Modders—the hero of many tales, a kind of master-thief—and him they asked where the cheeses were to be found. "There are no more left on the shore," said he, "in case the Strandvogt gets hold of them, but there are plenty in the bay. Look over there to the nor'-west; you'll see a red one in the water, but you must look sharp if you want to get it." The men from Föhr set off at once in their boat, only to find the reflection of the full moon! And so arose two proverbs: "As red as the Föhr men's moon, who took it for Dutch cheese," and another, "Catch the moon!" An English version of this Gotham story is that a villager going home late took the reflection of the moon in a horse-pond for a green cheese, and roused his neighbours to help him to get it. They worked with a will, until a passing cloud covered the moon and sank their cheese, when they returned home deeply vexed that after all their treasure had escaped them. It is said (Clouston, "The Book of Noodles," 1888, p. 45) that this story is also related of the villagers near the Marlborough Downs, in Wiltshire, and the *sobriquet* of "moonrakers," applied to Wiltshire folk in general, is said to have had its origin in the incident; and Latin, Talmudic, and Indian versions of the story are not lacking.

Pua Modders had many wonderful adventures of which I have given an account elsewhere ("Heligoland and the Islands of the North Sea," 1888, pp. 109–116), but one of his most ingenious tricks was this, which I retell for the sake of the parallel which follows. He had been mocked by his fellow-Sylters because he had no red jacket to wear on Sundays and holidays. "I don't want one," he said, disparagingly. "Hear him," said the others, "Pua Modders won't have a red jacket because he can't get one."[1] In other words, "sour grapes." Pua, for the first time in his life, was ashamed. He

[1] This phrase is a proverb in Sylt for the dissatisfied; thus—"Pua Modders wilth niin ruad Knappesii haa, om dat hi niinen so kuth."

had never any money, and he could not steal a red jacket in Sylt, because the theft would instantly have been discovered. So he left Sylt and went northwards to Rämoe, another island of the same Frisian group. There he found the people verily in a strange quandary. They wanted to move their church some yards to the south, without taking it down. One day the whole population was assembled, energetically discussing, as only men of Gotham could, how the church was to be removed. At last into the excited throng strode a stranger in a blue jacket—none other than Pua Modders, but no one knew him in Rämoe. "I can manage this, I think," said he; "you must all go to the north side of the church, and push with all your might and main. The church was built by a few, it must yield to the strength of many. But you might push too far. To know when you have pushed far enough, you should put one of your red jackets on the south side of the church, two yards from the wall; when you have pushed far enough, the jacket will be out of sight." This seemed excellent advice, particularly from a stranger. The jacket was duly laid on the sand two yards from the south side of the church, and all the people went to the north side and pushed. Pua, as engineer in chief, went from one side to the other to see how the work progressed. After some hours of perspiring toil, Pua triumphantly bade the Rämoers cease and come round. It was indeed marvellous: the jacket was gone, and the church *must* therefore now be in the position they wished it to be; there was great rejoicing. I am sorry to say that Pua, however, had *zu viel Dummheit* as to wear the red jacket the following Sunday, and was forced to make a very precipitate retreat to his native land. I retell this story, as mentioned above, in order to compare it with a very similar story told of the men of Belmont, near Lausanne, who are the typical Swiss Gothamites. They, too, wished to move their church—in their case, three yards further westward—so they carefully marked the exact distance by leaving their coats on the ground. Then they set to work to push with all their might against the eastern wall. In the meantime, a thief had gone round to the west side and stolen their coats. "Diable!" exclaimed they on finding that their coats were gone, "we have pushed too far!" (Clouston, p. 55.)

So far, little has been said about Heligoland. It is not because it does not lie nearest my thoughts, for while I have some personal knowledge of Sylt and Föhr, I have an intimate acquaintance with the island which until recently was a British colony, and may almost venture to claim friendship with every man there. But familiarity, though it does not breed contempt, certainly makes it more difficult

to write about this wind-swept scrap of rock. Heligoland has had no Hansen, and although Oetker and others have written volume after volume about it—the bibliography of Heligoland is astonishing—they say little about the island customs. The literary instinct of the natives—and it is but small—runs to song-writing. There is only one prose work extant which is written in Heligolandish, and it is the pilot-book or guide, and is not printed. The printed songs are not very interesting, but it is always difficult for a foreigner to get at the real songs of a people. One capital song I have heard at different fishermen's parties is both clever and amusing, but it is as slanderous as it is amusing, and is never likely to be printed ; indeed the paternal German Government may very likely prohibit its "innocent merriment" altogether. "Frisia non cantat" is a common saying, but it does not apply to Heligoland, where boys and men alike find no greater pleasure—unless it be in dancing—than in singing twenty-minutes-long ballads, with an absorption in their task which even makes the glass of beer by their side stand untouched till the end is reached, and some refreshment is felt to be needed before a new ditty is started.

Unlike their German neighbours, but like the Scots, the Heligolanders' chief festival is at the New Year. New Year's Day appears to be the merriest, maddest day in all the Frisians' calendar. Often have island lads told me of their freaks and riot on Sylvester abend, what we call Hogmanay in Scotland. Oetker says the fires have ceased to be lighted on Sylvester abend, but as mentioned above I have had the spot on the cliffs pointed out to me where the boys leap and dance round a fire on that night. It should be observed that the festival of the New Year is called Jöölfest among the Frisians, and Juulfest among the Danes, *i.e.* Yule, and in old days the rejoicings were on December 13, St. Lucian's Day. With the change in the sun's course which was calculated to occur about then, the Frisian year began with merry-making long commemorative (though the roisterers on later days little knew of it) of Freia. Arnkiel, writing of the Danes, says : "They pray for a good new and fruitful year, and give Yule or New Year presents. They used to offer a pig on this festival. The people drank and ate much, and played, and danced 'the Yule game.' At this festival to Freia the young people made merry, and became engaged or got married. In short, all that goes toward a good beginning for the year, full of friendship to all—that was the Yule merry-making."

This description of the Danish Jöölfest may be transferred to Heligoland. No day, says Oetker, is so longed for as New Year's

Day. From early dawn to midnight the people visit each other with all manner of good wishes, health, happiness, and blessing, and—a pathetic wish among lonely seamen—"rüm Hert," or "a quiet heart"; or a fisherman is wished "brav Letjen," *i.e.* "lots of cod"; a young man "en jong Famel," "a young maid"; a girl "en jong Freirer," *i.e.* "a brave wooer"; the head of a house "vell vertin maist en nicks verlis," "much gain with little loss." He who is greeted replies, "Det giv Gott wêr om so!"

Oetker tells how on Hogmanay, Sylvester abend, or what Heligolanders call Gröter-Inn or salutation-night, every family tries to have something extra good at the supper, and those who are far away—and widely do the Heligolanders wander, though only temporarily—when they celebrate their feast abroad try to have a bit of island cod-fish to make the feast seem more homelike. The festivities in the island last a week; everyone gets a present, though it be only a glass of wine or a biscuit; the poor, but they are indeed few, are so rich enough in attention all this season that they feel the less any difference between their condition and that of their neighbours. And to every guest the Heligolander calls, as he leaves the threshold, "Komm wêr!" ("Come back"), and the visitor replies with the same hearty courtesy, "Köm wel, ja, ich komme wohl." No doubt the indiscriminate hospitality has its faults, as it has in Scotland, for "a deep-going ship" (a "jippgungen Skepp"), as a good toper is called, can get easily too much; but it is the Neujahr, and the police have blind eyes where there is no harm. Teetotallers are "wêterhendrägers," presumably because, like the lobster boats from which their name is derived, they carry little. The innkeepers stand treat on New Year's Day to all their accustomed visitors.

In the ceremonies connected with death, the women of Heligoland play an important part. It is the female relatives and friends of a man just dead who make all the arrangements for the funeral. They fix where the burial place is to be, and send by a young girl intimation to certain of the dead man's friends and old companions where he is to be laid to rest. Not lightly would such a message be misunderstood; the men to whom the message is delivered repair to the graveyard, and dig their friend's grave. In the dead man's house the body lies by itself wrapped in white clothes, and thither the women repair one by one, or in little groups, to watch a while by the bier. If two or three are together, the otherwise oppressive silence is broken by whispered talk of the dead man and his end, whether any uncanny omens had come true. If the man was drowned, a mode of death always indicated by the word "verunglückt," there

will be talk of whether the death-light, or "Dweilêcht," was seen—a mysterious warning of coming misfortune which might be seen at street corners, or in sheds, or even by a sick man himself as he lay in bed; nowadays the rumour would be that the doomed man had seen a *bisterk Ding*, or wicked thing, go before him at night in the streets—a thing dark and mysterious, but resembling a black sheep.

The bier is carried to the dead-house by the grave-diggers; eight other men, also designated by the old women through their girl messenger, lift the body on to the bier; then the grave-diggers carry the body to the grave with a psalm or dirge. In the case of a man drowned at sea whose body has not been recovered there is a mourning service, or *Beringen*, four weeks after his death. On the Düne or Sandy Island, a mile away, loneliest and tiniest of all graveyards, are buried the nameless remains of those whom the North Sea casts up from time to time on the island's shores.

Before I end this paper I may say that as I have written elsewhere somewhat largely of Frisian matters I have felt myself constrained as far as possible to limit my notes to legends of the islanders which have not already appeared in English. I confess, however, that the translation of any stories is unsatisfactory. When one gets to know the people whose heritage the stories are, they acquire a meaning and frequently a pathos which it is difficult to convey with the story, so that half in despair one resolves to leave—

half told
The story of Cambuscan bold.

Great indeed as is the charm of Grimm and of Andersen, I incline to give Hansen—unknown though he is in Great Britain—a place beside them, and it has frequently occurred to me to wonder why his "Sagen" have never appeared in an English translation. A literal translation is impossible, for his book is a veritable hotch-potch; but a version of his Frisian legends, arranged with some regard to subject, and with notes (they would always be necessary, and might be made most instructive), should be of interest in this land, which is by race so intimately associated with the North Frisian Islands. Local colour has had great interest with all folklorists; but although I had for a time the fortune to reside where Grimm once lived, and to be familiar with the associations of his neighbourhood, and although no one who has spent a day in the quaint city of Andersen's birthplace—Odense, in the island of Fünen—will doubt the influence upon him of local colouring, most of all does one find in Hansen the very spirit and breath of the people among whom he lived. As a boy he sat at the feet of the old, old women whose eyes had grown dim

watching for a lifetime the grey dunes and long stretch of blue Northern sea. Nurtured on folklore, the boy became a folklorist aud was himself the Folklore Society of the island. All stories came to him, and had he but written tales with the art of Grimm and Andersen the obscurity of his island would not have prevented his fame. But I think he had little imagination—a good fault in a folklorist, though bad in a story-teller. He was always rather a chronicler than a spinner of fairy tales.

One characteristic of North Frisian legends which I must mention before ending is the underlying strain of sadness. The murmur of the sea is through them all, for no land has suffered as these islands have suffered. Generation after generation for uncounted centuries has seen the land diminish and the shoals increase. Whole islands have vanished; the site of many a village has had to be removed again and again inland. To recount these storms would here be out of place, but in 1634 almost all the island of Nordshand was destroyed, and 6,200 men and 50,000 head of cattle perished. It is not difficult to think how profoundly such a catastrophe affected men's minds, or how one might have said, as Mr. Swinburne sings, of the same wild sea :

> The pastures are herdless and sheepless,
> No pasture or shelter for herds,
> The wind is relentless and sleepless,
> And restless and songless the birds.
> Their cries from afar fall breathless,
> Their wings are as lightnings that flee,
> For the land hath two lords that are deathless,
> Death's self and the sea.

With all their love for the ocean that beats ever on their islands, the North Frisians live as its slaves. No family is there which has not paid its tribute to Ran, the sea goddess. There is little wonder that there is scarce a tale or a song in all the islands of this eerie group that does not smell of salt seas and is not blown through by salt and boisterous winds.

WILLIAM GEORGE BLACK.

A QUERY.

Quid sit futurum cras, fuge quærere.

AH, me! and what is life?
An ardent, anxious, chequered race
With Time, a little breathing space
Of care and strife.

And whither does it lead?
Alas! poor fools, we little know
To what sad goal or bitter woe
Our courses speed.

And wherefore is it so?
Why should we struggle, fight, and die,
Not knowing whence we come, or why,
Or whither go?

If death be life indeed
Why should we longer tarry here
Beset by hope and doubt and fear—
Why not be freed?

Yet why do I deplore
My present lot? If God so will
That I should tarry longer still
Need I ask more?

And if this life be sad
Will death no brighter prospect bring?
Will it not lose the only sting
It might have had?

And if to die be gain
Will not my gain be greater still
To leave this world with all its ill
And all its pain?

Oh! why should I repine?
To Him who marks the sparrow's fall
Shall I not leave my life, my all—
Ay, even mine?

J. S ANSOME.

PAGES ON PLAYS.

THERE has been very little spirit, very little interest, in the dramatic work of the last few weeks. Several new plays have made their appearance, but none of them call for comment. They have been written, they have been produced, presumably they please some beholders. But they do not invite criticism, and may very well be left in peace.

In this desolate condition of the stage, in this dramatic stagnation, one welcomes eagerly any sign that seems to show a quickening of the public intelligence in what concerns the theatre. It would be impossible to deny that the stage is in a pitiable condition, and yet there seldom probably has been a time in which the stage has been the object of so much attention. It is more written about, more talked of, becomes more and more a portion of the life of the citizen than it ever was before. You can hardly take up a serious review without finding that it has some article by some well-known critic dealing with some dramatic question. Theatres multiply, plays increase, people go to the play assiduously, and yet with all this England cannot be said to possess a drama worthy of consideration or to hold as a whole the same position in acting that is held by other countries.

Yet, from a commercial point of view, the drama was never so successful. I read in the *Pall Mall Gazette* the other day a series of statistics concerning the drama of the day which contained much matter for reflection. I will assume that the facts and figures are more or less correct ; there may be a little exaggeration ; exaggeration has a way of clinging about the prices paid for all kinds of artistic work.

To be a successful playwright, in A.D. 1893, is to enjoy the income of a Lord Chancellor, wield the power of a Lord Chamberlain, and dispense patronage like a Premier, says this week's *Wit and Wisdom*. Goldsmith got but £1,000 all told, from "She Stoops to Conquer," a farce which drew the town as "Our Boys" did a century later. Lord Lytton was luckier. His "Lady of Lyons" —with the exception of "Hamlet," the most popular play ever written—his "Richelieu," and "Money," brought a fortune, but a fortune which, compared with that of modern men, must be accounted little. After Bulwer Lytton's time

he drama fell on evil days. Maddison Morton's farces sold for a five-pound note. Buckstone wrote dramas for £30. A prize of £100, offered for the copyright of a play on nautical lines, was sufficient to induce scores of capable writers to compete. Tom Taylor, with some forty or fifty plays to his credit, and many of them highly popular ones, "Ticket-of-Leave Man," "'Twixt Axe and Crown," "To Parents and Guardians," among the number, left no such fortune behind him as Anthony Trollope, with his £60,000, had delved from the iron-bound soil of literature proper. Nor was it until comparatively recent days, that the author began to squeeze from the manager his pecuniary and artistic dues.

To Mr. W. S. Gilbert is given the credit of insisting on the author's paramount importance. His income of £12,000 a year from the Savoy Theatre alone, during the period of the famous triumvirate, as disclosed in the legal dispute between Mr. D'Oyly Carte and himself, is but a fraction of his earnings. When Miss Mary Anderson was acting in "Tragedy and Comedy" and "Pygmalion and Galatea" at the Lyceum, no less than four plays of his were running simultaneously in London alone, to an estimated aggregate of £800 a night. Upon these receipts, a 15 per cent. royalty yields £120 *a night* for the lucky author, and the programme held the various bills for many months. "Pygmalion and Galatea" is reckoned, indeed, the most valuable literary property in the world, its estimated earnings exceeding £40,000.

H. J. Byron, as stated by Mr. Thorne and Mr. David James, received £30 a week for "Our Boys," which ran on end 1,400 nights—a total of £7,000, exclusive of provincial fees. Had the arrangement been on the royalty system, the £7,000 would have approached £20,000. Mr. George R. Sims, after many unsuccessful attempts to place his "Lights o' London" on the metropolitan stage, got Mr. Wilson Barrett to accept it, and immediately stepped into a weekly income of £150, which continued for the best part of a year. After the run of "The Silver King," the net profits were found to exceed £33,000, which sum was divided into thirds among the manager, Mr. Wilson Barrett, and the joint authors, Mr. Henry Herman and Mr. H. A. Jones. Melodrama is the great Tom Tiddler's ground, Mr. Henry Pettitt having won—and, it is said, kept—a fortune of a quarter of a million by his shrewd labour on this soil, and Mr. Grundy having confessed to a happy jump within twelve months, from an income of £700 to one exceeding £5,000 by simply turning from the writing of "Glasses of Fashion" and "Mamnons" and "Pompadours" to that of "Bells of Hazlemere" and "Village Priests"; though one pure comedy, at least—"A Pair of Spectacles"—brought him magnificent rewards, both artistic and monetary. Mrs. Burnett received for her "Little Lord Fauntleroy" some £12,000 from every source.

Here then, on the basis of facts and figures which may be assumed to be accurate, or approximately accurate, we can learn certain remarkable truths. The drama of the day is one of the best paid of all artistic enterprises. It does not, it is true, enter into competition with successful shopkeeping, with even moderately successful stock-broking, but still it shows that men who write plays make very decent fortunes; and yet so well paid an art does not produce many works of art. There are very few indeed of the successful plays of the last ten years that deserve recollection. As Thackeray says somewhere of

another matter, you might take a very small piece of paper and write down all their names ; and it is not the best plays that make the most money. Melodrama is, as it would seem, the key to fortune, and what melodrama of recent date deserved a thought after it had run its course. Mr. William Archer, in a recent number of the *World*, indulged in some whimsical reflections upon the sufferings which he assumes must be experienced by the men of ability like Mr. Sims, the men of poetic inspiration like Mr. Robert Buchanan, the men of incisive wit like Mr. Cecil Raleigh, who have to spend their ability, their inspiration, and their wit on melodrama and the kind of comedy that is akin to melodrama. Probably they do suffer, but they are not to be blamed for writing what the public wants them to write so long as fortune lies that way.

Curiously enough the same number of the *Pall Mall* which contained these interesting statistics contained also a communication upon the subject of the "Decay of the Stage." It was signed by "An Occasional Correspondent," and it attributed all the misfortunes of the contemporary stage apparently to the inertness of the dramatic critics. I have not the slightest idea who wrote the letter, but it is worth quotation and consideration.

> There are three classes of men who should never attempt dramatic criticism —poets, actors, and Nonconformist ministers. The first are too susceptible to "personal charm," the second too prone to mere laudation, the third too ignorant of life and literature. The Dramatic Critic is made, not born. He is the outcome of much matinée-going, much midnight analysis, and many efforts at playwriting. That a Congregational divine should pose as a dramatic critic is an unthinkable thing, or seemed so until lately. The emotional and the critical temperament cannot dwell together ; and prayer-meetings are but a sorry education for your judge of stage-plays. But so popular has the theatre become in these latter money-spending days that almost all the old barriers are broken down. Bishops adorn the boxes, and the men of Exeter Hall line the pit. Our play-houses are thrice as numerous as they were thirty years ago. Our younger sons crowd to the dramatic agent, and every wielder of a paid pen pants to criticise Mr. Pinero and Mr. Jones. Yet dramatic art is dying fast from our midst. It were, perhaps, desirable to inquire into one or two of the principles which should govern dramatic criticism. The business has of late become so chaotic that it is probable that even the mere mention of the word will offend many gentlemen with well-known names. However, we love the stage, and—come weal, come woe—*must* speak. I believe that the matter rests largely in the hands of the "critics."
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> A cultivated sense of the fitness of things is surely the first qualification for a Dramatic Critic. He should be able to point out every solecism of manners, every flight into bombast, every offence against archæology, every defiance of place or period, every descent into bathos, and every merging of humour in vulgarity. Nor should he content himself with merely perceiving these things : he should have the moral courage to point them out, even though the player,

author, or manager be his dearest friend. Secondly, he should cherish no loftier ideal of the stage than that of its being an instrument of public entertainment. When he holds her forth as an ethical influence he is apt to stray into the deification of dulness. How often and how truly has it been said that the business of the stage is not to teach, but to amuse. So long only as she entertains her audiences is she fulfilling her mission. I am not thinking of poor dear Ibsen and his fellows here. To do them justice, they do not make the smallest attempt at didactics. They are, as it were, a medical lecturer's assistants, who indicate (and can describe) an ulcer; but there their work ends; they suggest no cure. The duty of the stage is to provide an intellectual and sensuous (we do not use the word in its suburban sense) gratification by wit, manners, historical truth, and the artistic presentment of conflicting human hopes. A play that satisfies these requirements is a good play: any other is a bad one.

But if our critics are apt to hold a wrong standard of the playwright's business, how do they estimate the value of most of our actors and actresses? Is it not a fact that art is at a discount with many of them, and "personal charm" triumphant all along the line? Have we not seen again and again, in these latter days, the heroine of a play—produced in a leading theatre—presented by an actress with little or no experience, and the lady accepted and applauded alike by critics and audience for her beauty's sake? The miserable elocution, ineffective gestures, and unintelligent readings to which London playgoers are growing so accustomed, and which would be hissed into limbo by the humblest of French audiences, go unrebuked if the guilty actor or actress chance also to possess that indefinable something called "personal charm." Art is nowhere, and a pretty face or a manly bearing is a sufficient qualification for almost any West-end "leading juvenile." The old art and the old faculty of illuminating a character are becoming a mere tradition before the advance of the well-dressed amateur. For such a state of things the dramatic critics are largely to blame. They have not had the manliness to demand that an actor should be an actor, and not a gentlemanly parrot. Evidences of hard study and painful toil are surely as desirable in an actress as bright eyes or a melodious voice. Some of the finest actors on our stage are at this moment almost unknown to the public; scores of personable incompetents breathe an atmosphere of general adulation. Let our critics seek more resolutely for art in the player, and steel themselves more resolutely against cheap cleverness and mere "personal charm," and possibly in a dozen years or so we may be able to boast with more truth than is possible at present, that the English stage is worthy a place beside the French. At present English dramatic art is sick unto death, and the signs of her rejuvenescence attenuated to the dimensions of the mathematical point.

There is a considerable element of perhaps rather obvious truth in this letter. It is not necessary in this connection to take up the glove for "poor dear Ibsen," or to enter into the question whether the sole purpose of a play should be to amuse, or whether it should fulfil any other office. One portion of the writer's case may of course be frankly admitted. It is with the critics that the fortunes of the drama in a great degree rest. But criticism, to be of any service, should be essentially independent. On a question of art there should be no friendships, no partialities. Friendship is a fine

thing, and many sentimentalities lend a grace to life, but when the matter in hand is the consideration of a new play, or the conduct of a company of players, friendship is out of court, and sentiment irrelevant. There are, it is believed, a few critics, I do not believe that there are many, who frankly profess the practice of flagrant log-rolling, who make no secret of their theory of friendship first and criticism second. It needs no demonstration that the principle, however kindly, is altogether wrong. Were a man your heart's brother, if that heart's brother writes a bad play and your business in life call upon you to express an opinion upon that play, you are bound if you think it bad to say so. If the friend is a sensible man he will take an honest opinion in good part; he probably will not agree with it, but he will take it in good part. If he is not a sensible man he will possibly write peevish letters to the papers, and you are well rid of him. What is true of the critic's attitude towards the dramatist is true also of his attitude towards the dramatist's interpreters. Here the critic has even a harder task. For the profession of acting seems to generate a curious kind of arrogance, a pitiable susceptibility, which makes the smallest word of reproof sting like the lash of a bull-whip. All dramatic critics know that there are actors vain enough and silly enough to regard the smallest expression of disapproval of their work as a proof of malignant enmity; whereas, if the ill-graced actor were wise he should only be grateful to the spectator, who has not merely to suffer from his performance, but to be at the pains for conscience sake, of trying to set him right.

Indeed, of late, the joys of the critic have been few. It may be questioned whether even the latest thing in melodrama is more afflicting than a certain kind of revival. "It seemed hard," says a writer who has a way of forestalling my opinion, "to be lured from the March sunlight into a playhouse to see a performance of the 'Fool's Revenge.' It would not have been altogether a joy to be summoned to witness 'Le Roi s'Amuse,' interpreted by a competent company of players. The machinery of 'Le Roi s'Amuse' seems a little rusty nowadays. It may not be true, as certain advanced French critics would have us believe, that the historical drama is dead, and lapped in lead like King Pandion and his friends, but it is certain that the historical drama moulded in the Victor Hugo manner is better to read than to behold. At least, 'Le Roi s'Amuse' is the work of a man of genius, and might be defended hotly; it would go hard with the most sophistical to say a word in defence of 'The Fool's Revenge.' It pleased the author of what ought to be

called a parody of 'Le Roi s'Amuse,' to change the venue of the piece. It was quite true that 'the atmosphere of a petty Italian Court of the fifteenth century' was a good atmosphere for a grim story. But this is the atmosphere which the adapter failed to create. His figures are mere meaningless pasteboard puppets, talking intolerable blank verse, and no more characteristic of a petty Italian Court of the fifteenth century, than they are of a calico ball in Camden Town. None of the Italianate terror of Webster gives a throb of life to its tedium; no spirit of irony sharpens its labouring epigram; no clearness of characterisation gives distinction to any scene. The figures are as conventional as the cardboard creatures of a child's theatre, and far less entertaining. Yet when one of these characters, the character of the fool, of Bertuccio, was played by an actor of ability, an actor it might almost be said of genius, like Mr. Edwin Booth, his gifts were great enough to galvanise the doll into something dramatic, into something almost human, into something certainly terrible. But in the hands of the actor, who for some unfathomable reason essayed the part the other day, no such miracle of animation was vouchsafed. He was supported by a company in which a certain number of experienced actors did their best. But it was a sorry business; it made one sigh for that stern order, which in 1832 forbade the production of 'Le Roi s'Amuse.' But our censorship is lenient. It does not interfere with a play because it is badly written or badly acted."

Happily for the playgoer, however, there are good revivals as well as bad revivals. Mr. Irving has interrupted the continuous run of "Becket" in order that he may produce on certain nights certain revivals from his repertory. The first of these has been "Louis XI.," which might with much justice be maintained to be his greatest creation. Those who best understand the scope of Mr. Irving's ability recognise that his genius is best fitted for the higher kinds of melodrama. In looking back over the long years of Mr. Irving's work, in estimating his achievements, in considering his successes and his failures, it will be found that his artistic triumphs—which are of course very different things from his popular triumphs—belong to plays which are of the higher order of melodrama or which, to be more accurate, allow of the higher order of melodramatic acting. These are plays like "The Bells," "The Lyons Mail," "Louis XI.," and "Robert Macaire." Most of these are poor plays enough. "The Bells" and "The Lyons Mail" are tawdry stuff; Casimir Delavigne was not a great dramatist; and the English version of "Robert Macaire" makes the spectator sigh for that rendering by

Mr. W. E. Henley and Mr. R. L. Stevenson which Mr. Beerbohm Tree promised to the world long ago. But each of these pieces is worked with sufficient skill round one conspicuous central figure, and that conspicuous figure is in each case of a kind that allows Mr. Irving to display his natural gifts and the skill of training and experience to their very highest power. In Matthias, in Dubosc, in Loys Onze, in Macaire, the actor has to present various forms of villainy; all the men are crafty, all secret, all dangerous, almost diabolic. To make such characters live and move and thrill requires very rare gifts of expression and of repression. They do not "act themselves," to use the conventional phrase; in the hands of an unworthy actor they would be laughable or tedious. But in Mr. Irving's hands they become great dramatic creations; they prove that Mr. Irving is at his best a great actor. It has been Mr. Irving's fortune, the fortune of most successful men, to be extravagantly praised, and no less extravagantly abused, and very often he has been most loudly praised where he least deserved it, and most roundly abused where disapproval was undeserved. He has had splendid scenic successes; he has had the inevitable successes of the popular actor; these will not be, should not be remembered. His glories are the triumphs due to his own unaided genius rightly employed, and no better example of such a triumph can be found than his creation of "Louis XI."

JUSTIN HUNTLY McCARTHY.

TABLE TALK.

The Book-stalls of Paris.

THE book-lover who visits Paris is but too well aware of the attractions of a prowl by the Quais on the left bank of the Seine. From the Pont Royal to the Pont Notre Dame stretch, and have stretched for generations, the stalls of the *al fresco* dealers in old books. Not without difficulty has the right of these dealers to monopolise this space been maintained. Regular booksellers have complained of the competition of those who had no rent to pay, just as the London small shopkeeper complains of the opposition of the costermonger. Jealous and insecure governments feared the dissemination of literature subversive of authority or morals. Once, indeed, under the Second Empire, their banishment was all but decreed, and it is a feather in the cap of that delightful antiquary and book-lover, Bibliophile Jacob, that he made personal application to the Emperor, and obtained for them a further lease of life. Within the last few years their privileges have been extended. Under the present *régime* any person can address himself to the Préfet de la Seine and obtain, under easy conditions, an allotment of ten yards space, which is the utmost allowed to any individual. As a consequence, the right bank of the Seine is now largely assigned to the book-dealers, who are also permitted to secure and leave the cases containing their books, instead of having, as before, to cart them away every night and return with them every morning.

Physiology of the Parisian Quais.

THESE *bouquinistes*, as they are called, have found at length their historian. Innumerable are the authors and journalists who have referred to them and their occupation, and depicted some aspects of this curious phase of Parisian life. One of the newest, most elegant, and most interesting books that Paris has sent us is the "Physiologie des Quais des Paris" of M. Octave

Uzanne,[1] a work wholly devoted to the *bouquinistes* and their customers. To the English book-lover M. Uzanne is known as editor of "Le Livre," "Le Livre Moderne," and "L'Art et l'Idée," and author of "Les Caprices d'un Bibliophile" and numerous other works, to some of which I have drawn attention. An ardent book-lover, a *bouquineur*, a lounger over the stalls, a brilliant writer, endowed with a close knowledge of Paris, he has written on the subject a book the attractions of which are not easily overrated. Beginning with a history of the growth of the book-stall, he describes its establishment and progress, depicts the dealers of past and present days, and gives a series of most interesting and characteristic portraits. An account of the trade, of the sources of supply, and the amount of the earnings follows; the sales by auction of books are described, and a lively sketch is given of the risks that are run, especially of the system of plunder to which they are continually subject—not seldom, it would appear, at the hands of women, whose muffs form a convenient receptacle for the stolen volume. Scenes and types are illustrated in a series of admirable cuts by M. Émile Mas, whose designs add greatly to a book issued in a limited edition, and sure before long to be as rare as other works of its author.

A Curious Dinner-Party.

RELATIONS between the bookseller and the book-buyer are not seldom pleasant and familiar, and a gossip with an intelligent dealer in books is one of the attractions of a book-hunting expedition. Not too affable or polished are always the stall-keepers of the Paris Quais. They have found, however, many friends and admirers, and their praises have been sung by the most distinguished writers of yesterday and to-day. One tribute paid them is, however, so signal that it deserves to be recorded. I take the facts, of course, from M. Uzanne. So fond of these worthies was M. Xavier Marmier, the Academician, that he left the sum of one thousand francs to pay for a dinner to be given them. On November 20 last, accordingly, after his death, a banquet, to which ninety-five sat down, was given them at the famous Restaurant Véfour. A sufficiently appetising *menu* is given in the volume; in which also is quoted the very touching speech to the memory of the founder of the feast by the chairman, M. A. Choppin d'Arnouville. Very pleasing and thoroughly French is the whole proceeding.

[1] Paris: Ancienne Maison Quantin.

George MacDonald's Poems.

THE Collected Poems of George MacDonald at length see the light in the shape of two handsome octavo volumes.[1] Though principally known as a prose writer, George MacDonald has won warm and, as the event will prove, lasting recognition as a poet. His present collection, which, after all, is not exhaustive, since I fail to find in it the "Lyrics from Heine" of Phantastes, which are my special favourites, prove that he has wooed the muse in earnest. A very serviceable and prolific muse she is, and if she sometimes condescends to

> Ply
> The sampler, and to tease the housewife's wool,

she is none the less a goddess. It is indeed in the realms of fancy and imagination, the latter especially, that she is at her best. Her wings are made for the empyrean, and she soars more pleasantly than she dips. In the present collection my favourites are the ballads. These are as happy and as significant as those of Rossetti. Nothing can be finer, in its way, than the "Legend of Corrie-vrechan," vol. ii. pp. 120–122. In this the didactic purpose is not felt, yet its lesson is as fine as its execution. Every form of poetry George MacDonald has essayed, from the poetic and imaginative drama in "Within and Without," to "Sonnets" and "Songs for Children." It was time that a collected edition was accessible, and it could not well come in more attractive guise. The two volumes will suffice to convey to a much wider circle the fact that we have in our great novelist a genuine and an original poet.

The Restoration Dramatists.

ONE by one the Dramatists of the Restoration are being set before the present generation. Not very successful was the effort made, a few years ago, by Messrs. Maidment & Logan to reprint the whole *en bloc*.[2] An injudicious opening was made. Men who attempted to wade through the ponderous plays of Killigrew and D'Avenant found the task too hard, the series was arrested, and the books, for the present at least, are at a heavy discount. Colley Cibber, in whom abundant vitality, combined with knowledge of stage effect, does duty for higher qualities, remains unrepresented An edition of Shadwell is as yet only contemplated, and Durfey Ravenscroft, Motteux, and others of the tribe, including even Nahum Tate, are not likely to be lugged forth as yet. Mrs. Behn and

[1] Chatto & Windus. [2] Edinburgh: Paterson.

Mrs. Centlivre—it will be seen that I am giving the term Restoration an elastic significance—have been reprinted, as has, of course, Dryden, in the edition of his copyright works. Those to whom our thoughts turn when the term Restoration Dramatists is used are Wycherly, Farquhar, Congreve, and Vanbrugh, the four producers of comedy, included by Leigh Hunt in one volume of a series that did much to familiarise the general reader with the early drama. Of these Congreve holds an undisputed place. He is a classic, and the fine editions of his works by Baskerville command, in a good state, a high price in the book market. Until recent days, however, men have hesitated before representing in library editions the works of his associates. Now, however, the task is being accomplished, and the editions of Farquhar and Vanbrugh and of Etherege [1] that have recently seen the light, will be followed by editions of Congreve, and perhaps of Otway.

Republication of these Works.

THE question as to the expediency of reprinting the works of these writers has but recently been settled. Their works stand on a different footing from those of Rabelais and Cervantes, which a society a few years ago sought vainly to suppress. They bear, naturally, some resemblance to the Memoirs of Hamilton against which our very busy and somewhat squeamish association also protested. They are, however, more dangerous and immoral. When the republication of these works is permitted, it can only be said on the subject of liberty of printing, *cadit quæstio.* Except in the designedly prurient work, which is issued and circulates in secret, nothing so unclean as their comedies is known in literature after the revival of letters, until we come to the court orgies of the Orleans regency, or the excesses of the succeeding Revolution. It is not that these dramatists openly encourage or counsel vice. I know few books of any class in which this is done. They present, however, as estimable beings, with names such as Worthy or Manly, men whose only aim in life is to corrupt women, and depict for us maids and matrons ignorant of any form of love except animalism, and discussing masculine attractions with a candour that might perplex the Japanese or the Polynesian.

Sir John Vanbrugh.

AMONG these dramatists Vanbrugh, whose works have just seen the light, is, after Wycherly, the worst offender. Hi "Relapse ; or, Virtue in Danger," is probably the most genuinely

[1] Laurence & Bullen ; Nimmo.

immodest play of the epoch. A sort of moral that it is expedient to shun temptation may be read into it by the ingenious. Its pictures, however, of sexual relations are crudity itself, and some of its allusions constitute an offence. It will scarcely palliate, and certainly does not condone, what is wrong, that Vanbrugh's characters, granting the point of view, are excellent, and the satire of human follies and baseness is scathing. Scenes in "The Confederacy" are not easily rivalled in the comedy of any country. His unquestioned capacity makes the immorality of Vanbrugh the more to be regretted. Curious proof of the effect of corrupt times is shown in the fact that a man of his antecedents and of his character should have incurred the just censure of Collier. He was of Flemish and Protestant extraction, his ancestors having fled for religion's sake from the persecutions of Alva. From a stem such as this we look for goodly branches. It is, at least, a fact that the French refugees, sent in in consequence of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, are reverenced in their descendants. Vanbrugh personally was an estimable character, and his behaviour to the Duchess of Marlborough with regard to Blenheim commands our admiration. It is curious and regrettable to have to rebuke in such a man the chief offender in our drama.

The Right to Possess all Literature.

IF a man be such as has been said, the question may be asked, Why, then, reprint his works? That their wit does not compensate for their uncleanness has been said. The answer, however, is plain. "The proper study of mankind is man," says Pope. How can we study him if we are denied access to the documents? At the present moment men are collecting with supreme zeal, analysing and co-ordinating, all that still remains of savage rite and practice. The practices, filthy, revolting, or obscene, are discussed, and the light thus obtained as to human growth and progress is of incalculable advantage. It is scarcely romancing to say that much of the most interesting information we possess concerning man is due to the researches and labours of the comparative folk-lorists. We cannot, then, consent to forego the work, such as the Restoration comedies, that is characteristic of an epoch. At the moment when "the sons of Moloch, flown with insolence and wine," infested our streets, and the theatre might give lessons to the lupanar, the heart of England was as sound as ever it was. Good women spent their time in good works, and heroic gentlemen tried their best to restore fortunes impaired by sacrifice in behalf of the side they had espoused in civil war. The court of London was, however, corrupt to the core, and

the life of the ruffler and the gallant was atrocious. These things came, we are told, as a revolt from Puritan rule, and we cannot afford to neglect the lesson. All literature belongs to us, and is a part of our most valued possessions; and those products of disease, which are among the most saddening of things, are under lock and key represented in our national collections. Nothing to the doctor is valueless or unclean which can establish the source of disease or point to a remedy.

The Poetry of William Basse.[1]

THE latest of the Elizabethan poets to be unearthed is William Basse. That he should have remained so long in obscurity is a cause for some surprise. The lines he wrote on Shakespeare are among the noblest tributes to the great dramatist that were paid by any contemporary. They are included in Ingleby's "Shakespeare's Century of Praise," and are known to most Shakespearian students. They begin thus:

> Renowned Spenser lye a thought more nye
> To learned Chaucer, and rare Beaumond lye
> A little neerer Spenser, to make roome
> For Shakespeare in your threefold, fowerfold Tombe.

They are quoted from a Lansdowne MS., temp. James I., and are by a curious and untoward accident—untoward in so far as Basse is concerned—included in the 1633 edition of the Poems of Donne. A gratifying tribute to Basse is paid by Isaac Walton, who, in the "Compleat Angler," after quoting a song in praise of angling, continues: "I'll promise you I'll sing a song that was lately made at my request by Mr. William Basse, one that has made the choice songs of the 'Hunter in his Career,' and of 'Tom of Bedlam,' and many others of note." Basse was a prolific writer, and, in addition to the three volumes and the complimentary addresses to other poets which he published, left in MS. two collections of poetry, the greater portion of which—some portion being now untraceable—is included in the volume before me. That Basse was a great or an inspired poet may not be affirmed. He is indeed a little hide-bound, and his rhymes are sometimes curiously defective. He is, however, an observer of nature, and his pastorals are not without merit. There is a disposition to attribute to him "Brittain's Ida," which has been assigned wrongly to Spenser. Basse's poems now appear in a very goodly volume, and are carefully annotated and edited by Mr. R. Warwick Bond. For past neglect, accordingly, ample compensation is made.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

Ellis & Elvey.

THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE 1893.

ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE.

BY JOHN DAWTREY.

"YES, gentlemen," said the young lieutenant, "you may say what you like, conscience is an affair of geography. Put the best man you like down in a foreign country, and he'll laugh at things that he'd drop a hard hand on here in Gotham. Don't believe me—eh? I fancy I can convince you. You all know old Roberts, and know that he's as good a Christian as he is a captain, and that's not saying a little; well, I've seen that man twisting and turning like a cat on hot bricks for fear that a rogue should be punished; and it wasn't because the fellow had only broken some petty local law either, for he would have got five years' Sing Sing here, and the captain have been the first to say, 'He's got off easy.'

"I was serving in the U.S.A. frigate *Delaware*, and we had been cruising on the China Station for a couple of years, and for the principal part of that time we'd had a young Chinaman helping in the cook-house. He was a pleasant, good-tempered young fellow, not bad-looking for a Celestial, and had become a great favourite with us all, officers as well as men.

"There was a bit of romance attaching to him; he was in love with the orphan niece of an opulent ship chandler, at Hong Kong, and that was why he was with us. His sweetheart, little Sing Ooh, was a great beauty, with eyes like button-holes, and 'golden lilies' no bigger than a three-year-old's fists; so her uncle had made up his mind that she must connect him with some middle-class mandarin or rich banker, and when Wan Lee made his advances the old rascal

simply demanded a payment of 500 ounces of silver as a recompense for the expense he had been put to in bringing her up.

"Now, as far as Wan Lee was concerned, he might just as well have asked 5,000, and that the old rascal knew very well, and doubtless thought that when poor little Sing had taken time to dry her tears, and reflect how impossible it was she should ever become Mrs. Wan Lee, she would, like a sensible girl, take the man of her uncle's choice, rather than run the risk of becoming that most miserable of created beings, a Chinese old maid. And no doubt Lung Sien ('Long Sinner' the sailors called him; and they weren't far wrong) was correct in his calculations, for Chinese girls are very much like their American sisters.

"Well, Wan Lee had taken service on the *Delaware* as a last despairing hope. All the foreign devils were rich, and surely among them there must be some chance of making money. But the poor fellow found that, even on such a mine of wealth as the *Delaware* must have seemed, there were very close limits to the amount to be picked up by a 'pigtail.'

"Had it been only a small sum he needed he might have got help when the men knew his story, but 500 ounces means 500 dollars, more or less, and that was beyond even Jack's openheartedness.

"So poor Wan's gains were confined to what he could save out of his monthly five dollars, and that was roughly shaken every third month (when we ran into Hong Kong) by the preserved violets, candied slugs, and similar dainties which he would smuggle in to Sing Ooh, for human nature is pretty much the same whether under a dude's silk hat or a coolie's skull-cap.

"We were lying at anchor on one of our visits, and as it was my turn for leave, I had togged up and was coming on deck when I was summoned to the captain. 'Oh, Mr. Arnold,' he said, 'I want you to do a little commission for me.' 'Certainly, sir. What is it?' 'Why, it's rather a queer affair. Wan Lee says his relatives have raised the money for his marriage, and begs me to let a "Melican officer" go with him to see it paid over to Lung Sien—and by-the-by, Mr. Arnold, as I have promised to put him ashore at Cheefoo when we weigh anchor, I want you to keep an eye on him and see that he comes back to the ship after he is married. It may be all right, and he is a very civil fellow, but I shall have the officers' jewellery looked over. It's rather queer his coming into this money so suddenly.'

"Of course I wasn't sorry for the chance of seeing a little real

Chinese life, so, solemnly promising to keep my eyes glued on to Wan Lee, I went on shore with him in the gig.

"Wan, who was dressed in his best, took me to a little tea-house near the quay, where we found a couple of coolies waiting for us, for the expectant bridegroom had come on shore the night before and made his preparations. I expected to see some of his relatives waiting to meet us, but no one appeared save the proprietor, who received us most obsequiously, and led us into the back room, where Wan took out a key and opened the door of a little off-room he had hired for a treasure chamber. In it was a long box, which he instructed the coolies to take up and follow us. Now, as you most likely all know, there are no Chinese coins larger than the 'cash,' about six of which go to a cent. So all large sums are paid by silver ingots, which are always carefully weighed at each transaction, and the balances adjusted by strings of cash, so I could make a very fair guess at what the box contained. We hadn't far to carry it, for of course Long Sinner's place was near the river, and very shortly we were in the cool shade of the mat hung piazza, and Wan was unpacking the box.

"The old merchant had evidently had notice of our coming, for his money scales were ready, and in the room behind the shop we could hear soft voices and the swish of calico. As might be expected, my companion had eyes for nowhere but the door into that apartment, and the old man and his cashier had the weighing pretty much to themselves. I nudged Wan once, and asked if he oughtn't to check the weights, but his only answer was, 'Lung Sien honourable merchant, if watchee him take away his face' (namely, make him blush, which I knew to be a grave breach of Chinese etiquette). I must own I stared a little at Wan's ill-timed politeness. I've been in love a few times myself, and I know how soft it makes a man, but it struck me if it could blind poor Wan to the character of the villainous old chandler opposite us, he *must* have it badly; but it was no affair of mine, I had done my duty by warning him. So when Lung Sien had weighed each bar very carefully, he brought over the receipt signed and countersigned by himself and his cashier, and also the balance, for the bars weighed a few ounces over the five hundred, which he handed to Wan Lee in long strings of cash, for I can tell you a dollar in Chinese currency makes quite a respectable show.

"The next thing to settle was the marriage, and Lung Sien intimated that the 'honourable festivities' should take place as soon as the astrologers had picked out a lucky day; but this didn't suit the lover; he very soon informed the old gentleman that, being on the

books of the *Delaware*, he was 'allee same Melican man,' and that he meant to be married at the American Consulate that very day, whatever might be the luck. The uncle remonstrated pretty vigorously, and threatened to return the silver and break off the match, rather than submit to such an indignity; but Wan was firm, and it ended in the matter being left to Sing Ooh's decision, and that young lady was brought out from the back shop to give it. She was not long in making up her mind; her remarks to the old gentleman I was not scholar enough to understand, but from the stamp of the small foot, and the expression of the little mouth, it seemed something decisive, and from the way her lover and the coolies laughed I think it must have been slightly sarcastic. In fact, I fancy that the idea that had passed through my mind, that if Lung Sien was left with the money in his hands a lucky day might be some time in coming, had also presented itself to her, and she spoke as a young woman would be apt to under such circumstances. Anyhow, she settled the question, for a jinrickshaw was fetched, and the poor little maid packed in it, and trotted off to the Consulate. Neither her uncle nor any of his family accompanied her, for he had evidently washed his hands of her. Her belongings were bundled out; one little bamboo box held all, and that was carried on the head of a coolie, who did not need to shirk his turn at the 'rickshaw in consequence.

"When we got to the Consulate the poor girl was helped out, and up the steps, looking rather frightened and woebegone, as ladies, white or yellow, will do when they've got their own way, and are not quite sure what's coming of it; and anyone who knows the amount of fuss and ceremony attending a Chinese marriage, even of the lowest class, can understand her feelings in such a position,

> With no glad bells, no marriage feast,
> No joyous home returning.

"But, pale and trembling as she was, there was no back-out in her, and, by the aid of the interpreter, the happy pair were made one in a very few minutes. Then *my* worry began, for I was afraid that Wan Lee would make some excuse for not going straight back to the ship, and if he did I should be at my wit's end to find out how to fulfil my promise to Captain Roberts.

"If Hong Kong had been under native rule it would have been easy enough—just take him by the pigtail and march him down to the boat, and let the captain and the American consul put it right afterwards with the authorities.

"But under the despotic rule of Her Britannic Majesty, where a

man mustn't wallop his own nigger, this would have been a risky proceeding, and I should have been stopped before I had got three streets length, by some puggareed oppressor.

"However, my trouble did not last long, for Wan himself was the first to propose an immediate return to the *Delaware*. So I escorted him and the 'rickshaw to the quay, and did not leave them till I saw both in the gig and the oars splashing up the water. Then I went off for my own private spree. Well, that has nothing to do with this tale, so I'll only say that next morning I was just thinking of getting up (I was staying with an old friend in the tea trade), and trying to make sure whether the thing on my shoulders was a head or a forge with the hammers going inside it, when there came a knock at the door, and one of our midshipmites was shown in. 'Captain Roberts wishes you to meet him at the police office at once, sir; Wan Lee has been arrested; the silver he paid for his wife wasn't silver at all, and you are wanted for a witness.' You may guess I tumbled out sharp and dressed at a sailor's rate, and was soon on my way, the boy giving me the particulars as we went along. After the first surprise was over I didn't so much wonder at Wan Lee's fraud as at his being so mad as to stay near the scene of his knavery, knowing how soon it must be discovered. When we got to the office the case had commenced before the police magistrate and a red-buttoned mandarin, who was sitting with him to act as assessor on knotty points of Chinese law. Wan Lee was in the dock, looking pallid, but not so cast down as I expected; but poor little Sing Ooh was weeping bitterly, in spite of a gruff word of sympathy given her by the good old captain from time to time. There were the usual court loungers, and a number of liberty men from the frigate mixed among them, freely expressing their sympathy for Sing Ooh, and their desire to give 'Long Sinner' a keelhauling. Lung Sien was giving his evidence as I came in, and it was terribly simple and plain. Wan Lee had paid him the silver, it was put straight into the strong room, and on being tested in the morning was found to be base metal.

"On the magistrate asking him if it was his custom to take silver without at once testing it, he replied 'Certainly not,' but that the fact of an American officer, whom he knew to belong to the *Delaware*, coming with the prisoner had thrown him off his guard, as it seemed to corroborate the tale which Wan Lee had told him the night before, that the officers of the frigate had raised the money by subscription for him.

"I felt rather a buzzing in my head at this answer, which was not

improved by Frank Morley, the wildest young scapegrace in the ship, whispering in my ear, 'Oh, Arnold! Arnold! only to think of the 'cute Jack Arnold being used as a tool by a Chinese coolie; what *will* they say at Harvard when I write home!' However, the magistrate seemed to think it was a very reasonable answer, and the plaintiff left the stand, to be followed by his cashier, whose evidence was only a copy of his master's. Then came my turn, and I of course corroborated them as far as the buying of the silver was concerned.

"Then a silversmith was called to prove the baseness of the metal, and that closed the case for the prosecution, and very black it looked against poor Wan Lee, as the magistrate turned to him for his defence. 'That poor little girl is in for two years' widowhood at least,' whispered Frank to me; 'they can't give him less for such an attempt.'

"But before the prisoner was sworn (following the very sensible custom of the 'middle kingdom,' where they don't shut out the evidence of the man who may be supposed to know most about the case) a question arose as to how the oath was to be administered. The other witnesses had taken it in the usual Shintoo way, by breaking a plate, and the mandarin was for swearing Wan in the same way; but the magistrate, looking to the marriage of the day before, thought the oath should be put in the usual Christian form. After some little discussion the prisoner's opinion was asked, but that astute young man, with an evident determination to offend neither of his judges, disclaimed any partiality. 'Kill 'im cock, break 'im plate, smell 'im book—allee same, allee good ways,' averred this Celestial Broad Churchman; so it was finally decided to let him 'smell 'im book,' on the ground of economy.

"On being sworn, his tale was as simple as his opponent's.

"He was a poor orphan, the honourable court was his father and his mother; he had bought his wife, and paid for her with good silver, and he could not imagine why Lung Sien should charge him with the crime he was accused of. The magistrate pointed out that the charge did not rest on Lung Sien's evidence alone; he was corroborated on all points by independent testimony; the officer swore to the bars being sold, and the silversmith, a respectable tradesman, had testified to their baseness. Would the prisoner like to have it tested by another expert? No; the prisoner was quite willing to accept the honourable witness's statement; but still the fact remained that he had paid good silver, and he could only imagine that Lung Sien had changed the bars to be revenged on him for insisting on an immediate marriage.

"This line of defence seemed very strong to Wan's friends, the sailors, in the body of the court, and a loud murmur against Lung Sien arose—which, alas! was destined to die out before the magistrate's matter-of-fact suggestion that he should call the person he got the bars from, to testify whether they were the same or not. But this, however willing to oblige the honourable court, the prisoner declared his inability to do, because—because he had saved the silver up little by little, and had cast the ingots himself! I must confess with shame that this artless plea produced a considerable amount of 'loud smiling' among the very sailors who had backed up the prisoner a few minutes before.

"The good old captain, who had about as much humour in his composition as an overloaded camel, and whose honest heart was full up with pity for the poor bride, turned on them with a look of scorn, before which the laughter soon died out; but there was some little excuse for the poor fellows. None but those who knew the princely salary poor Wan had been receiving since the day he came on board the *Delaware*—'Fair change for a nickel, counting rags *and* bones,' as the boatswain judicially expressed it—could feel the full force of this assertion.

"But though the court must have been unable to appreciate the beauty of the defence at its full value, it was clear it had pretty well made up its mind, and that the only question in debate between its members was the amount of the sentence. Poor Wan Lee, however, was fumbling about in the lining of his round hat, and at last produced a carefully folded piece of paper, which he held out towards the judgment-seat, explaining that it was Lung Sien's receipt for the bars, and entreating that it might be compared with them. As he held it out I happened to be looking in Lung Sien's direction, and what I saw there startled me. Could those staring eyes, that pallid, ghastly countenance, belong to the smug, oily merchant? I drew Morley's attention to it, and for a moment he stared as hard as I did; but the next a light seemed to break in on him. Though young, he had had more service in the Chinese seas than I had; his local knowledge and general shrewdness gave him the clue, and in less than a minute he was over by Sing Ooh's side, trying to make her understand something in his Pidgin English. So far as the words went, he might just as well have tried her with pure Boston; but his gestures were unmistakable, and the poor girl began to look up with a little hope brightening her features. The magistrate, after examining the paper, had given some orders, and the officials were busy weighing the bars. A dramatic scene it was to the mystified spectators, comprising all of us *Delaware* men except Frank.

"The magistrate and mandarin were conversing in an undertone, and evidently trying to conceal their amusement at something. Morley was boiling over with exultation, Lung Sien and his cashier were looking the picture of misery, and the good old captain was glaring at the lot.

"At last the fiery old man could stand it no longer, and, slipping round behind me, he laid his heavy hand on the shoulder of Frank, who had come back after his partially successful effort to cheer up the poor bride. 'What's in the wind, you young scapegrace?' he whispered hoarsely. 'You seem to be having some nice little joke all to yourselves. Is there any chance for the poor fellow—girl I mean?'

"'Nothing particular that I know of, captain,' answered Morley in his most provoking drawl, 'only it crossed my mind that if Lung Sien *should* happen to have taken advantage of Wan Lee's eagerness, and our young friend here's innocence, to cheat a little in the weight of those bars, it might be awkward for him just now.'

"The old man stared a moment as the idea slowly filtered into his mind, and then, 'He's done, by Jove!' broke from his lips, as his mighty hand rose and fell again on Morley's shoulder, like a twenty-ton steam-hammer with patent grip attachment.

"It was the only time I ever heard him swear, and I believe that his shame at it caused him as much pain as his impetuosity did to poor Morley. For the rest of the time they spoke not. Poor Frank busied himself with tenderly trying to raise and straighten the crushed bones of his left shoulder with his right hand, while Captain Roberts was mainly occupied in hiding a two-foot blush with an eighteen-inch handkerchief.

"By this time the weights had been taken and handed up to the judges, and I must say the gravity with which they compared the two papers did them credit, as also did the calm tone in which the magistrate drew Lung Sien's attention to the discrepancy and asked for an explanation.

"Highly creditable, too, was the manner in which the latter took the blow. He had had time to somewhat recover from the shock, and the eager and astonished air with which he compared the two papers would have made a Bowery actor's fortune; carefully did he examine them ere he handed them over to his cashier with some remarks which evidently bore reference to the differences. Had there been but one bar he would doubtless have claimed a mistake in his receipt, but four ingots, each with different errors, varying from three to six ounces, and all in his own favour, were too much for even

Chinese effrontery. Sadly did he hand them back to the usher, and gravely did he admit that he had misjudged an innocent man, that some one of his clerks must have abstracted the ingots from his safe and replaced them with the base metal in hopes of delaying the discovery. So he freely withdrew from the prosecution.

"There was a quiet smile on the magistrate's face as he ordered the prisoner's release, but that was about all the quietness there was in *that* court. Wan Lee was instantly surrounded by a shouting crowd of sailors, and the poor injured innocent was partly dragged and partly carried out of court, along with the happy Sing Ooh.

"Poor Lung Sien had a longer stay, for he had to pay the different court fees, and by the time he left his purse was a good deal lighter than when he came in.

"We dropped down the river next day, and as we passed Cheefoo we put the happy pair ashore within twenty miles of Wan Lee's home, with a nice little sum collected for them as a start for housekeeping. At dinner-time that day young Morley tried very mildly to chaff the captain on the inconsistency of a Church member encouraging fraud; but the old man turned on him rather savagely: 'You young scamp,' he exclaimed, 'would you blame a dog for barking, or a Chinaman for swindling? they must act according to their lights. The next man of you that tries to jolly me, I'll stop his shore leave as long as we are in Chinese waters.' So, as he was a man of his word, we dropped the subject."

THE LETTERS OF GUSTAVE FLAUBERT.

A MISANTHROPE of the order of Schopenhauer, yet instinct with tenderness, and devoted to those whose affection went out towards him. A hermit and martyr of literature, afraid of life, with his inclinations to active virtue and vice alike atrophied by his exclusive devotion to his self-imposed task of dowering the world he despised with dolorous visions of the vanity of all things. One whose painful quest for truth caused him to despise traditionary principles of life, and yet despair of any new one; whose aim it was in literature to startle and nauseate not only the detested *bourgeois*, but literary men themselves, by his crude, truthful exposition of the natural history of humanity. An ascetic pagan, equally delighting in decadent filth and transcendent Spinozism; driven back on the ideal by his poignant sense of the imperfections of nature; alone even among those who styled him their master and mistook him for realist; alone because he loved the beautiful. Fatigued, also, by any long contemplation of ideal beauty, and often convinced that art is but one more delusion. Loving to admire, yet finding resistless charm in the horrible, a tragic element in the grotesquely hideous; veiling vice in chaste language. Revelling in corrosive analyses and voluptuous bitterness; disgusted and entranced at once by his visions of human misery; racked by a continual strain to effect a perpetual identity of form and idea; disgusted with his subjects, whether of gorgeous antique brutality or modern meanness; sceptical, and yet of strong convictions; as full of scornful indignation as a satirist, yet vainly striving not to reveal himself in his works. Convinced the secret of masterpieces is the concordance of the subject and the temperament of the author, yet suffering life-long torture in his attempt to accomplish this concordance.—Will the long series of his correspondence, lately completed by the publication of the fourth and last volume, help us to simplify the complexity, and reconcile the diversity of this strange man of letters?

I.

"I have followed a line incessantly prolonged, and marked from the first as by a tightened string." It is in this way Flaubert expresses the would-be unity of his life and purpose; adding, as is natural, that his aim ever receded before his efforts. But this unity falls into an antagonistic duality on analysis—a duality that signifies the agony which is the burden of his confessions. Personality is not a simple thing, and Flaubert's nature is curiously complex. "There are two distinct men in me, one enamoured of 'guelades' of lyrism, of great eagle-flights, of all sonorities of phrase, and lofty ideas; another who investigates and penetrates truth as far as he is able, who loves to acknowledge little facts as thoroughly as great facts, who would like to make the reader feel almost *materially* the things he reproduces. This last half of me loves to laugh, and is delighted with the animal tendencies of man." In short, he is a lyric poet without the faculty of verse, joined to a realist who is attracted to the delineation of the lower side of humanity; he has two cults, the one of art, the other of that aspect of truth which seems the sole one to the "realist." He is a lyrical artist and lover of beauty, who cannot resist the strange spell of ugliness, who hangs, in fascinated horror, over the mephitic abyss of evil till he becomes an *idéaliste à rebours*. The consciousness of duality is his torment; he yearns for completeness, and sorrows over its impossibility. He is a lyrist as being a belated romanticist, as a devotee of "art for art's sake," of beauty of phrase and form, as a hater of didactism. He is an analyst who, as the author of "Madame Bovary," was proclaimed, against his will, as master and initiator, and suffered irritation and exasperation when reminded that his claim to fame was precisely his authorship of "Madame Bovary." "As if I had written nothing else!" he cries. If he were not in need of money, he would take steps to hinder any further editions of it. The duality is so marked that it would almost be sufficient to state its existence, without attempting to resolve it into a higher unity, to demonstrate the alternating Castor and Pollux in him, the uneasiness and distress under which he laboured while surrendering himself to the one side of his nature to the exclusion of the other. And this being once admitted, perhaps a clue for the discovery of unity may be found in the theory of impersonality he attempted to apply to the works resulting from his two conflicting elements.

But, previously, let us examine his romanticism, his lyrism, his cult of art for art's sake. The lover of Chateaubriand's phrase, of

the Victor Hugo before his political apostolate and didactic humanitarianism, saw in art the only refuge for the incompleteness and platitude of ordinary existence. The brief period of his vigorous, healthy youth, which seemed so fragrant in retrospective to the victim of nervous malady, had been haunted by visions of purple pomp and unattainable splendour. Inexorable criticism and chill experience had soon dispersed such visions. With age came lesser needs, and nothing but enthusiasm (too remittent, he complained) and the desire for a tranquil existence that would permit him to dream, and to make others dream, of the intensity of external form and the spirit ditties of harmonious phrases. Action seemed impossible, even if not contemptible, to this contemplative philosopher, and the least derangement of the chosen monotony of his existence, unless it were travel for the purposes of his books, was a hindrance to his determined course. He would concentrate himself in solitude, finding profundity in restriction. To paint life was only possible on condition of withdrawal from ordinary life. You must live as a *bourgeois*, and think as a god. "Be as orderly and ordinary in your life as a *bourgeois*, that you may be violent and original in your works." But to express visions is to incur the daily martyrdom, the *affres* of style. He is never weary of symbolising this martyrdom which was so dear and so "atrociously odious" at once to him; the only desirable thing on earth, despite the suffering it occasioned. An artist is a gladiator; he is a victim of literature; he pursues a chimera; he strains against the rock of Sisyphus. "The pearl is a malady of the oyster, and style is, perhaps, the product of a still deeper pain." And behind all this effort to realise his conceptions, lies the anguish of apprehended powerlessness and sterility. Not a work which he does not fear to begin, which he does not utterly despair of when begun, and which does not grow intolerable to him long before its completion.

"What an artist one would be if one had never seen, read, or loved anything but the beautiful!" he cries; and proclaims himself continually athirst for the ideal. But Flaubert is one endless protest against the world as it is. As the world opens to him he finds nothing but vanity, egoism, and falsehood. His nature is ardent, exuberant, and gay; but his extreme nervous sensibility, after his attack of epilepsy in his early manhood, tinged his buffooneries with bitterness. Henceforth he is "organised for unhappiness," and lives only by curiosity. This curiosity is fed by introspection, and he shudders and grows dizzy on the brink of the hideous depths he finds in his own nature. Like Socrates, he finds himself capable of all

animality ; like his Saint Anthony, he is a consummate sinner—in idea. He flies to art as his salvation ; his appetites are strangled by his supreme energy of will. But the fearful power of contemplative analysis still remains to him. As a boy he had fearfully and furtively gazed on a dissected corpse in the mortuary of the hospital in which he lived ; and in the earliest of his preserved letters, written at the age of nine, he invokes his coeval friend to join him in writing comedies, as "there is a lady who comes to visit us, and always talks *bêtises*," which he would note down. So early did the fascination and charm of morbidness and stupidity beset him. Stupidity ! Socrates and Plato trace all errors to ignorance—no one would be stupid if once convinced of his stupidity. The choleric Carlyle inveighs against stupidity as a prophet ; the Stoics and Olympian Goethe endeavoured to ignore it. Flaubert hates and adores it, as Catullus hated and loved Lesbia ; is for ever drawn to the contemplation of it, is delighted in the detestation of it, and for ever vainly striving to soar beyond it, into the calm region of ideas ; or at least to look on it as Aristophanes or Lucian, and painlessly enjoy the ludicrous spectacle about him. The wonted fate of the Satirists, from Juvenal downwards, is to leave their readers in doubt whether they would not have regretted the absence of any cause for their indignation.

Thus the dual and divided lover, on the one hand, of the antique, the epic, the massive brutality of facts of the ideal past, and, on the other, of minute analysis and anatomy applied to the hateful present, seeks consolation in art, hoping by dint of work to silence his native melancholy. The first work which he dares at last to publish, and submit to the *bêtise* of the public, was "Madame Bovary." The "ignoble reality" of his theme disgusts him long before it startled and horrified his readers. In the letters written during the years of its elaboration, he insists perpetually that there is nothing of himself in it, that it is completely contrary to all he loves. In fact, it is a *tour de force* of an acrobat, balancing on a thread, suspended between the double abysses of the lyric and the vulgar. He will never attempt again such a work, only possible to the most strenuous will ; it is enough to have proved, once for all, that there is no subject which cannot be treated in beauty. He is the first to feel the fetidity and nauseousness of his book ; but he will have surmounted the enormous difficulty of writing a story with dialogues in the style of comedy, and analytic narration in epic, commonplace in subject, but couched in an aristocratic form. He hates his work, and is haunted by the fear lest this "work of an acrobat" be an utter mistake in conception. The reaction of his

nature necessitated an epical subject, in which he could give full play to his love of musical phrase, of truculent grandeur. In "Salammbô" he will revel in pure art, though he knows in advance that a work of pure art will find few readers. However, he will at least have the satisfaction of "upsetting the digestions of the good folk" who may possibly come across it. But soon he feels enthusiasm lacking here also; he fears to fall into the melodramatic. It is a desert into which he has been driven by his disgust at modern life. He finds that "one must be absolutely mad to undertake such a work," and feels that the deeper he plunges into the antique, the more he is seized by the necessity of undertaking something modern. Gladly he throws it on the indifferent world, so that he may escape the fatigue resultant on the continued vision of the beautiful, and begins "L'Éducation Sentimentale," in which he will delineate "the moral, or rather sentimental, history of the men of my generation—a work of love, of passion, but of passion such as passion can be nowadays, that is, inactive." Being profoundly true, it is not likely to be amusing, he fears; but "the thought of the stupidities it will make the *bourgeois* utter" sustains him in his purpose. It is an effort to fuse his two natures, as he remarks, but an ineffectual effort. "It will take a year only;" after that "I shall bid a definite good-bye to the odious *bourgeois*." "It is too difficult, too ugly; and it is time I wrote something beautiful and pleasing to myself." What on earth could have made him select such a subject? he cries. Consequently, he reverts for the third time to his "Saint-Antoine;" the eight months he spends in putting it into its final form being "the most perfectly voluptuous" in his life. He was in his element then, he pathetically writes in retrospection. But at the time of composition he is convinced it is a failure, an absurdly difficult subject, and fears he is becoming sterile. He turns with delight from Saint Anthony's nightmare of the inanity of ancient philosophies and creeds, to a precisely similar theme in his "Bouvard et Pecuchet," but which is modern in dress. These poor drivellers cull in succession all the flowers of modern folly, and are as dazed and hopeless as Saint Anthony himself. In the process of thus "vomiting his bile" on his contemporaries, he fears to become as imbecile himself as Bouvard and Pecuchet, and uncharitably wishes his reader to be driven to the verge of idiocy also. Naturally, he cannot resign himself to his work—"it was folly to undertake it." He writes his artistic "Trois Contes" by way of reaction, and returns to his book of vengeance against his contemporaries, to his "manner of being an Aristophanes;" once finished—and he died at the task—he would touch the *bourgeois* no more; he will "purge himself, and become Olympian and serene."

Thus Flaubert is never able to make his subject and his temperament agree, though the martyr of the theory of impersonality in art confesses that when he is writing what is congruent to his nature, his labour is swift. But in this facility he sees nothing but peril; as in the delight of an improvisator, the claims of the unity of the whole are neglected. The formula of his theory is that art is a reproduction of nature, is a second nature, and that the artist shall follow the method of nature, that is to say, be impartial and impersonal, exhibit merely, and avoid offering any solution to Nature's problems. "What seems to me the loftiest form of art (and the most difficult), is not to excite laughter or tears, not to inspire concupiscence or frenzy, but to act as Nature acts, that is to say, to evoke dreams, to *faire rêver*. The great masterpieces possess this character, they are serene of aspect and incomprehensible. As to their method, they are motionless as cliffs; surging as the sea; full of buddings, foliage, and murmurs as forests; melancholy as the desert; blue as heaven. Homer, Rabelais, Michael Angelo, Shakespeare, Goethe, appear to me pitiless, *i.e.* endless, limitless, multiform. Through little crannies you see precipices; it is black down there, and you grow dizzy, yet something singularly sweet hovers over all. It is the ideal of light, the smile of sunshine, and it is calm! It is calm! and it is strong, with dewlaps like Leconte de Lisle's bull." He is never weary of expressing his disdain of any personal expression in his works; he will vent his personal judgments in the memoirs he intends to write in his old age. This art is a religion, in a truer sense, he deems, than it was to Alfred de Musset, who fell into the common error of mistaking sentiment for religion; or to Lamartine, who lacked that independence of personality, that swift, free comprehension of life, that vision of truth, which was the only way to attain great effects of emotion. He is a lyrist, and yet his ideal is to escape his own unhappy personality by impersonal creation. The dramatist is the envied ideal; but what of his scorn of the futility of dramatic methods when busy with the dialogues in "Madame Bovary"? And what of his sole dramatic essay "Le Candidat"? And, further, one might ask, is the dramatist so very impersonal after all? Dramatists, indeed, like Scribe, seem to find no difficulty in leaving the reader in utter doubt as to their philosophy, possibly because not gifted with such a defect. But in the hands of a great master, a single phrase, a line, is sufficient to reveal his personality. In vain Flaubert endeavoured to be as impartial as science, to contemplate his puppets from the Spinozistic point of indifference. "Madame Bovary" has exactly Flaubert's imagination, that highly-developed, intense recollection of past sensations. Madame Bovary and Salammbô are

sisters of Flaubert in their dolorous curiosity, in their sad recognition of the emptiness of human desires, and the Stendhalian *ce n'est que ça* of attainment. Frédéric of "L'Éducation Sentimentale" is the young Flaubert who loved platonically the woman once beheld on the beach at Trouville, and Frédéric suffers, like Flaubert, from the malady of ever wishing to be other and elsewhere than he is, unconscious of happiness when in possession of its factors, regretting the past which, when present, seemed so empty and sordid. Whenever Flaubert is interested in Madame Bovary, and not disgusted with her environment, he confesses he "feels" all she feels; he regrets when emotion fails him in the composition of "Salammbô." "The study of costume, of the external," he says, "makes me forget the soul." "I would give the half-quire of notes I have written in the last five months, and the ninety-eight volumes I have read, to be for three seconds only 'really' moved by the passions of my heroes." To an inquiry of M. Taine, he replies, "My imaginary personages *affect me*, pursue me, or rather it is I that am within them. When I wrote the poisoning of Emma Bovary I felt so thoroughly the taste of arsenic in my mouth that I inflicted on myself two very real indigestions, one after the other." The imperious theory of impersonality must, therefore, be reduced to an avoidance of any didactic attitude on the part of the author, to a complete abstention from any taking of the reader into his confidence in, say, Thackeray's manner, or from introducing the slightest commendation or blame of the conduct of his puppets. Another "father of realism," Stendhal, so far from following the impersonal method, cannot refrain from expressing his satisfaction when his puppets have committed any imprudence, such as the unenthusiastic *bourgeois*, in his detestable common sense, would never commit. Flaubert, also, is delighted at the thought of shocking the *bourgeois*, in the true romanticist fashion, but he reserves all such expressions of delight for his correspondence. As to the moral of a book, he is certainly in the right when he maintains to George Sand that "if the reader does not derive from a book the morality which ought to be found in it, the reader is either an imbecile, or the book is *false* from the point of view of exactness. The instant a thing is true, it is good. Obscene books, even, are only immoral because they lack truth. Things do not take place 'like that' in life."

"I would have bitterness in everything, an eternal hiss in the midst of our triumphs, and desolation even in enthusiasm." And his works effectually realise this wish of his. Ugly pessimism and voluptuous bitterness impregnate the world of his creation; and the reader

speedily discovers, behind the "impersonal" characters, the author who, even in his eighteenth year, "despises men too much to do them good or evil," who promises to himself that, if ever he takes an active part in the world, it will be "as a thinker and demoraliser." "I will only tell the truth, but it shall be terrible, cruel, and nude." His mysterious mirth-slaying *maladie noire* in early youth had left its mark on him; out of mere pride, and a sense of beauty which could not be gratified on a fitting scale, except in dreams, he will not imitate others in imprecating Providence; the exuberance of his youth and that of Nature are but "bitter buffooneries" in his eyes. He is, on his own confession, a connoisseur in "the unhealthy," and his vision of art is a sonorous and gorgeous exposition of the nothingness of human life. In spite of his Spinozistic creed, in spite of his conviction of fatality—that "Providence of evil"—the only attitude in which he could endure to contemplate human insufficiency was that of indignation. The composition of books was a method of living for him; existence was only tolerable in a delirium of literature, in turning, "dervish-like, in the eternal medley of forms and ideas." "Let us be religious," he cries to Madame Louise Colet, that is to say, leave life for the severe transcendent sphere of art. But he knows only too well that this serenity was beyond his nature; he could only envy the aged Goethe; he was unable to strip off the Goth and turn Greek, as Goethe did—imperfectly enough. He had breathed from birth the mist of the North, and though he strove to forget himself and disperse his melancholy by strenuous erudition, he was unredeemably saturated with innate melancholy. He is not a Greek, but "a barbarian, with their muscular apathy, their nervous langour, their grey eyes, and lofty stature; possessing also their impetuosity, obstinacy, and irritability; a Norseman by blood, with a Norseman's instincts of migration, and innate disgust of life." He is a lover of decadent epochs; what would he not give to have lived in the days of Nero, to have beheld a Roman triumph, to have listened to the Greek sophists of the Roman empire! But, pagan as he was, and utterly unable, as he says, to comprehend the idea of duty—unless it were the duty of self-development—he recognised the impossibility of a return to paganism now that the Christianity of successive generations has indelibly marked the race. There is a large element of Christian, or rather Buddhist, asceticism in him. Like the monks of the Thebaid, he scorned existence, and shared their contempt for the meanness of practical life. Thus, too, his scorn of modern socialists, and the modern self-satisfaction of utilitarian humanity. Flaubert is an amalgam, a strangely assorted mosaic of tendencies. The original robust-

ness of his temperament had been clouded by misanthropy, by his "fixed idea" of the stupidity of man; yet, perhaps it needed but a slight shake, as it were, or the mere addition of another element to his complexity, to precipitate a temperament which would have regarded life from the standpoint of a humourist, the temperament of a comic dramatist, who finds material for easy—if not kindly—laughter in this same stupidity of man.

II.

The female heart is an enigma confessedly inscrutable, and anything that can be said about its affections is well within the bounds of possibility. Among its most often-recurring series of phenomena is the ready inclination of self-conscious mutability and weakness towards contrasting masculine strength and consistency, supposed or actual; and women's idealising nature divines in the kind giant Flaubert, a natural compatibility of tenderness with rugged and imposing firmness, and in pity desires to console the weary Titan. Thus, there is no wonder that, in spite of his later exclusive avoidance of the "Eternal Feminine" as a hindrance to the cult of Art, his life did not pass without the ministration of women, drawn to him by his reputation—would-be priestesses of the same cult, gentle or passionate spirits to console or be consoled. When the first volume of this correspondence appeared, the critics were ready to discover one more victim of posthumous publication, and especially of posthumous publication by an editress admiring or vindictive—for the result comes to about the same in either case. But his niece's prefatory notice, at least, does not deserve the hard things said of it. Its tone throughout is quiet, respectful, and affectionate; there is no striving at effect, no hysterical prostration or unnecessary incense-burning before an idol. Of this, the brief statement of the generosity which seemed Quixotism to his friends is ample testimony—the generosity which freely and readily sacrificed the assured comfort of his old age to tide over the commercial difficulties of his niece's husband. It is true that Madame Commanville tells us little we might not gather from the correspondence itself; she pretends to nothing more than the merit of simple recollections. When she remarks abruptly that as an artist he was a pagan and a pantheist by nature, we can modify this by the letters she has placed within our reach. When she explains her statement by saying that Spinoza had influenced him, but that beyond his deep-rooted belief in beauty, Montaigne's repose on the "pillow of doubt" seemed the safest attitude to him, we find nothing to object. She throws no special light on the nervous malady

and its effects, but her words are worth quoting. "His temperament was equal and gay, with frequent bursts of buffoonery, and yet, at the bottom of his nature, there was an indefinite sadness, a kind of uneasiness. His constitution was robust, inclined to full and strong enjoyments; but his soul, aspiring to an unattainable ideal, suffered unceasingly from never meeting it in anything. This feeling expressed itself in the least things; he would have liked not to feel life, to seek the exquisite without remission; he had arrived at the point where sensation was almost always painful to him. This resulted, doubtless, from the sensibility of his nervous system, which the violent commotions of a malady which attacked him several times, especially in his youth, had refined to the utmost degree; but it also came from his great love of the ideal. The nervous malady threw, as it were, a cloud over all his life; it was a fear that darkened his best days; and yet it had no influence on his robust health, and the incessant and vigorous working of his brain continued without interruption." When, again, she wonders how the lover of beauty found such pleasure in hunting after specimens of human baseness, she is near the mark in referring it to his devotion to naked truth. But the letters should have told her that he did not understand truth to be the first essential of art; in proportion to the depths of his devotion to beauty was his detestation of ugliness; for Flaubert, as we have said, not only was fascinated by the abysms of turpitude he descried in human nature, like Swift, but he was led by his love of beauty, by his theory of "truth expressed in beauty," to become a perverse idealist, an idealist *à rebours*, and idealise ugliness itself. It should be remembered that Baudelaire, from a kindred standpoint, was doing much the same thing at the same time, not from a simple love of the ugly, or from the unconsciousness of the ugly, that characterised the Dutch painters, but from a perverse notion of idealism. Or the example of Zola might be quoted, who shivers in disgust at his fate-driven characters, and yet cannot refrain from fascinated contemplation. Again, in her cluster of recollections, we are pleased to hear of the hermit of Croisset, of the Flaubert lately returned from the East, who, when the twilight fell, retired from the garden because it was "time to return to the Bovary." She tells us of the lessons he continued to give her up to the time of her marriage. How natural that repeated inquiry of hers, as a child, about the Alcibiades and Alexanders he told her of, "Was he good?" Needs must the philosopher be embarrassed; "Well—they were not gentlemen very easy to deal with—but what does that matter to you?', And, of course, the young instinctive moralist was not satisfied.

"You should teach children by pictures," he used to say; and thus she learnt geography. He laboured to remedy her feminine want of logic, insisted on an intellectual discipline which should join to her the feminine qualities, those of what the seventeenth century called "*l'honnête homme.*"

On the appearance of the first volume, not only did the critics object to the editress, but to the editress' indiscretion in publishing the letters to Madame X. (Madame Louise Colet). But if these letters were removed, certain phases of Flaubert's development would escape us. What readiness of rhetoric, what ample flow of disdainful exposition and expostulation! It would be almost excusable for a critic to concur in her wonder that the man, for whom the composition of a single page cost so much time and self-torture, should write letters with such evident flowing ease. One is even led to doubt for a moment the agonies he underwent before the form and substance of a phrase sounded in harmonious unity to his ears. As to Madame Colet herself, it is difficult to accept this poetess, novelist, and journalist; this emancipated, wrong-headed "tenth Muse," whose vanity and passion brought disgrace on Cousin, Gustave Flaubert, and Alfred de Musset; the "dear volcano," as Flaubert addresses her, priestess at once of Venus and Minerva, at whose hands Alphonse Karr, for a disparaging insinuation in his "Guêpes," nearly suffered assassination! Pradier, the sculptor, had introduced the young, unknown literary aspirant to the already too-notorious young lady. A chance intrigue grew to an intolerable burden; and the hermit of Croisset, engrossed in his nightly ritual, must often have bitterly repented the duty he had imposed on himself, of answering the impatient complaints of this Parisian incubus. There is no tenderness expressed towards this literary Phædra, "toute entière à sa proie attachée;" and yet the length and copiousness of this correspondence, this long series of exhortations to flee passion and live the contemplative life! Only once does he become enthusiastic enough to place her, momentarily, in a letter, before his art—in a fit of despair at the seeming mediocrity of the result of his struggle with rebellious forms and ideas, which would not coalesce. From the first he seems to have wished to banish the sexual element from their relations; he invited frankness by being frank, wrote as to one he longed to initiate into the mysteries of his religion of art. He tries to convert her to his own supersensual cult of beauty, and invokes her to seek with him the region of the ideal and eternal order; he would have her soar above the platitudes of human existence. If she still could not eliminate the human element, if the heart still claimed its dues,

let her strive to be something dearer than a friend, something less emotional than a lover. Let them "love each other in art"; for human love was but "suffering inflicted on, or caused by, those we love." As time goes on, the new Abelard begins to believe that his Héloïse has tamed her sensibility and developed her intelligence, that passion has withdrawn before the spirit of art. He even ventures to congratulate her on the change in her nature, on the contrast between her writing produced in the old years of storm and stress, and these later works that have flowered in the sunlight of artistic serenity; but the womanliness he had thought to have exorcised reappeared and baffled him. He is compelled to return to his old complaints again. She is a woman, and, as such, incapable of serenity. She is a woman; and women are brought up in an atmosphere of deceit, they are not frank even with themselves, they must needs poetise their lovers, they cannot recognise truth when they meet it, nor beauty when it is before them. The false ideals of women! Was not "Madame Bovary" wholly directed against them? "O woman! be not so continually a woman!" he cries; and before the final rupture he execrates the "accursed passionate element" which troubles the unity of their intellectual comradeship. Can she not understand that the quiet elaboration of artistic novels was of paramount importance, and that love was a malady to be avoided in the interests of literature? When finally exasperated, he denounces her as having lapsed from the freedom of the idea, from the impersonal order, into a slavish craving for mere human happiness, that "mediocre and dangerous mania." "You love existence, you are a pagan and a child of the South, you respect passion and aspire to happiness. Ah! that was good when men wore purple, when men loved beneath a blue sky, and the young ideas were clad in young forms. But I detest life; I am a Catholic. In my heart there is something of the green ooze of the Norman cathedrals; my tenderness is for the inactive, the dreamers." She requires the normal and actual—that is to say, the everyday life which to him was nauseous.

To turn from the brilliant rhetoric of these letters, inspired by the "tenth muse," to the small series in the third volume addressed to Madame Roger des Genettes, is to breathe a different atmosphere. Madame des Genettes is an *inconnue*, a *femme incomprise*, cherishing the fallacious hope of being comprehended. It would seem that she had addressed herself to him as the recent author of "Madame Bovary." Flaubert protests, of course. "They think me enamoured of the real, while I execrate it, for it is from hatred of realism that I undertook this novel. But I do not

any the less detest the false idealism with which we are duped at the present time. Shall I shock people? Let us hope so. The most terrible *farce* they could play me would be to accord me the Monthyon prize. When you have read the end of the book you will see I deserve it. I beg you, all the same, not to judge me by it. The 'Bovary' has been for me the working out of a theme. All that I love is absent from it." Soon he has to condole with her on the loss of a friend. "When you have once kissed a corpse on the brow, there ever remains something on the lips—an infinite bitterness, an after-taste of nothingness which cannot be effaced. You must look at the stars and say: It may be I shall go thither." And thereupon he declaims against anthropomorphic conceptions of God, against the decoration of the unknown with attributes, "as savages put feathers on their fetich." Poor Madame des Genettes! She complains he is a mystery to her; and he, on his side, that she eternally eludes one who has concealed nothing from her, who knows her so well, who would fain absorb her intelligence, and yet is baffled by her complexity. It is the world and Catholicism that has sophisticated her; he cannot reconcile her intellectual liberalism with her attachment to the Catholic traditions. He divines her to be under the cloud of a great sorrow; she lacks all energy to joy in life. "I dimly discern in your life and soul depths of weariness and wretchedness, an endless Sahara which you traverse incessantly. I know no one so profoundly sceptical as you are, yet you torture yourself horribly in every way to try and believe. What if men have sung the insufficiencies of earthly life, the vanity of science, the natural weakness of human affections? Are you sure you know life? Have you fathomed science? Are you not too weak for emotion? Who amongst us endeavours continually and without hope of reward, without personal interest, without expectation of profit, to draw nigher God? Who strains to be purer and better, to love more deeply, to feel more intensely, to understand more?" The few succeeding letters are quieter in tone; one truculent criticism of the newly-appeared "Les Misérables" of his deeply-admired Hugo, a protest against the master's pretension to be a philosopher, though like Racine and La Fontaine he does but resume the general banal current of ideas of his epoch. And one indignant criticism of the socialists of his time—tyrants and haters of liberty, the French revolution and philosophy, explaining everything by original sin, and transforming the theory of heredity into human responsibility by the idea of expiation, plunged in the Middle Ages up to the neck, endeavouring to explain the incomprehensible. She

writes to him about Lucretius, and he tells her the melancholy of the ancients seemed to be deeper than that of the moderns, for whom the hope of immortality is always more or less latent. But for the ancients, death was infinity itself, their dreams shaped themselves on a fixed background of ebony. "No cries, no convulsions; nothing but the fixity of a thoughtful face. The gods were dead, and Christ not yet existent. There was an epoch, between Cicero and Marcus Aurelius, in which man was alone. I find nowhere else this grandeur, but Lucretius is intolerable when he gives us his physics as positive. It is because he did not doubt sufficiently that he is feeble; he had wished to explain, to give a solution. If he had only adopted Epicurus' point of view, and not his system, the whole of his work would have been immortal and radical." At times Flaubert seeks consolation in turn, confessing the weariness and dreariness of his life, the strain to live and write a few phrases which, when written, seem detestable the day after. "I begin to believe I have entered on a wrong path in life; but was I free to choose? Happy *bourgeois*! And yet I could not wish to be one." It does not seem that the correspondents ever met.

The figure of Mademoiselle Leroyer de Chantepie has much resemblance to that of Madame des Genettes. Both sought at once a lay confessor in the author of "Madame Bovary," both linger at the parting of the ways, with heart and head divided. The old traditional paths seem to promise peace, but how resist desire to explore the cloud-swept ways of intellectual freedom. Madame des Genettes seems to have been less capable of self-analysis than her colleague in doubt, and Mademoiselle Leroyer de Chantepie is more definite to us. The moral malady for which she sought counsel is more irrepressible, more persistent. Flaubert is equally sympathetic with both, but the tone of his letters to the latter is more sustained, more elegiac. The constant monotonous unhappiness of this "dear dolorous soul" naturally provoked a prolonged monody of his own intellectual sufferings. "Have you noticed how we love our afflictions? You cling to your religious ideas, which make you suffer so much, and I to my chimeras of style, which wears out my life and soul. But possibly our only worth comes from our sufferings, for they are all aspirations. There are so many whose joy is so impure, and their ideal so limited, that we ought to bless our unhappiness if it makes us more worthy." George Sand's free sympathy also went out to this hapless, friend-seeking sister-novelist, whose life of resignation and self-sacrifice was not to be gilded by a gleam of fame, and had urged her, like Gustave

Flaubert, to travel, or at least try a change of scene, as the best palliative for her melancholy. It may be such a change was impossible, or, again, the timid, despondent lady was, perhaps, conscious she was incapable of joyous expansion or of translation from the home of her sorrows. Beyond this, Flaubert has only the old remedy of toil and complete self-forgetfulness to offer. The heart must not be left to itself; some task—or hobby, if you will—is necessary. To dwell for a moment on oneself is to be an immediate victim of sorrow. The only way to tolerate existence is to indulge in an orgy of literature. The wine of art brings prolonged intoxication and consequent forgetfulness. His own nature, also, was prone to melancholy, but he had sought to drug himself with art, as others with alcohol. By dint of will, one manages to lose the notion of one's own individuality. He reassures her that her piety has an attraction for him; but he would have her, for the sake of her health of mind and body, side definitely with Saint Thérèse or Voltaire. "There is no medium, whatever people may say. Humanity is in exactly the same position as yourself. The blood of the Middle Ages still palpitates in its veins, and it breathes the strong wind of future centuries, which only brings it storms. And this because people crave a *solution*. Oh, human pride! A solution! The end, the cause! But we should be God himself if we understood the cause, and the further we progress the further will it recede from our grasp, because our horizon will be extended. We are condemned to welter in darkness and tears."

But it is the letters to George Sand, letters to which we possess the replies, that replace those addressed to Madame Colet. There is no longer the same copiousness, for George Sand is no disciple to indoctrinate, but an equal, and one whose view of life is now complete and unalterable. Flaubert has not changed, but he no longer feels the necessity of exposing his theories at great length. It is a correspondence of two souls that greatly respect and cherish each other. Flaubert was keen sighted enough to value at its worth the adorable and inexhaustible goodness and mild reasonableness of the George Sand of the years when her youthful wanderings in the forest of error and passion were at an end; and the heart of George Sand went out to the self-tormentor, in whom she discerned a warm tenderness unrevealed in his work, latent beneath a crust of misanthropy. She looks on him, with kindly eyes, as still a youth, and seeks to console him, often giving, with a fear that he will not understand her, the very advice he bestowed on Madame des Genettes and Mademoiselle Leroyer de Chantepie. "I shall never succeed in making you comprehend [illegible] I look on happiness, that is, the acceptance of

life as it is. I have no longer enough of the Stoic in me for you to understand me." She fears that he considers happiness too much as a possible thing, and that he is irritated by its absence, which is the chronic state of mankind. But beyond this resemblance of advice to accept life and not desire impossibilities, there is nothing more striking in this correspondence than the complete contrariness of their theories of life ; their hearts are at one, but their ways of being and thinking at the extreme poles. George Sand is conscious that she preaches in vain, that they can only understand each other in part, that their natures are opposed ; and yet she is sure that he, who is "kindness itself," ought to understand the law of love and divine pity to which she now pays homage. Long since she ceased to hope for or desire the amelioration of the human lot by means of state machinery ; she listens with protests to his Renan-like demands for a government of scientists, an intellectual aristocracy ; to his equally Renan-like conviction that the defeat of the French by the Germans was owing to ignorance ; and that justice, and not the liberty and equality of the French Revolution, should be the first principle of government. She would have him just, in the first place, to himself, and kindly tolerant to others. His chronic indignation and incessant hatred of *bêtise* pains her, though she is ready to allow it may be a necessity of his organisation ; for she pities humanity and wishes its improvement. "You love literature too much ; it will kill you, and you will not kill human stupidity. Poor scorned stupidity that I hate not for my part ; for it is a kind of infancy, and all infancy is sacred, and no efforts of hearts to attain truth should be despised. You have too much knowledge and intelligence ; you forget there is society beyond art." He protests that he has not sufficiently explained himself, that he does not really prefer phrases to human beings, but speedily neutralises this by asking her to tell him no more that stupidity is a kind of infancy, and so sacred, for stupidity contains no germ of development within it. In spite of her renewed entreaties to him to come and see her at Nohant, it is long before he accepts. To leave for a day his phrase laboratory would so completely change the current of his thoughts ; and he could not bear to quit the scene of his nightly, Jacob-like struggles with the angel of style. She wages war against what she calls the heresy of writing only for the fit and few. One writes for all who wish to read and be instructed, she maintains, and when one is not understood, there is nothing but to accept defeat without regret, and begin once more ; and when success comes at length, one is pleased, and begins still once again. It is not true,

she protests, that he despises popularity, for the lack of it plainly irritates and afflicts him. Above all, she will not allow his theory of impersonality. For her own part she cannot help identifying herself with her characters; and she wonders whether he follows the other plan from theory or instinct. Of his talent she is convinced, but she bids him trust his natural ideas and feelings, and not torture himself about style, for, *rem verba sequentur*, the form is not an end, as he would have it, but a means. She is almost inclined to doubt the reality of his complaints about his slow and painful production; is it not a kind of coquetry on his part to win still more compassion and admiration from her? Why not freely give the rein to his genuine emotions? for emotions spring from convictions, and if there is not conviction, emotion is impossible. "I do not say you lack belief; on the contrary, your whole life of affection, protection, and charming simple goodness, proves that you are the most convinced individual in the world. But as soon as ever you touch literature, you wish, I know not why, to be another man, to efface and annihilate your personality. What a strange mania! What an erroneous rule of taste! Our works are only valuable in proportion to our own worth. Who tells you to introduce your own personality? That, indeed, is of no value, except when it is freely done in the form of a narrative. But what is this morbid fancy of withdrawing one's soul from what one writes? To hide one's own opinions of one's characters, to leave the reader in doubt of the opinions he should have of them, is to wish not to be understood, and thereupon the reader abandons you, for he is only willing to listen to you on condition that you make it clear to him that this character is strong, and that one weak." She does not wish to convert him to her own doctrine, but she is sure that his doctrine of impersonality avails him nothing, for he necessarily inspires his readers with his own pessimism. "Your narrative must be a conversation between yourself and your reader. If you display to him coldly what is evil, and always refrain from showing him what is good, he grows irritated. He asks himself if it is he or you who is bad. And yet you endeavour to excite his emotion and to win his interest! You will never attain your object if you are not moved yourself, or if you hide your emotion so well from him that he deems you indifferent. He is right; supreme impartiality is an inhuman theory, and a novel must be human above everything. If it is not, there is no thanks to be expected for its being well written, well composed, and well observed in detail; the essential quality is lacking—interest." But with age, she thinks, he will grow happier, and should he not be happy, for he has a good

heart, and a keen perception of the beautiful? When he is old, art will reveal itself to him in the form of tenderness. And Flaubert answers only by reiterating his theories in other words. In times of despondency he is led to express a momentary fear lest his point of view may be wrong, but he never dwells on this possibility, for the theory resulted from a fatality of temperament. "You speak to me in vain, I cannot have any other temperament than my own, nor another system of æsthetics than that which results from it." No doubt he was content to re-echo George Sand's words that "We are, I think, the two most dissimilar writers existing; but since we love each other in spite of that, all is well." Would that he could attain her serenity! he cries; but that was impossible. She died four years before him, and the last words she received from him was an expression, once again, of his boundless admiration of her: "You have never done me anything but good, and I love you tenderly."

GARNET SMITH.

KALYPSO.

THE poets have no more familiar device when they wish to introduce an episode of love and enchantment than to transport their readers to an unknown isle,

> opening on the foam
> Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Shakespeare was not forgetful of this pleasing illusion in the case of two of his most charming lovers, Ferdinand and Miranda. Their isle was

> full of noises,
> Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.

Armida's garden in the Fortunate Isles is an example, from an Italian poet. As usual, Homer is the fountain-head of these, as well as of a thousand other poetical beauties. The imagery of that isle in which was the temple of Venus, to which Sir Scudamour with his enchanted shield forced his way, of itself shows the Elizabethan poet's indebtedness to his great master:

> No tree, that is of count, in greenwood growes,
> From lowest juniper to ceder tall;
> No flowre in field that daintie odour throwes,
> And deckes his branch with blossomes over all,
> But there was planted or grew naturall;
> Nor sense of man so coy and curious nice,
> But there mote find to please itselfe withall;
> Nor hart could wish for any queint device,
> But there it present was and did fraile sense entice.

The rich sea-music of the "Odyssey" in all the earlier Books falls perpetually upon the ear as the fortunes of its hero, so various yet borne with so stout a heart, are gradually evolved in the immortal verse. He escapes the Sirens; with much more danger and difficulty he evades the grasp of Skylla and Charybdis; at length the full anger of an offended god overtakes him after leaving Thrinacria. His comrades, half famished, first condescended to catch fish with hooks and lines—an unheroic proceeding which Odysseus himself will not imitate—and then falling upon the oxen of the sun, slay and feast on

them. Dire was the wrath of the Sun-god; he threatens Zeus and the other blessed gods and goddesses that if they do not grant him revenge, he will sink into Hades and only shine among the dead. The son of Kronos listens but too well to the grievance. He sends a storm which wrecks the hero's flotilla, drowns the hapless wretches who committed sacrilege even in the stress of famine, and suffers the hero himself to float on a plank nine days through the brine until he is cast upon the Isle of Ogygia. This island and the manner of life of its proud inhabitant, Kalypso, form an exquisite idyll, set (as the poet tells us) "in the violet-coloured sea." The reader instinctively finds himself thinking of a picture by Alma-Tadema, and of the serene blue sea which forms its horizon. It provides a charming episode to the main course of the action in the "Odyssey," one of the first which the poet essays, and certainly not the least successful of them. By way of introduction to an English reader, the island has never been better sketched than in the Translation of the promising young scholar, the late Philip Stanhope Worsley: [1]

> There dwelt the fair-haired nymph and her he found
> Within. Bright flames, that on the hearth did play,
> Fragrance of burning cedar breathed around,
> A fume of incense wafted every way.
> There her melodious voice, the live-long day,
> Timing the golden shuttle, rose and fell.
> And round the cave a leafy wood there lay,
> Where green trees waved o'er many a shady dell,
> Alder and poplar black and cypress sweet of smell.
>
> Thither the long-winged birds retired to sleep,
> Falcon and owl and sea-crow, loud of tongue,
> Who plies her business in the watery deep;
> And round the hollow cave her tendrils flung
> A healthy vine, with purple clusters hung;
> And fountains four, in even order set,
> Near one another, from the stone out-sprung,
> Streaming four ways their crystal-showery jet
> Through meads of parsley soft and wreathing violet.

To replace this bright Grecian landscape with the bare words of the old bard in prose is like whirling off Ogygia with an enchanter's wand to our own cold grey seas. Nevertheless, in order to bring out the poet's careful touches, it is needful to attempt the feat:

> But when Hermes arrived at the far-off island, there he went onwards rising from the violet-tinted sea to the higher land, until he arrived at a great cavern in which dwelt a Nymph with well-wreathed hair, and her he found within. A mighty fire blazed on the hearth, and afar the fragrance of cedar and carefully

[1] The *Odyssey*. Translated by P. S. Worsley. (Blackwood, 1877), v. 9.

cleft thyine wood was smelled through the island; and she within singing with sweet voice plied her loom with a golden shuttle. And a flourishing wood had sprung up around her cave, alder and black poplar and sweet-smelling cypress; and there long-winged birds sheltered among the leaves, screech-owls and hawks and long-tongued sea-crows whose business lies in the deep. There, too, around the smooth lip of the cave, a blooming and cultivated vine spread itself and flourished with clusters of grapes. Four fountains, too, in order next each other ran with pure water, but each turned to a different quarter. And around blossomed soft meadows of violet and parsley, where, in sooth, even an immortal, if he lighted upon them, would linger over the sight and rejoice in his mind.

With something of the craft of a modern novelist, Homer leads up to Ogygia. At the very beginning of the "Odyssey" we are told that Kalypso, divine being, holds the hero in her hollow caves. No more is said of the matter till Book IV., in which Menelaus tells Telemachus of the evil plight of his father in this enchanted island. It is only in the next Book, and then as part of the counsel and action of the gods, that the veil is raised and the goddess and her land are shown. The whole character of the narrative points to its Phœnician idiosyncrasy. Egypt is with the poet the home of wise devices and beneficent drugs. Greece is political, martial, agricultural, matter-of-fact in short; but in the East, and especially among the Phœnicians, light and love and romance are to be sought. But, first, where is the isle Ogygia? This is one of the most puzzling questions of the Odyssean geography. Some have supposed it the island Atlantis, of which Solon inquired from the Egyptian priests, and learnt it had once existed, but had since vanished. It seems to agree better with the poem, however, to suppose that Odysseus did not wander beyond the pillars of Hercules. Ogygia, therefore, must be in the Mediterranean. After the shipwreck which befel the hero owing to the sacrilegious behaviour of his men in Thrinacria (Sicily?), on the tenth day the gods bring him to Ogygia. This isle is said in Book VII. to be "far away in the salt sea," and in the beginning of Book I. it is a "sea-girt isle, the navel of the sea, an isle with waving woods on it." Of all the islands of the Mediterranean, if Ogygia have any actual existence, that of Pantellaria,[1] the modern Cossura, seems to suit its situation best. Numerous opinions have been held respecting it. Apollodorus deemed it a small island near Malta. Pliny regarded it, together with most of the literary Romans, as having been a little island off Bruttii. Cluverius held that it was Malta. Mr. Gladstone deems that, according to Homer's intention,

[1] See Mrs. Oliphant's *Memoir of John Tulloch* (Blackwood), 1888, p. 176, where it is described by Tulloch as "desolate and bleak-looking, precipitous towards the sea. Ulysses could scarcely have been fascinated by the charms of the place, whatever may have been the charms of Calypso herself."

the isle of Kalypso may be affirmed to be in the north, and not very far from due north. Homer "argues not," he says, "from his fancy about the isle, but upon indications drawn from his knowledge, on the facts of his own and his countrymen's everyday experience."[1] Mr. Gladstone's method of deducing his theory on the northern situation of the isle by means of winds, distances, &c., may not appear very conclusive to some. It would seem to us to demand a southern locality and a connection with the East. At all events, no one will dispute his phrase of "the magic beauty of this passage."[2] The almost tropical splendour of the isle, its fertility, its woods and waters, were probably designed by Homer to form a strong contrast with Ἰθάκη τρηχεῖα, "craggy Ithaka." These physical attributes of Kalypso's realm were purposely heightened in sensuous beauty in order still further to magnify the hero's steadfastness through twelve years in preferring Penelope, though she had lost the charm of youth and was somewhat shrewish to boot, before the radiant loveliness of the ocean nymph. Kalypso's name, according to Mr. Gladstone, etymologically places the island "wholly beyond the circle of Greek maritime experience,[3] as does her relation to Atlas, who holds the pillars, that is, stands at the extremity of earth and sea."[2] Kalypso takes an inferior place in Olympus to Circe, and so, it has been remarked, instead of in a palace, Homer has placed her in a cave. Virgil, however, has adorned his description of Circe with spoils from Homer's verses on Kalypso, and Macrobius remarks that the beauty of both the poets is in this case almost equally conspicuous.

> Proxima Circeæ raduntur littora terræ,
> Dives inaccessos ubi solis filia lucos
> Assiduo resonat cantu, tectisque superbis
> Urit odoratam nocturna in lumina cedrum,
> Arguto tenuis percurrens pectine telas. (*Æn.* vii. 10.)

Wherever Ogygia was, Homer shrouds it in a sea, "dreadful and toilsome, over which not even regularly rowed ships, swiftly accomplishing their journey, can pass, even when rejoicing in a favouring gale sent by Zeus" ("Od." v. 175). Other particulars connected with it may be found in vv. 228–261. At all events, it is distant eighteen days' sail from Phæacia, for Odysseus, after voyaging that time, saw the shadowy mountains of that country rise like a shield from the misty deep (v. 280). Ogygia is Dreamland; it is unrecognisable in ancient geography, and in all probability Homer desired that it should be so.

Kalypso herself is assuredly no Grecian nymph. She comes from the far East, and must have been as much of a marvel to Samian or

[1] *Studies*, vol. ii. p. 311. [2] *Ibid.* p. 312. [3] *Ibid.* p. 305.

Athenian maids as are Gulnare and Scheherazade to the modern English lady. With pleasant, sunny moods she is also swayed by unbridled, irrepressible passion. She is "immortal and without any fear of old age," and yet the dreariness and *ennui* of perpetual youth pall upon her spirits. Divine goddess as she is, she sings and plies her golden shuttle in a manner which is entirely alien to the occupations of the greater Olympic goddesses. There is a statuesque loveliness about her which transcends Greek beauty. "As shines the moon through clouded skies," the few glimpses that we obtain of her set us about idealising the "revered nymph" for ourselves. She is fair and tall and lithe, with a winning smile (5, 180), beautifully braided hair, and soothes with her hand the heart-broken Odysseus as she comforts him. While expressly disclaiming the power of the greater divinities, she yet swears by Styx, the water under the earth, "which is the greatest and most terrible oath known to the blessed gods" (5, 185). In her softer moods she has a compassionate mind in her breast, no heart of iron; yet at the same time her woman's vanity is terribly hurt by the hero's longing to leave her and reach home and his wife, whom she can affirm to be no fairer in look or mien than herself, unseemly though it be, in any case, for mortal to vie in form or beauty with immortals.

In all this the first appearance of a Phœnician element in Greek literature is apparent. It is the gladsome, imaginative, artistic spirit which afterwards emerges in the Greek lyrical poets and in the choruses of Sophocles and Æschylus. Had there been a previous decadence in poetry, the movement might in modern fashion have been termed the Renaissance. It has been supposed that this light and joyous element in the "Odyssey" is due to Egyptian rather than Phœnician influences; but in truth it has nothing in common with the mystical and ritual sanctities of Egyptian thought and practice. It is rather the blossom and efflorescence of a sensuous poetry; the laughing ripples and glowing colours of that sea from which Aphrodite sprang wreathed with roses. Eastern thought and worship and poetry were monotonous and apt to crystallise in time-honoured forms. Iridescence, splendour, new flashes of imagination were conspicuously absent from them. Phœnician worship and life and sentiment seem a revolt against these stereotyped ideas. In several other passages Homer shows his indebtedness to Phœnician forms of beauty, especially in the narrative of Kirké, but it is most conspicuous in the episode of Kalypso. The unknown seas which gloom around Ogygia are in themselves the key to Phœnician modes of thought. No mariners were so enterprising, none could bring home

more travellers' tales than these daring navigators. A poet might seize upon any inspiration that emanated from them. It was an obvious suggestion to place Ogygia amid their far-off, enchanted seas. Kalypso herself, in mien and dress and beauty, is eminently a Phœnician rather than a Greek damsel. Her "well-wreathed hair"; her amorous yet jealous disposition; the speed with which anger, tenderness, and satiety replace each other in her mind; the flashing eye and voluptuous look and full lips which these swiftly-recurring moods imply, point to the Phœnician rather than the calmer and more intellectual Greek type of womanhood. The magnificence of the "golden shuttle," too, is a touch naturally borrowed from the wealthy, fantastic Phœnician, and this fondness for gold as an epithet constantly emerges in the later lyrics of Greek poetry. Kalypso's luxury, again, in the matter of perfumes, "the fragrance of cedar and thyine wood," is true to the Syrian character. The fountains and cool waters and vegetation, so lovingly dwelt upon, are suggestive of Damascus rather than a Greek city. Accepting the "Odyssey" as earlier than the "Iliad," in this charming episode of Kalypso and her grot we have the first glimpse in literature of Phœnician life and enterprise, their love of the islands, and of the fresh sea-breeze which made them the boldest mariners of the ancient world. For them

> Nought beyond these coiling clouds that melt like fume of shrines that steam,
> Breaks or stays the strength of waters, till they pass our bounds of dream,
> Where the waste Land's End leans westward.

And the luxury, the strange exotic delicacy and wealth which they carried with them in all their wanderings are here characteristically typed.

Why has art so completely forgotten this exquisite idyll? It might be thought that many painters, both ancient and modern, would have eagerly limned the cave in Ogygia and its beautiful occupant, while no fairer image for the sculptor's chisel in its old classical perfection of type could be suggested than the Nymph. Yet none have come down to our own times, although they may have perished in the many convulsions which have destroyed so much of ancient art. But why is it that no modern artist with brush or chisel has attempted this subject? Kalypso, with large love-laden eyes weighed down by sleepy eyelids under her loosely-fastened myrrhine tresses, standing with her golden shuttle rapt, as it were, into a dream of the future without the hero who had so long been her companion, would form a splendid object for the sculptor's skill. The cave, with its Eastern flowers and long-billed, long-winged birds and just a line of blue sea in the far distance, is well-suited for a painting which should be animated by

the imposing figure of the goddess in front. The conception may be commended to Mr. Burne-Jones, or, better still, to Mr. Strudwick. It is just matched to the latter artist's command of colour and accessories.

After the poet has introduced his readers to this fair vision, he draws the veil of sea-mist remorselessly over Ogygia, and as suddenly as Kalypso is shown for a brief space to mortal ken, she is withdrawn, and nothing more is heard of her. There is no "madness of farewells"; such a scene was utterly alien to Greek instincts. It required the Renaissance and the rise of romantic sentiment before the love-tale could so end. Its conclusion is far more statuesque. Kalypso leads Odysseus to a grove of alder, pine, and poplar, places tools in his hands with which to construct a bark, and then, without another word, "Kalypso, divine goddess, went homewards." The difference between ancient and modern art is here clearly shown. A vast gulf yawns between them. Greek art is sternly reticent, withdraws itself, is sparing of the emotions; while modern taste would enlarge upon them, paint their varying ebb and flow, be redundant, pictorial, discursive. One more peep at the nymph is granted before the enchanted island fades into the distance. Like the maidens of the heroic days, Kalypso bathes and anoints the hero with unguents, and sends him off with no word more, a warm and gentle breeze filling the sails of his craft. And so, night and day sailing and steering by the stars, on the eighteenth day Odysseus reaches Phæacia.

Later writers dwelt on the anguish of Kalypso, and represented her as inconsolable, but Homer, the fountain-head of all succeeding poetic rills, gives no hint of such a conclusion to the Nymph's love-tale. As has been said, it would have been entirely contrary to his genius to have dwelt on the agony of a love-grieved soul, nor would his hearers have understood such a *dénouement*. So with us, as with the hero, "the long day wanes," and Ogygia grows indistinct on the horizon; the Pleiads and Boötes rise and set again with late morning, and then the first glance astern shows nothing but leaping seas. Ogygia has disappeared for ever.

M. G. WATKINS.

CONCERNING OUR PEDIGREE.

BEFORE the days of Darwin and Wallace, the inventor of pedigrees was—comparatively speaking—a modest individual. He would perhaps trace himself back to William the Conqueror, or Julius Cæsar, or Adam, or some other such recent person, and content himself with a meagre list of a couple of hundred ancestors. Beyond that his imagination was forbidden to stray. Even the untutored Indian ventured nearer than he to the truth of things, in taking the Bear, the Snake, or the 'Coon as a blood-relation. Doubtless the eighteenth century smiled at, and despised, the seemingly childish fancy that would hold out the hand of brotherhood to the beast, as it despised the vaster sweep of the Oriental imagination that brought the sun and all the host of heaven into its ancestral past. But in this century of revolutions that superior complacency has been destroyed, and those who would write the names of strange animals upon our genealogical trees get a hearing.

All, or almost all, prominent zoologists and botanists are now evolutionists. Some, perhaps, are not good Darwinians—even the sciences have their sects—but all believe in the gradual change from old species to new species as the conditions of life have altered. Indeed, a very great proportion of zoological and biological research is now directed to what is called phylogeny, or the science of the pedigree of species. Needless to say, the pedigree of Man is not by any means neglected in these inquiries, but has perhaps even more than its fair share of attention. At many points, however, the branching of the tree still presents nothing more than a hesitating query, and so he still has a certain choice in his armorial bearings. Professor A inclines to this fossil as an ancestral relic, Professor B prefers that; the quarterings are by no means well defined.

Even the immediate progenitor of man has not been pitched upon. No one can tell us yet very exactly what he was like, the animal that became a man. The difficulty is that his skeleton somehow cannot be found. The Missing Link, of which so much was heard in the sixties, is a missing link still. The graves of our ancestors are still

undisturbed, the sacred bones of our great, great, great—and so on for a page or so—great grandfather enjoy the immunity that Shakespeare besought in vain.

In the first flush of Darwinism rash people came to the conclusion that the gorilla was this lost patriarch, and rushed off with scant reverence to see him—it was *her*, though—at the Zoo. Of course it was palpably absurd to do this. Our ancestors must be dead and passed away, the gorilla is—or is not—a cousin, a descendant with ourselves from some vanished form.

Beyond question, if we could resuscitate him, he would be an Ape, not quite such an ugly and ferocious brute as the gorilla, one must hope, for the sake of the family. The adult gorilla has relatively enormous projections on his skull for the attachment of neck muscles, and along the middle of the crown runs a ridge from which springs a crest of hair. He raises this crest, after the fashion of what theatrical people call a trick-wig, to add to the natural offence of his expression, when excited. Even the oldest known human skulls have no evidence of these bony ridges, and since our other cousins, the chimpanzees, have neatly rounded brain-cases, it seems fair to suppose that the gorilla has developed these bony exuberances for his own unamiable private purposes. All who knew the still lamented Sally of the Zoo, and are friendly with her lively and eccentric little successor, will, I know, prefer to fancy the Ancestor something more like a chimpanzee. I privately doubt, however, if he was quite so docile and harmless, or whence did the pleasure of such an employment as pheasant-shooting come? There is a destructive smack in the human that I cannot perceive in the chimpanzee.

"Was he arboreal, and did he live upon fruit?" It has been suggested that he was driven from these mild ways by the cold of that unpleasant time when glaciers covered the earth. The trees died and the fruits perished, and the Ancestor, climbing down, began with rats and mice, and finished with cannibalism, to avoid perishing likewise. Also he invented fire. Also the cold made him use language. But this is rather an unsubstantial speculation, since Professor Prestwich, for instance, believes that there were men before the glaciers. At any rate, he tells us that at Sevenoaks, in the very old pre-glacial "plateau drift" above the downs, he has found instruments of flint.

It is not impossible that those beetle-browed persons, the palæolithic men, the remote men who chipped out weapons of unpolished stone and knew the uses of neither cattle, clay, nor corn, were less human-looking than their skeletons would lead us to fancy. There

is a hint in one rude scratching on a bone that they were thickly hairy. There is a remote chance yet—at least it is a pleasant fancy to entertain—that we, with our own eyes, may yet see this hairy Ancestor of ours in the flesh. Everyone has heard of the entire mammoth, skin and flesh complete, frozen up inside of a Siberian river and enduring to our days. The flesh was so fresh that the dogs fell upon it and ate it without ill results. Now, these pre-glacial men of Professor Prestwich must have been contemporaries with those mammoths, and they may have ventured, too, since they hunted the mammoth, into high latitudes! The discovery of a refrigerated Ancestor is by no means impossible.

It is necessary for any one who has read the "Frozen Pirate to curb his imagination here. In all humanity we must hope the Ancestor, when thawed, will be dead. Fancy the shock of Rip van Winkle intensified by ten thousand generations! If he is dead he must, of course, be promptly stuffed by all the best taxidermists in council, and placed in a commanding position in the Museum in Cromwell Road, a relic and true portrait combined.

Perhaps he was a cave-dweller, but Professor Osborn inclines us to the opinion that he was arboreal—unless, perhaps, he went on all-fours. The human foot has not been walked upon solely for—scientifically speaking—a very long period. It is not yet completely adapted to its new use. Every generation it is by an infinitesimal degree less prehensile. The Japanese are a very civilised people who can still, as a race, hold things with their feet. The little toe of the average man grows shorter each year by some millionths of a millimètre, often nowadays it has two joints instead of three; while the big toe grows longer and less opposable. The foot, it is inferred, must have been habitually prehensile and not habitually walked upon within a quite recent period—perhaps within a trifle of a hundred thousand years or so.

Leaving "Probably Arboreal" now, we may, perhaps, glance at some of the remoter generations. What came before the Ape? The common ancestor of ape and monkey, and of all the Lemurs, had a hand for grasping like ours, opposable thumb, and flat nails. Probably his tail was abundant. His skull had a plentiful projection of snout, and his brain-case was smaller. Our next ancestor certainly swung from tree to tree in a, probably tropical, forest. There is little chance, then, of our finding *his* frozen remains among the arctic glaciers. The arboreal habits of our family give us, probably, the reason why their remains have not yet come to hand. There are few chances of a lemur, for instance, getting fossilised The

common fate was to be killed on land, to be eaten more or less entirely on land, or to decay quickly above ground. If by chance one fell from the branches into a forest stream, there were, doubtless, crocodilians at hand—greedy brutes with no consideration for the continuity of the geological record. The remains of Certainly Arboreal, therefore, still await due discovery and identification, and interment in Westminster Abbey or Cromwell Road.

He lived, perhaps, upon fruits, corrected, possibly, by a *soupçon* of beetles, moths, and the like creeping things. One may fancy that at times some of his tastes and thoughts float still through our minds in a ghostly manner. Does anything, for instance, give us now a keener delight than the golden transfiguration of sunlight among forest leaves? Why should the greenwood be such a pleasure and rest for toiling men? We fear a lion because it is obviously big and fierce, but our dread of snakes, the curse of the tropical forest, is instinctive. Again, if stinging and lethal insects had not been a constant danger to our Certainly Arboreal sires, it would be hard to explain the innate dread and dislike we feel for spiders and such-like leggy, creepy, unsubstantial things. The inoffensive, friendly cockroach suffers, I fancy, for the sins of the poisonous tropical bug. Our antipathy to insects was stamped upon the brain of Certainly Arboreal hundreds of thousands of years ago.

The sires of Certainly Arboreal must have lived before the time when a sea like the Bay of Bengal, receiving the mud of great semi-tropical rivers, covered England from Wiltshire eastward. They were, perhaps, simpler and more archaic lemurs. They and the descendants of the living Insectivora, the shrews for instance, may possibly have drawn closer to each other in those ancient times. But the portrait is very foggy now. Had this remoter ancestor ventured among the branches yet, or did he creep upon the ground? What did he eat? Did his wife carry her babies in a pouch, after the manner of the living opossum and kangaroo? Did he peer, a queer little lemuroid face, among the branches, at the tapir-like *Palæotherium* below? Did he counsel his wife (or wives) not to be afraid, and with a gleam of prophetic inspiration behold himself, or his progeny, glorious in the spoils of the earth and bestriding the horse, the nobler son of the Palæotheriums? When wolf-like *Cynodon* chased him, panting, up a tree, did he console himself with the thought that a time would come when the dog would gratefully lick the hand that beat it? Probably the birds with the big teeth, that were his contemporaries, made him feel uncomfortable at times. Perhaps the temper of the democeras was as bad as that of the living rhinoceros,

and our ancestor was chased by the monster out of pure spite and viciousness. He may have had his humiliations in spite of his future.

The family portraits that should come next are quite beyond the scientific imagination at present. Western Europe, at least, was under water—rather deep water—for a long time before the lemuroid animals appeared. In the chalk, the legacy we have of that oceanic time, there are remains of sponges and sea-urchins, plentiful enough, shell-fish and other marine denizens, but not a sign of what went on upon land during that time. Where there are shallow water remains, few hints are discovered to help us with our pedigree. The still older remains that came on the other side of the gap show the big reptiles, the Plesiosaurus, Ichthyosaurus and Deinosaurus—lords of the earth.

Just a few bones that have come to hand from those remoter times have been identified as those of mammals, hairy quadrupeds akin to us. One of the jawbones of *Phascolotherium* in our museums may, for all we precisely know to the contrary, be a last vestige of the Parent of Mankind. It must have been a half-reptilian creature, hairy perhaps, but strongly suspected of laying eggs after the reptile fashion. In the old Triassic rocks of South Africa reptiles' skeletons showing no uncertain tendency to mammalian structure have been found. It was probably subsequent to the epoch of vegetative luxuriance which gave us our coal, that the families of reptile and mammal drifted apart.

It seems not unlikely that these yet remoter ancestors were amphibious. Instead of hatching out in almost adult completeness from the egg, they may have begun the world at an earlier stage. There must have been a tadpole stage once in the life-history of the human forerunner. Gill slits, that still are to be found in the unborn child, served then a useful purpose in the aeration of the blood of the larval animal. We may fancy that in the great Carboniferous swamp, where the gigantic cryptogams and Lepidodendra were storing up the sun's energy for the boiler furnaces of to-day, the youthful great, great, great—the reader must now supply a hundred-page volume or so of greats—grandfather of Watt and Stephenson wagged his little tail and fled before the yawning jaws and labyrinthine teeth of *Anthracosaurus*.

The next dim figure in our gallery is a fish, not a shapely fish like the trout, gleaming splendid with silvery scales, beautiful in every line of his form, but something distinctly ugly—a coarse fish, clumsy and slimy, after the fashion of a dogfish or skate, a dirty, indiscriminate feeder, a frequenter of mud and the shallows. The clumsy

Lepidosiren at the Zoological Gardens may give, perhaps, some idea of his shape. Possibly he was sheltered in a cuirass of bone. For all we know to the contrary, his fossil relics may be duly named and labelled in some of our museums now.

Beyond the Old Red Sandstone rocks in which these fish ancestors of ours lived, the remains of vertebrata are few and far between. It would seem that some of these most archaic forms were heavily armoured creatures without limbs. The two lowest among the true vertebrata that live now, the lamprey and the hag-fish, are also, we may notice, without any trace of limbs. They are also peculiar in having no proper jaws, but instead a peculiar round, suctorial mouth. The hag-fish, moreover, is the only instance of a vertebrated animal with parasitic habits. Whether, however, either of these creatures can be considered as really throwing much light upon the ancestral vertebrata is a matter for consideration. Certain anomalous fossils on the Silurian rocks have been regarded as the horny teeth from the circular mouth of some lamprey-like form, but they are just as probably the remains of worms.

Beyond this the obscurity thickens to an absolutely opaque condition. Either the remoter ancestors had no teeth, or scales, or any bone to become a fossil, or the pressure and heat of the intervening ages have crushed and flattened the relics beyond our power of recognition.

Turning from geology to comparative anatomy to help us to make a further guess at the ancestral features, we find the zoologists advocating very divergent views. We are directed to the obscure lancelet, an inch-long, semi-transparent creature, living half buried in sand, brainless, limbless, without jaws or heart, cartilage or bone, as our cousin at the next remove. Or, again, we are pointed to certain marine worms. The Whale's Tongue, a curious marine creature living saturated in sand and slime, also presents a strange mixture of features distinctive of vertebrata, and others suggestive of a relationship with star-fish and sea-urchin. And a fantastic correlation of sea scorpion and vertebrata, hailing from America, recently appeared in the *Quarterly Journal of Microscopical Science*. The discussion of the relative value of all these remote resemblances is still proceeding, and in the cloud of this discussion the definite human pedigree, for the present, must end. Later, we may hope to see it carried further, and the insect, crustacean, star-fish and jelly-fish, mollusc and plant, disease germ and ferment, linked together by one comprehensive and certain genealogy into a united and mutually dependent being of life.

H. G. WELLS.

THE FATAL NUMBER.

THE soft sunshine of a Roman spring was irradiating the streets as Signora Marietta trotted down the Corso on her little, high-heeled, pointed-toed shoes, in her winter dress and cloak, which looked rather shabby in the sunshine. She had just given a singing lesson to one of her few pupils, an English lady in the Pensione dell' Unione, and had been paid for a month's lessons. The expression of happiness on her face was directly connected with the tiny roll of paper in her tightly-clenched hand. Perhaps, as happiness is a relative quantity, she derived as much satisfaction to-day from that hard-earned fifty francs as she had derived thirty years ago from three times the amount, received as payment for her singing of "Rosina" or "La Sonnambula," with compliments, bouquets, admiring ovations in poetry (always written by titled gentlemen on gold-edged paper), and other pleasant accompaniments to boot. Perhaps so. But thirty years ago the attendant angels, Youth and Hope, had hovered around Signora Marietta, creating their own unequalled rosy atmosphere, whilst to-day they had fled, carrying illusions of all sorts with them, and stern reality was the fact that the former *prima donna* had to drudge as singing mistress for her daily bread, with no one to admire or praise.

On this bright spring day the Signora's imaginative brain was busy with the fifty francs, which were as a key unlocking many possible doors, a pleasingly bewildering which? being the question. The house-rent was paid already, thanks to the Madonna and some other pupils. A new dress? Scarcely enough for that. A mantle? Unnecessary, for summer was so near, and, as the Signora reflected, "I have done without a spring mantle so cleverly, by telling my pupils that the key of my wardrobe was lost."

That wardrobe and its treasures! Manifold were they, robes and vestments innumerable; but the key was never found, so they remained unknown quantities to all the Signora's acquaintances.

A good dinner at the restaurant suggested itself to her consideration, and with so much insistence that five francs of the sum was mentally reserved for that purpose. "Three francs for a mass for

Benedetto's soul," she calculated, "and a little present for Pina, one does well to be generous to the servants now and then, and—Blessed saints and holy Madonna! my dream!"

The cause of this sudden ejaculation, betokening that the Signora's thoughts had been diverted into a new channel, was a tiny shop, almost hidden by the larger and gayer ones on each side of it. Nothing was to be seen in its darkened window except a few tickets with numbers on them. Over the door was a placard announcing the

GRAND NATIONAL LOTTERY,

and inviting the public to "tempt fortune, which may make you rich in a moment, without running any risk." The prize of 100,000 francs was to be drawn without fail, as fixed by law *irrevocabilmente* on April 30.

For the rest of the way home Signora Marietta was unconscious of the outer world, her brain was busied with abstruse mathematical calculations; she hurried along the streets hearing and seeing nothing, climbed the several flights of stairs leading to her flat absorbed in thought, and finally burst in upon her little home like a bomb.

The home was a tiny *appartamento* of four rooms, one of which was let to a student, the remaining three—a small bedroom, a dining-room, and a kitchen—opened upon one of those little terraces so dear to the Italian heart, with its gaily-painted wall representing a very blue sea and a very fiery Vesuvius in incessant and active eruption; some pots of flowers gave the idea of a garden, and a canary sang gaily in his little cage. The Signora crossed the terrace hastily, and passed through the dining-room (with its red-brick floor, its conventional sofa and six chairs covered with bright green silk, and the three tutelary saints or household gods—Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti—gazing in the mild majesty of chromo-lithography down from the walls), and burst into the kitchen, where she discovered Pina doing her hair by the hearth and conversing with the domestic fowl. This was a young cock, who was kept on the premises to be fattened up for culinary purposes, enjoying all the privileges of a member of the family in the meantime. "Poverino, he keeps me company," Pina would say of each successive fowl in turn. The present one was pecking away cheerfully at some lettuce leaves. Some day old Pina would wring his neck, pluck and truss him with the same cheerful benevolence, but until the fatal moment they were good friends, and the cock accepted matters on the same footing. No looking before and after, no pining [illegible] what is not, but a leaf of salad to-day, and to-morrow is yet u[illegible]ina's and the

cock's brain were fairly equal in entire absence of introspective sentiment.

Pina was a little old woman, with a yellow wrinkled face, two vivacious coal-black eyes, which sparkled as if they were only twenty years old, and an open dress showing her thin, old brown neck, adorned with a coral necklace and a locket. Besides being a sort of general factotum in the house, Pina could judge the merits of a singer as well as any critic, and better than most ; she knew all her mistress's rôles by heart, and could have undertaken the office of prompter in several operas. It was the delight of all who knew her on festive occasions, to hear Pina, warmed by a glass of good wine, quaver in her shrill, cracked old voice selections from "Rosina," "Lucia," or "Marguérite." It was a funny sight to see the old lady throw herself into the part with Italian *verve*, clasping a prayer-book and with eyes modestly downcast, issue from the kitchen (which represented the church in "Faust," Act II.) and quaver

No, Signor ! Non son damigella
Ne bella,

and then fly into the Jewel Song (which even she admitted to be too much for her), nodding her head, waving her hands madly, and beating time with her foot, to indicate the missing high notes.

Signora Marietta sat down and fanned herself, showed the fifty francs and unfolded her plans, for the two were more like friends than mistress and maid. Pina had been her mistress's *confidante* and tire-woman in the palmy days of her youth and theatrical career; had clung to her through her unhappy married life, when, as the wife of a spendthrift, all her earnings had been flung to the winds; and now, the two old ladies, cast on shore by the ebbing tide of fortune, settled down together to face old age, enlivening the monotony of a dull existence by remembrances of the brighter past, and by an occasional quarrel. Alas ! to-day was destined to see one of their very biggest quarrels. For when Signora Marietta began to suggest what should be done with the money, old Pina's eyes twinkled.

"Let us have a little feast," quoth she. "At length I can make my *Bomba* ! "

Now this was Pina's *chef-d'œuvre*, her triumph, her delight. The soul of the born cook, long thwarted by narrow bills of fare in their little household economy, rose and soared in visions of grateful epicureans, friends and members of the family, surrounding their modest table, and of herself, old Pina, shining forth revealed in her true worth as a creator of unrivalled dishes.

Hence Pina:

"There will be a *Bomba*!"

The Signora moved impatiently in her chair.

"You promised it when the money should come."

The Signora's fan closed with a snap.

"The Bomba is of no importance—a trifle," said she. "Always the stomach. I should have chosen for thee, Pina, a fine apron."

But Pina, reproachfully eyeing her, remarked: "I am too old for finery, and we have long promised the Signor Studente to taste this——"

"The Signor Studente will taste anything, because his own larder is so scanty," interrupted the Signora, angrily shaking her grey curled fringe at her lodger's name.

"It costs so much, Pina, and what remains from it?—only an indigestion."

"Not at all, per Bacco!" retorted Pina. "Nothing can be more nourishing and light, and it only costs—let me see. Well, the chicken here might do. No, he is not fat enough, *poverino*. We must have a real good one, then vegetables, rice, a glass of marsala . . ."

"Decidedly, Pina, you want to ruin me!" said the Signora angrily.

"*I* ruin the Signora? Maria Santa and all the Saints! After all these years——"

"Listen, Pina. We may both become rich by the lottery. I have had a good dream, and it would be a sin to neglect it. I dreamt last night of a yellow bird. Now the number of the bird in the dream-book is thirty-seven, and the number of our house is thirty-seven too. Clearly something is meant by this. Then to-day as I went out, I saw a hunchback—was ever such luck?"

"*I* saw a woman hunchback," mumbled Pina, "and *that* brings ill-luck."

"And a pigeon flew up at my right hand," pursued her mistress. "All these signs point to the fact that Providence is preparing for me a piece of good fortune—for me, so long despised and humiliated!" continued Signora Marietta, waxing sentimental and rhetorical, as she occasionally did.

"And *I* saw a funeral passing," cried Pina, "and the picture of the Madonna fell down this morning, and——"

"Grumble, grumble," quoth the Signora, "when all I do is for thy good as well as mine, ungrateful one!"

But Pina had turned to her little charcoal fire, and was fanning it vigorously with an old goose-wing. She was in a temper.

The Signora rose, sending her chair over with a bang, thereby startling the cock, who had ventured near enough to inspect her boots, and causing him to fly away with loud and alarmed cackling.

"Always ungrateful and obstinate," she repeated; and departed to set her money on the lottery.

"Keep us at least the household money," cried Pina; but her mistress took no notice.

"What a head! What a head! and what a world!" said Pina to the cock. "*You* won't be long with us now, *poverino*;" at which the bird picked up another bread-crumb from between the bricks of the floor, probably with a view of fattening himself as quickly as possible.

Signora Marietta, with a feeling of Do or Die! worthy of the most sublime cause, sent up a brief and business-like prayer to the Madonna in the neighbouring church, offering a really handsome percentage in case of gain, and then boldly staked the whole sum on Number 37.

. . . . . .

The result of the "National Extraordinary Lottery" was not to be made known for nearly three weeks, and long before the expiration of that period the absence of the fifty francs made itself felt.

The cock had been eaten, every inch of him, and everything else in the scantily furnished larder. The Signora began to look pinched and wan; her eyes grew very large, and her tongue very sharp.

Even worse to bear than hunger was the coldness between the two old ladies. A quarrel is awkward when the two parties are entirely dependent on each other's society, and when they are at bottom fond of each other, as was the case here. Pina preserved a dignified reticence of manner; she was disappointed about her *Bomba*—her warnings had been neglected; she was hurt about the accusation of ingratitude.

The Signora was wrong, and she herself knew it; but if the fifty francs won the prize how right she would be then! And when her faith wavered she called to mind the dream of the yellow bird; the hunchback, the number of the house, and the Madonna, and felt that everything pointed to success—everything, excepting Pina's contrary predictions. If only Pina did not out of spite afflict the lottery by means of "jettatura," or the evil eye, all *must* be well. But such things have been known.

Pina sat in her kitchen silent and solitary. There was no fire, for there was nothing to cook. Her mistress avoided the kitch instead of sitting there to chat, as was her wont, and sough

severe shade of the dining-room, darkened to exclude the sunlight. Here she spent many spare moments sitting in the gloom, beneath the impassive eyes of Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti.

One day, however, she jumped up with the air of one who has taken a resolution, went to her bedroom, and opened the mysterious wardrobe (which, by the way, opened without a key, seeing that it had never been provided with a lock), and took out the only articles contained in it—her well-worn cloak and bonnet. She dressed with care, putting on her best earrings and the thick coating of powder on her face, so indispensable to an Italian lady's toilette. It was immodest, the Signora always said, to go out without *poudre de riz*, and none knew better than she what was due to herself in this respect. Then, with an important air of having weighty matters on hand, she announced to old Pina, "I am obliged to go out on important business; to a consultation."

"The somnambulist is ill," replied Pina promptly, sure of her surmise.

"Somnambulist! *Ma che!* I am going to no somnambulist, I!" retorted her mistress.

"May the good God keep her from committing some new foolishness!" ejaculated old Pina *sotto voce*, shaking her head.

Signora's consultation was with the English lady, her pupil. She begged for her advice on an important and delicate matter. Tea was brought in, a beverage which Signora usually refused (considering it to possess medicinal qualities, and looking upon its excessive consumption by the English as a craze—*un capriccio inglese*), but which she swallowed to-day for the sake of the accompanying biscuits and cake, for she was very hungry. After this she unfolded her trials to a sympathetic ear.

"I ask you, as a lady of sense and reason (like all the English), supposing an old gentleman should make me a proposal of marriage, I, being a poor widow come down in the world, with only that grumbling Pina, who behaves hatefully at times with her caprices and her obstinacies (oh! only the Madonna knows what I have to put up with!), well, whether I should refuse such an offer? Should I not rather leave that old Pina who makes me wretched, and devote my few last years to making such a kind old gentleman happy? What do you say?"

"Well, my dear Signora, if he is really nice, and if he cares for you, and if he has money——"

"Why not?" replied the Signora affably.

"Your first husband has been dead some time, has he not?"

"*Pazienza!*" ejaculated the Signora.

"Then, by all means, yes!" said her counsellor impressively.

The Signora looked pensively triumphant. "That is just what I reasoned with myself," she said musingly, with her head on one side. There was a gentle pause.

"Have you known him long?" inquired the English lady, enjoying the rôle of *confidante* amazingly, and thinking how easy it is to give good advice.

Signora Marietta started from her reverie. "Oh, no! I *don't* know him at all! That is, I was only saying, you know, one never can tell what may happen. Supposing I *did* meet such an old gentleman, and supposing he *did* want to marry me, what should I do?"

"That alters the case," said the lady laughing a little, and the Signora went home rather mortified.

The day before the drawing of the lottery arrived and found Signora Marietta at a very low ebb. She was anxious and nervous, and a diet of bread and a little sour wine is not strengthening during a time of suspense. She sat in her chair at the door opening on the little terrace, and even the blue sea and the fiery Vesuvius failed to cheer her. She looked the picture of stoical resignation. If, after all, she had thrown away fifty francs?

Presently Pina came in, carrying a tray, which she placed on the table without a word. A most savoury smell filled the room.

"What is that?" demanded the Signora very sharply.

"It is dinner, dinner for the padrona."

"What dinner? What padrona?" asked her mistress hungrily.

"Well, I feel you will need it and so I brought it, and now the best thing for you is to eat it," and Pina beat a hasty retreat back to her kitchen.

Signora Marietta sprang up, seized the cover off the dish and there disclosed a succulent *biftek*, bread, vegetables, wine—a tempting little meal.

She rushed into the kitchen after Pina. "Where did this come from?"

"From the market, to be sure!"

"Yes; but who gave you the money?"

"No one," answered old Pina, averting her eyes.

"Oh! thou dear, naughty, good old soul! to do such a thing for thy wicked, spendthrift mistress, whom Heaven will punish for her sins by withholding from her the winning of the lottery!" and the impulsive Signora Marietta flung herself on Pina's neck, and the two

old things wept and were reconciled, as they had been so many times before.

Then they ate the meal together and were very happy; as happy as two people can be who are nearly starving and get a good dinner, and as two people who have a foolish quarrel and are reconciled.

Next day the lottery numbers were drawn. The lucky number was thirty-eight. "And I who drew thirty-seven! Well!" said the Signora, "it shows how nearly right I was! If I had only added one we should have been millionaires! I shall never forget how near I came to winning, never! I do think that, if I had not quarrelled with Pina, that one figure would have been right."

A slight consolation came to her that same morning, for in dusting the best coffee-cups that stood on the side-table in the dining-room, she found in one a five franc paper piece. It might have been there some time, for it was weeks since the best cups had been used. Or, perhaps, the Madonna had put it there? Pina, good faithful old soul, knew better; she had played Providence and Madonna so often out of her small savings; but she said nothing. Her mistress understood the matter, too, something as children understand that their Christmas gifts come from their parents, after all, and not from the Christ-child; but the etiquette is to believe the latter, and in like manner Signora Marietta ascribed her lucky find to Providence, with a side-glance at old Pina. Anyhow, they lived on the five francs for a few days, until another pay day came round for the Signora. "One thing is clear," she said, "no luck comes to me if I go against Pina. I must never quarrel with her any more, for it brings me ill-luck!"

And next windfall Pina will cook her *Bomba* and shine forth in the glory of an accomplished cook before all admiring partakers, an event to which she looks forward as to an apotheosis.

After dinner she will sing Marguérite.

MARY HARGRAVE.

AT A "KNEIPP" SPA.

WITHIN the last few years a new Æsculapius has risen up in Germany, who has rapidly laid a goodly portion of territory under his medical dominion. His manner of healing is original—altogether different from that of other sons of Paeëon. But, what with genuine and reputed successes, his sway is extending so fast that it seems not too much to assume that "within a measurable distance of time" he may bring his staff, and serpent, and dog, among ourselves, where, thanks to peculiar climatic influences, invalids are always plentiful, and generally willing, in despair of other remedies, to accord a ready welcome to a new gospel of health. Even without such prospect to whet our curiosity, the strange doings of the new school of medicine, as seen on the spot, may be worth a passing notice, just to show by what odd fashions our neighbours allow themselves to be led.

You cannot be halt a day in Germany without discovering that "Kneipp" has there become a great power. Half the population talk "Kneipp"—they walk "Kneipp," dress "Kneipp," bathe "Kneipp," feed "Kneipp," and the more nimble among them even dance "Kneipp." Ladies invite their friends, as a matter of course—just as naturally as here they would to partake of a cup of tea—to divest themselves of their shoes and stockings and indulge in a walk in the river, or in some near pond. People whose sleep is troubled, as a matter of course, supplement their habitual "night-cap" with a "Kneipp" footbath—all cold—out of which they draw up their feet and calves, all moist and dripping, into the sheets, which we benighted islanders assiduously study to keep dry.

If you may believe the new god of healing and his votaries, there is no complaint which "Kneipp" will not cure, from simple dyspepsia up to cholera, and even lunacy. And it is all, or most of it, accomplished by water—a merciful dispensation of Providence it may seem, under the peculiar circumstances, heralding an era of universal cleanliness.

Unfortunately Providence, if its wishes l[illegible] direction, made a little mistake in the choice of its apost[illegible] Kneipp is, no

doubt, a very estimable Christian ; but he is a most loyal son of the old Church, to whom Luther's Catechism—embodying that very sensible remark, familiar to every Protestant German, which says that "Water alone won't do it" ("*Wasser thut's freilich nicht*")—could not reasonably be expected to be known—unless, indeed, it be as a heretical abomination to be disregarded rather than obeyed. Accordingly, he will allow no soap with his water, except in the case of "itch"; no friction, no drying, no heat to speak of—not even sufficient duration, except for walking in water, which is permitted *ad libitum*. By such application water can scarcely be expected to cleanse. Nor was it really intended to. A hot saponaceous bath, such as we delight in, must needs mean effeminacy. And Father Kneipp's main object is, not to intenerate, but to "harden" his patients—to bring them back to that happy state of savage robustness in which (like the Scotch warrior who could bear to lie stark naked in cold snow, inasmuch as he was, as he boasted, "all face") they can boldly discard nineteenth-century luxuries and live like Bavarian peasants, in hempen garments, without overcoat, and digest rough and plentiful fare. But then, again, for some good reason or other, Father Kneipp will not allow that glorious invigoration which we associate with cold bathing—headers, and shower-baths, and long swims. Soft "gushes," immersions, for the most part for the space of a few minutes only, and cold jets from a hose only at certain seasons and under medical superintendence—that is all the "bathing" or washing which he will give countenance to. Altogether, his is a most curiously ingenious system, not to be judged by ordinary standards, and based upon physiological and therapeutic principles to which common physicians are utter strangers, yet effective, so he and his disciples aver, beyond anything which has hitherto been tried. Rightly applied, these small doses of water will effect wonders : correct evil humours, restore life to palsied limbs, "quench the fire" of inflammation, cure stomach, head, nerves, rectify the blood, and come as near that often-dreamt-of panacea for all human ailments as anything which has yet been thought of. In truth, with Pindar, Father Kneipp may inscribe upon his prophet's banner, while leading a medical Jehad—Ἄριστον μὲν ὕδωρ.

And, whatever be the scientific objections to the system, in practice it has proved successful to such a degree (when coupled with Faith) that every year sees fresh thousands flock to the shrine of the new divinity. At his Bavarian Epidaurus of Wörishofen, during the season, he can boast his 2,000 and 3,000 followers at a time, crowded together in the li[illegible]lage, all intent upon executing his

directions to the letter, all impatient to be healed, batch succeeding batch, so long as he is willing to see them. And more than one Tricca and Ithome has already been set up elsewhere—one or two starting into being every year, and prospering wheresoever they erect their altar. Nor does even this represent the full measure of Father Kneipp's triumphs. Thousands who do not care to subject themselves to the severity of a full "cure"—more especially at Wörishofen, where something like pure vegetarianism and rigid teetotalism is exacted—will practise "Kneipp" privately at home, in their own amateur way, popping freely in and out of cold water (which their clothes are allowed to soak up), and walking in such rivers and puddles as happen to be within their reach.

Chance led me last year unexpectedly among a colony of "Kneippists," at a little watering-place which I will call Sourinois, where I could observe their curious ways at close quarters. Very judiciously has this Spa been planted pretty near the French frontier —on the fringe of the beautiful Vosges mountains—with a view to attracting visitors from France, in which country, in all things which pertain to military efficiency and vigorous manhood, Germany is now being studied and imitated, as before the war in things in general French habits used to be copied in Germany. Among such invigorating exercises Kneippism ranks by no means lowest. Hence the favour which it is finding among such French as have thus far resisted the more aristocratic attractions of "le tub."

I had known pretty little Sourinois before it was converted into a temple of "Kneipp." It used to be such a delightful little place, with its air of incomparable freshness and repose, the intense green of its forests around, the boldly outlined mountains rising up above, and that champagne-like atmosphere, in which alone my old friend the ex-*directeur des forêts* of France, M. L——, declares that at his octogenarian age he can sufficiently recruit his health for another winter in Paris. When spending a brief week in the place, on my tramp through the Vosges in 1890, I registered a vow that next time I wanted a real refreshing rest after fagging London, in Sourinois should that rest be sought—in that unpretending *Établissement*, which was so clean and tidy, and neat and smart, though everything was plain and simple; and among those unobtrusive genial Alsatians who merely made an excuse of some insignificant ailment to spend a pleasant three or four weeks in *dolce far niente-cum*-mineral water of the mildest description—in fact, only so slightly mineralised as just to deserve the adjective.

When arriving last summer I was not a little taken aback at the

change which had come over the place. "Who on earth," I asked the landlord, M. Petitsystème, who had attentively gone to the station to meet me, "who are all these people walking about barefoot?" "*Ah, ce sont des Kneippistes*—we have turned the place into a Kneipp Spa—and we are doing well over it," was the reply. As to the latter point there could be no doubt. The whole place "reeked," so to speak, of "Kneippism." Not a room, not a loft or a closet was there in the village, which was at all tenantable, which was not occupied by some eager Kneippist. High and low, professional man and peasant woman, cripple and valetudinarian, seemed to have made up their minds that there was no remedy like Kneippism, and that accordingly, at all costs and at all inconveniences, Kneippism must be tried. The local people were making money by handfuls. Never had they been so prosperous since the Germans had come into the land. Out of the windows peeped canisters filled with Kneipp "teas." On the roads, in the gardens, in the vineyards, walked men and women barefoot. And even the children—of whom Sourinois boasts a veritable army, bright, merry, cheerful little Swabians just touched up, for life, with a dash of Franco-Gallicism—aped their elders, walking, little mudlarks that they were, bare-legged in the watercourse which, in obedience to Plato's wholesome recommendation and French custom, runs all through the village—pretending to do "Kneipp" seriously, and stirring up the foul sediment, by no means to the improvement of the water, in which their mothers and elder sisters seem to be washing clothes all the day long.

To rest-seekers like myself the change was decidedly one for the worse. "Kneippism," I ought to explain, though popular, is not strictly speaking fashionable. It has scarcely yet been fully acclimatised among the "Upper Ten." One of its particular recommendations is its cheapness. Probably among the whole collection of Kneipp Spas Sourinois is one of the most presentable, on account of the recognised attractions of its climate and surroundings, and because the well-to-do Alsatians, who still form its stock *clientèle*, will not put up with starvation diet—which appears to make the "cure" not one whit less effective. "Wörishofen, indeed!" contemptuously remarked to me one of these big-limbed gentlemen. "Do you think that we Alsatians could go without our accustomed meat-fare, and our bottle or two of wine? No Wörishofen for me."

They are a jovial race, these Alsatians, the most successful pupils, in spite of mishaps, that "the laughing philosopher" has yet found, but curious in their mongrel nationality. Meet them as a stranger and they will talk French to you, as a matter of course, and

keep the French veneer which Fate has put upon them studiously turned to the surface. As they thaw, out comes the genial, broad Swabian—which, after all, is their true grain—and the more intimate you grow the more freely will they show themselves true Swabians, alike in speech and in thought. In the same way do they regulate their daily habits. In the morning, and at mid-day dinner, they are as French as if there never had been an 1870. Over their afternoon coffee they would never think of playing any game but French piquet—very indifferently, it is true, but with a rigid observance of French etiquette. In the evening Swabianism gains the upper hand, and when after supper, to the accompaniment of a goodly flow of wine, supplemented by kirsch, they seat themselves round the card-tables for a genuinely German game of "ramsch," never a word of French is spoken; but the walls resound with the vigorous echoes of stentorian Swabian speech and not less stentorian Swabian laughter.

The Alsatian clergy, who have always shown a marked liking for Sourinois, have not deserted their old favourite. "Kneipp" or mineral water makes little difference to them, so long as they have the familiar place to go to. I found a most typical representative of their class almost monopolising the favour of the lady visitors—a well-nourished and happily-dispositioned *curé*, with a joke and a smile for every one, and no complaint which his own form of Kneippism would cure. For he habitually set the dietetic rules laid down at bold defiance. "Only one pint of *Rothwein* (red wine, as they say in Germany) a meal," earnestly pleaded the doctor, Vogeldunst, one of Father Kneipp's most famous pupils. The *curé* could not wash down his food with less than three, or perhaps four, to say nothing of sundry *kirsches*, which, as an Alsatian, *of course* he must drink after coffee and as a night-cap, with a *quouetche* or two to follow, lest the *kirsch* should not have been up to the mark, and a glass of that sovereign cure-all of the Vosges, *myrtille*, thrown in to set matters quite right. At length the doctor insisted that beyond the regulation pint no "Rothwein" should be imbibed. The *curé*, with regret and resignation, left off the red wine, and took to white. When, the evasion being detected, in its turn that liquor was placed on the index, he opportunely discovered some excellent native Tokay, raised in the neighbourhood, which may be said to be neither quite red nor quite white. And out of drinking that, he said, he would not be bullied—no, not by twenty Vogeldunsts. In candid moments he would protest that Kneippism, like other systems of medicine, was all humbug; and after abusing Voltaire violently in the pulpit—as is still the fashion

among the Romanist priesthood of France—he would approvingly quote the sceptic's lines :

> Je n'attends rien des eaux et de leur triste usage :
> C'est le plaisir qui fait la santé.

In our English Church, which sanctions priestly marriage, womanhood makes the young of "the cloth" its peculiar object of homage. In the old Church, where celibacy prevails, feminine worship addresses itself by preference to the old. The *curé* found himself perpetually beleaguered by admiring females, whereas the young ascetic *vicaire*, likewise an Alsatian, troubled with congestion and hypochondria, thin and austere, and looking for all the world as if for sanctity he carried hard peas about with him in his shoes, was generally neglected. A third typical servant of the Church, the witty *abbé*, tall and spare, sharp of tongue and penetrating of glance, managed to keep himself generally to himself, only chopping into the general conversation with a pointed remark when opportunity seemed to invite a thrust home.

You meet at Kneipp Spas with a more motley gathering of invalids than at any other class of health-resorts—not *all* fat people, as at Marienbad ; nor yet *all* consumptive, as at Merane ; nor yet *all* cripples, as at Bourbonne. There were specimens of every type of ailing humanity at Sourinois, with, perhaps, the more or less paralysed slightly preponderating. For Kneippism is considered especially effective in cases of paralysis, and many an unexpected squeeze will you get from a palsied hand relaxing into mobility, in token of joy, at progressing recovery. Some of these paralytics arrive in a state of utter helplessness. Yet they venture bravely into the water, and some no doubt derive benefit. Then there are dyspeptics who, having lost all faith in ordinary doctors, come, *au bout de leur latin*, to the "water doctor" ; and, if they can but muster sufficient faith to believe in him, his treatment is said to do them good. As a rule, they look the very impersonation of misery. There was one Frenchman who for his sinister aspect came to be nicknamed "Ravachol." In point of woebegone appearance a poor German even beat him. For he literally looked as if, like the whilom Duke of Cumberland (according to Tom Moore), he had committed every crime under the sun except suicide, and had not found it to pay. Moreover, there are chlorotic, scrofulous, asthmatic and rheumatic, martyrs to sciatica, and what not—enough to tax the powers of a dozen specialists.

What with French and Germans present in the same place, the proprietor of the *Établissement*, M. Petitsystème, was a little put to it how to marshal the two nationalities so as to avoid a collision. Of

course they grouped themselves in "sides," each, as a matter equally of course, with its own peculiar "queen." In this matter, by a lucky accident, the French were the more fortunate. For Madame Gentille, who took the lead among them, was, though not a regular beauty, still a very presentable, neat, *svelte*, fair-complexioned, rather fragile little body, with a moderate air of *chic* and fashion about her, and a pleasant expression of countenance, and—which in a Kneipp Spa is a great thing—small and white little feet, which she did not show more than in the course of the treatment could be helped. On the German side, the queenship was, in virtue of title, assigned to a "baroness," who happened to be as unlike a baroness, German or otherwise, as could well be, except in the matter of airs. Uncouth of build, big of limb, ungainly of gait, with a foot which seemed to be borrowed from a male giant, and had a provoking habit of always obtruding itself to view, she looked a very peasantess. Her husband was the owner of some smelting works in the Palatinate, as peasant-like as herself. The proprietor himself, M. Petitsystème, though he accepted German nationality in 1871, is French to the core, and has told a German Cabinet Minister to his face that he will always remain so. At meals he managed to preserve peace by seating the French all by themselves at one end of the table and the Germans at the other, with the Alsatians judiciously bestowed between, as buffers, bordering the one side or the other according to the degree of resignation with which they had accepted the new order of things. Thus, here was a thoroughly "graduated scale," with something of a "neutral zone," and, on the whole, the arrangement worked satisfactorily. The Alsatians who acted so useful a part in it were for the most part well-to-do *propriétaires*, yeomen-farmers, much interested in the blossoming of the vine and in other things agricultural and viticultural, free and easy in their converse, and particularly great at meals and feasts, and afternoon gatherings at the *brasseries* in the village, loud-mouthed and happy, and never in a greater state of blissful excitement than when a *fête* like the *kilbe* filled the *Établissement* with friends and neighbours of their own, and the whole village with happy mortals gathered together from all the district, and making the huge open-air dancing floor put up on the village green shake again with their robust footsteps.

The Kneippist's first duty, speaking by the watch, is to rise early and turn out, all in *négligé*, as he or she may be, for a walk in the wet grass. Snow would be preferable, but snow is rarely to be had in summer. If there should be no dew or rain to wet the grass, the hose is put in requisition as a substitute. And should, on the other

hand, the rain be excessive, either you may walk in a tank under cover, or—like a late gallant general in Sussex, when going out a-shooting in wet weather—you may put up an umbrella for protection, which, it is true, imparts a rather incongruous look to the thing. Only you must keep *walking* continually. The drawback to the grass is, that there may be cats about, or dogs, as at Sourinois there was the elephantine "reichshund" of the doctor, an exact counterpart to Prince Bismarck's famous companion, and *therefore* acquired by the patriotic German physician. He was the cause of almost unceasing troubles—complaints, remonstrances, threats of the doctor to leave the place, and deputations *en masse* from patients and impressed non-patients to induce him to stay.

After the wet walk follows the dry—to get rid of the accumulated moisture by absorption and evaporation, and produce the *première réaction*. Whether there is such a thing as a second or third "reaction" I have never been able to find out. But the "first" is anxiously watched for by every patient. It tells people whether "Kneipp" is doing them good, or the reverse—supposing, *per impossibile*, that the latter could ever happen. "Reaction" really explains the whole secret of the Kneipp system, which is designed to affect the patient mainly by regulating the flow of the blood, not by immediate, but by secondary effects. If the blood is to be violently drawn to any one part of the body, Father Kneipp begins by carefully driving it away first, trusting to the *vis medicatrix naturæ* to bring it back in double force. So, after artificially cooling the feet, the next thing to be done is, artificially to warm them again by walking, if that is possible; otherwise, by wrapping up in bedding or blankets. All this exercise in the early morning produces an excellent appetite, which Father Kneipp allows his patients to satisfy by a liberal consumption of bread and butter and eggs, washed down with a nauseous decoction of roasted barley. Then comes a rest, and a visit to the doctor, who keeps his patients carefully in hand, supplying each of them with a book, in which—no less as an aid to his own memory than as a guide to their conduct—every bath taken, every cup of medicinal "tea" imbibed, every fresh diagnosis, is scrupulously entered. Without such written direction, it is to be feared, doctor and patient alike would not rarely find themselves at fault; for to the ordinary intellect the ways of Kneippism are wholly unaccountable. Nothing is accomplished by direct means. All is done roundabout. Thus, if a man suffer from a nervous headache, the remedy applied is not a shower-bath or a head-bandage, but a "knee-gush." If a man has rheumatism in the arm, he is cured by "head-vapours"; and so on.

There is a considerable amount of washing and bathing—much of it by the application of cold jets—in the forenoon, either sex, of course, being assigned its separate baths. What happened in the ladies' department of course we could gather only from hearsay. In the male division there was ample material for amusement. There is nothing which finds out a man like a jet of cold water. The fat *curé* dodged it with a nimbleness which no one would have given him credit for. The poor sciatic patient—who ought to have been in bed with a hot poultice on his leg—winced and shrieked like a spirit in torment; "Ravachol" bore the infliction with meek resignation. Really, the only person who showed any signs of delight, and seemed to wish the treatment prolonged—as in his neurotic condition well he might—was the poor "Duke of Cumberland," whose features under the jet for once in the day assumed a complacent air. While some patients were put under the "douche," others had the "knee-gush" applied to them, or a foot-bath, or the "shawl"—which means wrapping a wet towel round their chest and shoulders—or the "Spanish mantle," which means a wet and cold bath-cloak all over the body; or else they were laid between wet sheets, or put into wet socks, or over a particular kind of "vapour bath," which has to be taken in a sitting posture, and which Father Kneipp considers one of the most effective of all his remedies; or whatever else the treatment might be. And then to bed, as after a Turkish bath—dry, rest, compose yourself.

Barring *ad libitum* walking in the river or some puddle, that ought to conclude the day's "water-cure" proper. But there is more besides. Father Kneipp does not rely exclusively upon water. He seems to have ransacked all our great-grandmothers' memoranda-books for "simples," which are orthodoxly to be administered, not in tinctures and extracts, as our modern pharmacopœia administers them, but in the shape of "teas" brewed for the occasion. There is senna tea, for the ordinary purposes of senna, and aloes; centaury tea for heartburn; coltsfoot tea for asthma; elder-root tea for dropsy; nettle tea to remove phlegm; eyebright to strengthen the eyesight; knotgrass and equisetum for gravel; mistletoe tea for "bloody flux"; mullein tea for sore throat; rue tea for giddiness; silver-weed tea for cramp in the stomach; St. John's wort tea for biliousness; violet tea for consumption; angelica tea for gripes; tea made of the sweepings of the hay-loft for blood-poisoning. In addition to all these teas, Father Kneipp prescribes juniper berries, and rosin, and wormwood; moreover, chalk-dust as a bone-maker; and black, grey or white powder—produced severally by more or less complete combustion of bones—each to be given to a distinct class of patients, as a most

digestible form of lime, administered "as by a mother who gives her baby such food as is suitable to its mouth and stomach." Some of the pharmaceutical materials employed also find their way into cold or tepid baths. Thus, oat-straw put into a tepid bath will cure an almost countless variety of ills; and equisetum almost as many. For outward application Father Kneipp also has two varieties of "secretive oil," the composition of which he will not reveal. And, moreover, he has those ghastly *masques d'argile*—masks of wet clay to be put over the face—which appear to be the only remedy which will effectively cure the hideously disfiguring disease of lupus. Fortunately in Sourinois there were no such cases. There are also some peculiar varieties of Kneipp food, apart from the chalk, of which by far the most palatable consists of strawberries, which are recommended as particularly "strengthening." A form of nourishment even more emphatically extolled on the same score, as ordinary doctors would prescribe oysters and turtle-soup, is nothing more nor less than rye-bread toast-and-water, which in "Kneipp" terminology passes by the name of "Kraftsuppe." For children and old people, says Pfarrer Kneipp, there could not be a better drink than "bran broth" sweetened with honey. He also speaks highly of bran bread and of honey wine, unfermented, of course, and accordingly non-alcoholic.

By such means the "water-doctor" and his disciples undertake to cure almost anything. Whether the *modus procedendi* adopted will wholly satisfy our old-fashioned physicians, I am disposed to doubt. Thus, Herr Kneipp treats severe inflammation of the lungs with a plaster of wet curds laid upon the chest for some time, after which the patient is placed between wet sheets, with wet socks on his feet, "to quench the fire." He has cured a case of confirmed, and very bad, rheumatism, which had clung to its victim for thirty-five years, simply with wet bandages medicated with a decoction of oat-straw and hay-sweepings, and a cold "shawl," &c. Influenza he has found to give way readily to effusions supplemented with tea of St. John's wort, milfoil and sage. Chlorosis he cures with chalk and water; cancer, cholera, &c., by other equally simple means. And for rupture he has a special recipe in the shape of fox's grease, with a pitch plaster to follow. Never before has medicine accomplished such wonders at so small an expense of remedies.

The "teas" are all very well so long as the attendant serves you the right one. Their number, unfortunately, is so large that mistakes are not altogether beyond the range of possibility, and then they are apt to show their efficacy in an undesirable [illegible]. Thus, one morning—

it was a Sunday, and all the ladies were preparing to go to church, dressed in their best, with double devotion, since their favourite, the *curé*, was to say mass—one of these accidents rudely upset the company's plans. The ladies were sitting in the garden, waiting for the bell, gathered, like chickens round a hen, around their worshipped *curé*, who somehow did not wear his accustomed smile upon his face. There was evidently something wrong. Presently his features contracted to a gloomier expression. There were twitchings, and little contortions, and occasionally a gasp, as for breath. The ladies looked troubled. The twitchings grew worse. *Ubi dolor, ibi manus*, says St. Augustine. From the position of the *curé's* hand there could be no doubt that he was suffering acute "dolour" about the middle parts of his body. After a time a half-suppressed "*peste*" did not appear altogether to relieve him. "*Sapristi*" came out with an unclerical emphasis which truly astonished the ladies. "Mon père!" exclaimed they in chorus, rather in sympathy than in expostulation. "Oo-ooh!" groaned the poor victim, amid a series of "*grimaces*" which would have delighted Louis XIII. and his friend the Comte de Rocheguyon. "Allez chercher le médecin." But the *médecin* was out. "Eh bien, Louise?" Yes, there could be no doubt, Louise had given him the wrong tea, and there he was, suffering from a violent colic. What was to be done? Louise suggested a double dose of the *right* tea, to correct matters. But of this the *curé* would not hear. He had had quite enough "tea" for one day. I advocated hot flannels and rubbing of the painful part. But that was promptly ruled out of order, because of course the ladies could not have administered it in person. "Mais la messe," recollecting himself, suddenly exclaimed the *curé* in his agony. Somebody must take the duty. "Eh bien, le vicaire?" But the *vicaire* was as completely disabled as the *curé*. The *curé* had had his tea, and he had had the *curé's*, and there he sat, a picture of misery, with a face the colour of a pæony, and his eyes ready to start from their sockets. "Le pauvre vicaire!" said one or two ladies; but nobody offered any help. "Alors M. l'abbé!" The *abbé* sat on the terrace wholly absorbed in what according to the cover purported to be *De Civitate Dei*. As he started, a loose leaf dropped out, which turned out to be a portion of a tale by Gaboriau. He protested that he had used it only to mark the place. But a certain testiness of temper betrayed over the dinner-table, and in the afternoon vented freely in sharp sayings pointed at the *curé*, was held to justify a different assumption.

By that time, however, the *curé* was equal to any attacks which might be made upon him. I had some difficulty in persuading him

to gulp down a tumbler of Friedrichshall. The *vicaire* swallowed it readily; in his condition of stupor he would have swallowed anything. But the *curé* made a wry face. The bait held out of an additional *kirsch* or *myrtille*, for which the bitter-water would afford a convenient excuse, at length decided the question, and when in the afternoon the doctor fell foul of me for meddling in his business, the *curé*, all smiles once more, gave me a knowing wink, and the *vicaire* looked grateful.

The *curé* could be useful on occasions. Towards the close of my stay there was war in Sourinois. The German "queen" had had a tumble, while taking her dewy walk, over a branch of a tree, which lay, like a serpent, concealed in the grass. Since she, like many old-fashioned German ladies, in an unmentionable way resembled the proverbial Highlander, the consequences might have been embarrassing, had not Providence held its protecting head over her. Still, measuring her uncouth length in the grass, she was by no means a beautiful object to behold. Madame Gentille, being close by, gave a sharp little laugh. There could, said the baroness to her friends, be but one meaning to this, and that was, that the Frenchwoman had maliciously and deliberately placed the obstacle in the way for her to fall over. Relations, in consequence, grew a little "strained." On the top of this, to make matters worse, the *enfant terrible* of the battalion of rifles quartered in the town close by, Lieutenant Zinnober—who was always committing some indiscretion or other, especially when his patriotism, a most inflammable article, was roused—took it into his head to bicycle through Sourinois and stay there for dinner. Only one seat happened to be vacant, and that was right among the French folk. No doubt Zinnober took them for Alsatians, and thought that they were talking French specially to spite him. His features assumed an acerb expression when he found that his uncongenial neighbours in a perfectly courteous way left him severely alone. Things grew threatening when the bottle of German champagne—a kind of liquor which makes up for want of *bouquet* by very decided headiness—which in uncalled-for ostentation he ordered after disposing of the *demi-bouteille* which went with his *couvert*, mounted into his head. Not to go further into particulars, it all ended in a scene, in which rather offensive words were used. The French took it all very quietly, but afterwards declared to M. Petitsystème that, unless they had satisfaction, not a week longer would they remain in the place, and all France should know how they had been insulted. Not another Frenchman or Frenchwoman should come to Sourinois. Poor

Petitsystème was in despair. His heart went with the French, but he had his market to reckon with. If complaint were made, no doubt Zinnober would be rigorously punished. But, then, throughout German-speaking Alsace the *Établissement* would be given a bad name. Nobody was there to help him out of his embarrassment but the *curé*. Pensively he started for the little town. Beamingly he came back. "*C'est tout arrangé*," he chuckled, but said no more. Next day, however, while, luckily, all the rougher elements were away walking or driving, three smart young officers appeared on the scene, all smiles and bows. There was not a soul in the garden that was not perfectly presentable—except the baroness, who was considered so in virtue of her title. The officers thought that they had hit upon a little Baden-Baden. They were delighted with the company, and a few well-put explanations easily set matters right. But the *curé* would not stop there. "There is no peacemaker," said he, "like Terpsichore." Ladies and officers fell in with the idea, and a little dance was arranged for an early day, which should restore amicable relations all round. The *Établissement* had not seen a dance since French officers clanked their spurs on the floor of its *salon*.

Sourinois looked its best when the day came. The lawn had been neatly trimmed and rolled, the fountain was playing, there were flowers and Chinese lanterns to enliven the garden, and all looked tempting and shipshape. Indoors the large dining-room had been rather tastefully decorated, and its floor had been polished to the smoothness of glass. The waitresses, gay with flowers and favours, looked happiness itself. Due provision had been made for the needs of the inner man, more especially in the liquid way; for in Alsace, as among the ancients, *nemo saltat sobrius*. In the face of all this, when the company assembled, there was something of a jarring note. The Prussian officers evidently had not counted upon rubbing shoulders with all these burly Alsatians, and the equally burly *Alsaciennes*, and with their own *bourgeois* countrymen and women. As carefully as they could they kept to the "first-class" visitors. But throughout the evening they seemed scarcely at their ease. On the whole, however, things went well. The *curé* was in a state of most uproarious mirth and self-satisfaction, which rose to its height when to an astonished company he announced, in the course of the *cotillon*, that, as an appropriate novelty, they would now have a "Kneipp-tour." A "Kneipp-tour," what was that? Oh, they were simply going to take off their shoes and stockings, as if preparing for their morning's walk, and dance around barefoot, with a little

promenade round the garden, across certain little streams of water which were to be forded, and over one or two obstacles purposely placed in the way. Altogether new as the idea was, the Alsatians fell in with it readily. One or two of the Prussian officers flatly declined. Madame Gentille stood reflecting. She could not make up her mind. But, "*mais oui*," she suddenly cried out, clapping her little hands and coaxingly appealing to her partner, the smartest officer of the battalion, with her sweetest smile, not to desert her. What could he do? Some other ladies were as successful with their own military cavaliers, and, amid a good deal of laughter and fun, the thing was set going. The officers, however, untrained to bare-foot walking, soon repented of their complaisance, as the prickly grass and the gravel made their feet sore. Madame Gentille, on the other hand, was delighted. When the proposal was made, she was leading, and she quickly espied her opportunity for putting her awkward rival at a disadvantage in the crossing of streams and clambering over "fences." She led the party a merry round, and thoroughly succeeded in her object. Altogether the thing was voted a success—that is, by the rank and file; and never had a new dance evoked louder laughter. All over Germany the "Kneipp-tour" has now become a favourite, and if only the *curé* had taken out a patent he might be drawing a handsome royalty. Of course people do not really take off their shoes and stockings; but they pretend to do so by drawing flesh-coloured socks, painted so as to represent bare feet, over their dress-shoes; and this is pronounced in the newspapers a joke which "makes people laugh themselves to death." At Sourinois, to add to the fun, the waitresses—who, in all innocence, are as larky as school-girls—had taken upon themselves to mix up the dancers' shoes and stockings in wildest confusion, which caused some trouble to the owners, but also no little merriment. Only, of course, the military *chaussures* were left scrupulously untampered with; for no Alsatian would take liberties with "Gessler's hat." Lucky it was for them that they had used this discretion. For the officers were seriously annoyed at having been drawn into an undignified performance, and when, after the *cotillon*, the band played up in heart-stirring strains to that glory of the old-fashioned German ballroom, the "Grossvater," all Prussian uniforms had disappeared from the scene. That, however, mattered little to the company, who were by that time quite sufficiently pleased with themselves. The "Grossvater" is a grand performance—a sort of slow and stately Sir Roger de Coverley—in which the whole company are expected to join, the oldest even more actively than the young, for the words, which are sung to the rather

monotonous tune, indicate that it is *par excellence* an old folks' dance:

Und als der Grossvater die Grossmutter nahm,
Da war der Grossvater ein Bräutigam—

which means: "When grandfather married grandmother, then grandfather was a bridegroom," which is an interesting discovery to make.

I did not stay in Sourinois long after the "ball." The study of health is a good thing, undoubtedly. But all those bare feet, continually obtruded upon one's view, had not an appetising effect. And sometimes I grew a little doubtful if the waters which fall on the plain of Sourinois do not share with that "fairest river of Macedonia," the Axius, the undesirable property of making those who come into contact with them black instead of white. Kneippism still seems in Germany as popular as ever—indeed, it grows more so daily—and its fame for efficacy, in the teeth of medical scepticism, is on the increase. We have already adopted so many novelties at which the faculty shakes its head—electro-homœopathy, electric belts, Sequah, spine-bags, and the like—that perhaps one more innovation would not matter. But I think that we shall draw the line at bare feet, and, whatever our less fastidious neighbours may do in Germany or in France, I doubt if among ourselves Kneippism will really become popular.

HENRY W. WOLFF.

LULLABIES.

IT is not given to all classes of song to be universal; some countries are rich in one particular style, some in another, but we may safely affirm that the lullaby is indigenous to every soil. There are mothers and babies in all lands; and therefore, as a natural sequence, we find the lulling song or lullaby. From China to Peru, from Spitzbergen to South Africa, motherhood in its primitive form is ever one of the best sides of complex human nature. The little cannibal, the embryo fire-eater, the untutored Aino baby, all turn with something like a spark of affection towards her who gave him birth; and although we shall probably find more melody, more beautiful poetic imagery amongst the lullabies of European mothers, yet we must not fail to take into account the sincerity of such lines as these which the Chinese woman chants over her infant:

> Snail, snail, come out and be fed,
> Put out your horns and then your head,
> And thy mamma will give thee mutton,
> For thou are doubly dear to me.

The Arab tawny treasure seems to be easiest sent into dreamland with the following bucolic verse:

> Sleep, my baby, sleep,
> Sleep a slumber hale,
> Sweetly rest till morning light,
> My little farmer boy, so bright.

And the little Zulu goes to:

> Hush thee, my baby,
> Thy mother's o'er the mountains gone;
> There she will dig the little garden patch,
> And water she'll fetch from the river.

The ancient Romans had a number of lullabies; one began:

> Lalla, lalla, lalla,
> Aut dormi, aut lacta.

And another Latin cradle-song is composed in the person of the

Virgin Mary, and was in bygone days believed to have been actually sung by her. I give the first verse:

Sleep, oh sleep, dear Baby mine,
King Divine,
Sleep, my Child, in sleep's recline.
Lullaby, mine Infant fair,
Heaven's King,
All glittering
Full of grace as lilies rare.

An old English carol, current as far back as in Henry the Fourth's time, bears some resemblance to the Italian sacred lullabies. It runs as follows:

Lullay! lullay! lytel child, myn owyn dere fode,
How xalt thou sufferin be nayled on the rode.
So blyssid be the tyme!

Lullay! lullay! lytel child, I synge for Thi sake,
Manyon is the scharpe schour to Thi body is schape.
So blyssid be the tyme!

It is quaint to our modern mother's ears. We seem to prefer the jingle of the true rhyme for our nursery songs.

Bret Harte says that the American lullabies are the same as ours, with the exception of one or two Dutch ones which have become favourites. There is, however, one peculiar to Detroit:

Hush, my baby, sleep my sweet,
Father's trying to sell his wheat.
Hush, little baby, don't you cry,
You'll be an alderman by-and-by.

This is, I believe, the only instance where civic honours are held out in a slumber song.

France may arrogate to itself the honour of originating political lullabies. During the siege of Paris the nurses sang:

As-tu vu Bismark
A la porte de Chatillon?
Il lance les obus
Sur le Panthéon.

And then we must not forget the "Chanson de Marlbrouck," and how its strains lulled a royal infant to rest.

Some of the Greek lullabies are charming, although they do not very readily lend themselves to translation into English. There is something very wholesome and very pretty about this:

O slumber ; washed on Saturday,
On Sunday dressed in clean array,
On Monday morn to school away,
As sweet as apple, bright and gay.
Sleep the mighty all has flown,
To Alexandria she has gone ;
Nani, thou canary bright,
Who my brain bewilders quite.

And the following is also very sweet :

O sleep, who takest little ones,
Take to thee my darling ;
A tiny one I give him now,
A big boy bring him to me,
As tall as any mountain grown
And straight as lofty cypress ;
His branches let him spread about,
From the West to Anatolia.

Amongst the most universal of lullabies are the two following. Thousands, nay, millions of little ones have been put to rest by their soothing cadences, all over the world :

Bye baby bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting,
To get a little rabbit skin
To wrap a baby bunting in.

Hush-a-bye baby, on the tree-top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock ;
When the bough bends the cradle will fall,
Down will come baby, bough, cradle and all.

The Scotch have a simple but very characteristic little ditty, "He-ba-lalilоo," which is not very difficult to trace to the French "Hé bas ! 'là le loup," which in turn brings our thoughts to bear upon a universal nursery story favourite, namely, "Little Red Riding Hood."

Ba-loo, ba-loo, my wee thing,
Oh, softly close thy blinkin' e'e,
Thy daddy now is far awa',
A sailor laddie o'er the sea.

Hibernian mothers sing thus :

Hush, baby dear, weep not awhile,
And o'er thee shall bright treasures smile,
As did thy royal sires once own
In the green land of Conn and Owen.

Denmark is a country which, through our well-beloved Princess, is so nearly connected with our own, that I make no apology for

giving two of its lullabies amongst ours. Strange to say the Danish mothers are the only ones whose slumber songs contain any element of castigation about them:

Sleep, sleep, little mouse!
The field your father ploughs;
Your mother feeds pigs in the sty,
She'll come and slap you when you cry.

The next one is a dozing song:

Visse lull, my love,
Had I such four,
Four-and-twenty in each corner,
Then all our cradles should go.

Here is a verse of a somewhat lengthy old Danish lullaby:

Sleep sweetly, little child; lie quiet and still;
As sweetly sleep as the bird in the wood,
As the flowers in the meadow.
God the Father has said, "Angels stand
On watch when the little ones are in bed."

A NURSERY CRY FROM YORKSHIRE.

Rabbit pie! rabbit pie!
Come, my ladies, come and buy,
Else your babies they will cry.

This is a favourite old lullaby in the North of England, one which is, perhaps, still heard occasionally. The last word is pronounced *bee*.

Hush-a-bye, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sore to see thee weep,
For when thou weep'st thou wearies me,
Hush-a-bye, lie still and bye.

You shall have a new bonnet,
With blue ribbons to tie on it,
With a hush-a-bye, and a lull-a-baby,
Why so like to Tommy's daddy.

All over England babies are crooned to sleep to these verses; sometimes the mother substitutes a tune of her own in lieu of the recognised one:

Plump little baby clouds,
Dimpled and soft,
Rock in their air cradles,
Swinging aloft.

Snowy cloud mothers
With broad bosoms white,
Watch o'er the baby clouds
Slumbering light.

Tired little baby clouds
Dreaming of fears,
Rock in their air cradles,
Dropping soft tears.
Great brooding mother clouds
Watching o'er all,
Let their warm mother tears
Tenderly fall.

The following is almost equally popular in the North of England and in Scotland; it is known as "Bonny at morn":

The sheep's in the meadow,
The kye's in the corn,
Thou's ower lang in thy bed,
Bonny at morn,
Canny at night,
Thou's ower lang in thy bed,
Bonny at morn.
The bird's in the bush,
The trout's in the burn;
Thou hinderest thy mother
In many a turn.
Canny at night,
Bonny at morn,
Thou's ower lang in thy bed,
Bonny at morn.
We're all laid idle
Wi' keeping the bairn,
The lass wi' net learn,
The lad wi' net work.
Canny at night,
Bonny at morn,
Thou's ower lang in thy bed,
Bonny at morn.

With the colliers' wives of Northumberland this funny song is a great favourite:

UP THE RAW.

Up the raw, down the raw,
Up the raw, lass, every day;
For shape and colour, ma bonny hinney,
Thou bangs thy mother, ma canny bairn.

Black as a craw,[1] ma bonny hinney,
Thou bangs them a', lass, every day;
Thou's a' clag-candy, ma bonny hinney,
Thou's double-japanded, ma bonny bairn.

For hide and for hue, ma bonny hinney,
Thou bangs the crew, ma bonny bairn;
Up the raw, down the raw, ma bonny hinney,
Thou bangs them a', lass, every day.

[1] Crow.

There are several uncouth local terms in these verses which certainly require interpretation. The word "hinney" in Northumbrian parlance is an epithet of extreme endearment; it is a corruption of honey. "Canny" has not the same significance in the coal district as it has in Scotland, for over the Tweed it means nearness, and sometimes even niggardliness, whilst this side of the Border it stands for something very nice. "Clag-candy" is a sticky compound much in request amongst the juveniles of the pitmen's country, and "double-japanded" is an expression which, although it may "be understanded" of most people, has yet a special meaning in the North, where the large kitchen fireplaces are rendered lustrous by means of japanning from day to day.

The sad and indeed almost tragic story of "Bobby Shaftoe" is another Northumbrian lullaby; it, however, is only such by courtesy, as the nursery is not the only place where its somewhat terse history is a favourite.

BOBBY SHAFTOE.

Bobby Shaftoe's gone to sea,
Silver buckles on his knee;
He'll come back and marry me,
Bonny Bobby Shaftoe.

Bobby Shaftoe's bright and fair,
Combing down his yellow hair:
He's my ain for evermair,
Bonny Bobby Shaftoe.

Bobby Shaftoe's bright and fair,
Combing down his yellow hair;
I will never see him mair,
Bonnie Bobby Shaftoe.

Yorkshire, which has that strange ditty about the rabbit pie, has also a predilection for this, which is popular in Essex too:

Young lambs to sell, young lambs to sell!
If I'd as much money as I can tell
I never would cry—young lambs to sell.

One can readily set the words of the following to the monotonous rhythm of a rocking-chair:

Hey, my kitten, hey, my kitten,
And hey, my kitten, my deary!
Such a sweet pet as this
Was neither far nor neary.
Here we go up, up, up,
And here we go down, down, down,
And here we go backwards and forwards,
And here we go round, round, roundy.

The next song scarcely merits a place amongst the songs of motherland, as it is evidently only used as a solace by husbands when left in charge of the nursery pet:

Hush thee, my babby,
Lie still with thy daddy,
  Thy mammy has gone to the mill,
To grind thee some wheat,
To make thee some meat,
  And so, my dear babby, lie still.

Why Tony Lumpkin should be the subject of inquiry in this history does not say:

Bye, baby bumpkin,
Where's Tony Lumpkin?
My lady's on her death-bed
With eating half a pumpkin.

We can only conclude that Tony's surname rhymes with bumpkin and pumpkin; as to my lady dying after so prodigious a feat as the eating of half a pumpkin, well, it was only what might have been expected. From such nonsense it is charming to turn to this little ebullition of motherly love and pride:

My dear cockadoodle, my jewel, my joy,
My darling, my honey, my pretty sweet boy,
Before I do rock thee with soft lullaby,
Give me thy dear lips to be kissed, to be kissed.

The lullabies of Malaga have long been celebrated for their extreme beauty. In the pretty Spanish tongue the word "arrullo" means both the cooing of doves and the lulling of children, so that we may think of the little dark-haired, large-eyed babies of the land of the Manzaneres being cooed into the land of Nod by some such tender little songs as the following:

A dormir va la rosa
  De los rosales;
A dormir va mi niña
  Porque ya es tarde.

The next lullaby, which is a great favourite with the Romany mothers of Spain, refers to "the Moor" as a very benignant sort of bogey:

Isabellita, do not pine
  Because the flowers fade away;
  If flowers hasten to decay,
Weep not, Isabellita mine.

Little one, now close thine eyes,
  Hark! the footsteps of the Moor,
  And she asks from door to door
Who may be this child who cries?

When I was as small as thou,
  And within my cradle lying,
  Angels came about me flying,
And they kissed me on my brow.

Sleep then, little baby, sleep,
  Sleep, nor cry again to-night,
  Lest the angels take to flight
So as not to see thee weep.

Speaking of the gipsies of Spain reminds me of several beautiful slumber songs which have originated with the tent mothers. Here is the Romany version of a lullaby which, a few years ago, we might often have heard crooned over a tiny Romany babe at the door of the camp:

Jaw to sutters, my tiny chal,
  Your die to dukker has jall'd abri,
At rarde she will wel palal,
  And tute of her tud shall pie.

Jaw to lutherum, tiny baw!
  I'm teerie deya's purie mam,
As tute cams her tud canaw,
  Thy deya meerie tud did cam.

ENGLISH VERSION.

Sleep thee, little tawny boy!
  Thy mother's gone abroad to spar,
Her kindly milk thou shalt enjoy
  When home she comes at close of day.

Sleep thee, little tawny guest!
  Thy mother is my daughter fine
As thou [illegible] her kindly breast
  She once did love in a breast of mine.

Yet one more gipsy song, this time from the lips of a Tzigan mother of Roumania:

[illegible]

Lullaby, my little one
Thou art mother's darling [illegible]
Loving mother will [illegible]
[illegible] thee,
[illegible]
[illegible]

Sleep with mother; mother well
Knows the charm for every spell.
Thou shalt be a hero as
Our good lord great Stephen was:
Brave in war and strong in hand,
To protect thy fatherland.

Sleep, my baby, in thy bed,
God upon thee blessings shed;
Be thou dark, and be thine eyes
Bright as stars that gem the skies;
Maiden's love be thine, and sweet
Blossoms spring beneath thy feet.

The slumber-suggesting word Nani-nani begins and ends most of the Roumanian lullabies; it recalls the pretty Italian verse which is chanted by the peasant women in some parts of Italy on Christmas Day:

Dormi, dormi nel mio seno,
Dormi, o mio fior Nazareno!
Il mio cor sulla sera
Fa la nina-nana-na.

Perhaps of all the Transylvanian *berceuses* this is the best known:

Nani-nani copilas,
Dormi cu mama, angeras,
Ca mama te-a legana,
Si mama te-a saruta,
Si mamuca ti a canta
Nani-nani, nani-na, etc.

ENGLISH VERSION.

Nani-nani, little treasure,
Sleep, dear angel, near thy mother,
For mother will rock thee,
And mother will clasp thee,
And mother will sing thee
Nani-nani, nani-na, etc.

The German lullabies are amongst the most beautiful in the world; they are frequently used in other lands, although it must be admitted that they lose somewhat in the translation.

GERMAN CRADLE SONG.

Peacefully slumber, my own darling son;
Close thy dear eyelids, and sweetly sleep on!
All things lie buried in silence profound,
Sleep, I will scare e'en the gnats floating round.

'Tis now, my dearest, thy life's early May,
Ah! but to-morrow is not as to-day;
Trouble and care round thy curtains shall soar,
Then, child, thou'lt slumber so sweetly no more!

Angels of Heaven as lovely as thou
Float o'er thy cradle and smile on thee now ;
Later, when angels around thee shall stray,
'Twill be to wipe but thy teardrops away.

Peacefully slumber, my own darling son,
I'll watch by thy bedside till dark night is gone ;
Careless how early, how late it may be,
Mother's love wearies not, watching o'er thee.

As a specimen of the Wiegenliëd in its original form the following could scarcely be surpassed :

Tu lu ! Kommst du denn nicht ?
Nein, nein, heute nicht !
Bleib du dort ;
Ich kann nicht fort,
Muss schaffen im Feld an der Halde.

Tu lu ! Kommst du denn nicht?
Nein, nein, lang noch nicht.
Und sing dazu
Der Kleine, er dürstet wohl balde.

Germany has always been considered the land *par excellence* of cradle songs ; the ideas embodied in many of them are charmingly poetic. Listen to this lullaby of Northern Germany :

Sleep, baby, sleep,
Thy father guards the sheep,
Thy mother shakes the dreamland tree
And from it falls sweet dreams for thee ;
Sleep, baby, sleep.

In Sweden puss is used as an inducement for children to go to sleep :

Hush, hush, baby mine,
Pussy climbs the big green pine ;
Mother turns the mill-stone,
Father to kill the pig has gone.

And the little descendants of the Vikings are thus lulled :

Row, row to Baltnarock,
How many fish are caught in the net ?
One for father, and one for mother,
One for sister, and one for brother.

Here is a specimen of a very pretty French lullaby :

Il est tard, l'ange a passé,
Le jour a déjà baissé ;
Et l'on n'entend, pour tout bruit,
Que le ruisseau qui s'enfuit.
Endors-toi,
Mon fils, c'est moi ;
Il est tard, et ton ami,
L'oiseau bleu, s'est endormi

The following melodious *berceuse* is well known throughout Brittany:

Go to sleep, you little darling,
Go to sleep, dear little Pierrot;
I'll sing sweet and low,
And rock to and fro
The crib of Pierrot,
Whom we all love.

The tiny *bambino* of the Italian peasant hears these lines sung in the soft liquid accents of the Italian tongue:

Sleep, my baby, sleep, my darling,
While I hush thee with my song;
Sleep until the new sun rises,
Sleep in peace the whole night long.

A sample verse of a Sardinian *logendorian*[1] is here given:

Oh! Ninna and Anninia!
Sleep, baby boy.
Oh! Ninna and Anninia!
God give thee joy.
Oh! Ninna and Anninia!
Sweet joy be thine;
Oh! Ninna and Anninia!
Sleep, brother mine.

The Albanian song which follows is commendably short:

De! de! lambskin mine,
Where did'st thou this even dine?
In the fields where waters flow,
'Neath the trees where cherries grow.

The Polish slumber song, to our ideas, does not seem sufficiently simple or child-like in style:

POLISH SLUMBER SONG.

The stars shine forth from the blue sky,
How great and wondrous is God's might;
Shine stars through all eternity,
His witness in the night.

Travellers very frequently hear mothers singing their children to sleep with very musical rhythm, and not rarely are the words in themselves veritable poems from slumberland. M. Xavier Marnier, on his journey to the North Pole, heard and noted down this charming *berceuse* which a woman was singing to her child in a remote part of Northern Finland:

Dors, petit oiseau de la prairie; dors doucement, joli petit rouge-gorge! Dieu t'éveillera quand il sera temps. Le sommeil est à la porte et d : N'y a-t-il pas

[1] Lullaby.

ici un doux enfant qui voudrait dormir—un petit enfant enveloppé dans ses langes, un bel enfant qui repose dans sa couverture de laine? Dors, petit oiseau!

In Iceland a poor little motherless babe was thus sung to its saddened slumbers:

Take me, bear me, shining moon,
Bear me up to the skies;
Mother mine, she's sitting there,
Carding wool so fine.

The Dutch widows have a sorrowful lullaby of their own which says:

O hush thee, my child,
Thy mother bends o'er thee,
And clasps her dear son,
For she is forsaken and alone.

With these Japanese and Hottentot lullabies I bring my songs of Motherland to a close:

JAPANESE LULLABY.

Lullaby baby, lullaby baby,
Baby's nursey where has she gone?
Over those mountains she's gone to her village,
And from her village what will she bring?
A tum-tum drum, and a bamboo flute,
A "daruma" (which will never turn over) and a paper dog.

The "daruma" is what English children call a tumbler, a figure which is weighted at the bottom, so that, turn it how you will, it always regains its equilibrium.

The Hottentot mother sings:

Why dost thou weep, my child?
Wherefore dost thou weep?
Hush, darling, calm thee,
And sleep, my child, and sleep.

LAURA ALEX. SMITH.

THE MISSION OF THE MOSQUITO.

AMONG the men and women who dwell for their sins in the tropics, the much-misunderstood Noah incurs unending blame and reprobation. They are for ever asking why he carried his painstaking to the point of including in his desperate marine venture the mosquito, the chigger, the *bête rouge*, and other noxious and irritating insects. And they find his conscientiousness to have been as foolish as it was ostentatious.

Now, I am at no pains to attempt the defence of the *bête rouge*, or the chigger, who are indeed noxious and irritating insects; but it seems to me that it is time that some effort was made to dam the flood of condemnation and abuse that is poured by the thoughtless and prejudiced upon the mosquito; to dispel, if it may be, some of the clouds of misunderstanding which envelop his laborious effort, and to win for that effort the grateful recognition it deserves. For the mosquito is a noble creature.

The dwellers in the tropics affect to consider him, and some of them in truth do consider him, "the blot that makes the Cosmic all a mere time-honoured cheat;" they pretend that he is a greedy, malevolent, persecuting insect, and all, forsooth, because in his serious endeavour to keep their enervated natures up to the level of our strenuous modern life he causes them a little necessary discomfort—a discomfort which, when all is said and done, is brief and passes away entirely at the end of a quarter of an hour or so. The mosquito is always with tropical man. He is "the one thing more certain than death." The Scots Grey keeps tropical man awake to the solemnity of life from sunrise to sunset, and the common, but no less industrious and able-bodied mosquito, from sunset to sunrise. During the hour of sunset, indeed, when the twilight fails, he is engaged in courting, but he cheerfully devotes some of those precious moments to the prosecution of his great mission. Indeed, his cheerfulness is a notable quality in him, and in that respect he sets an example that may well be followed by many an earnest, mission-burdened girl. He sings his joyful song from morn to dewy eve, and from eve to dewy morn, with never a

querulous note. He takes the best that is to be got, and is thankful. If he cannot get nice fresh European blood he enjoys a dried-up creole or a common black. He prefers the first, just as we don't eat goat if we can get mutton, only there is no grumbling with him. So, too, if he cannot get at the skin of the wrists or ankles, where the boots or cuffs chafe it and wear it thin, he makes no bones about it, but bores his cheerful way through the harder skin of the forehead, or even, if need be, through the sole of the foot.

As would naturally be expected from his intense and earnest nature, he takes most interest in the intellectual man, the man who devotes his evening to mental work. Him the mosquito continuously goads to further effort, and with untiring patience prevents him feeling the slightest drowsiness. The churchgoer, too, excites his interest, and is kept from slumber by him during the longest and most abstruse sermons. It will perhaps scarcely be credited, but it is a fact of my personal observation, that there are people so degraded, so averse from the natural exercise of their faculties, that they make the painstaking of the earnest creature the excuse for refraining not only from mental work, but even from going to church. Frail human nature, too, ever eager to put from it clear-minded wrestling with the stern problems of life, has discovered that its monitor can be easily killed. So, tucking the mosquito net firmly under the mattress, men take a towel inside and ruthlessly destroy all who are patiently waiting to discharge their nightly duties. But fortunately there is nearly always one left inside to awaken them between the hours of two and three to serious reflection.

Of fashionable life and its levities the mosquito is an uncompromising opponent. He does not oppose it from a distance, but at dance, dinner, picnic, or "at-home" he is always in evidence, actively employed, as far as in him lies, in making such vanities bitterly uncomfortable. He will interrupt the most interesting conversation or the enjoyment of the most delightful dish. Man, and woman too, he seems to say, are not meant to waste the fleeting hours of life on such trifles. He is of no less severity in his ideas of dress; he discourages silk socks and open-work stockings; his tender modesty is horribly shocked by low gowns, and he marks his disgust by raising red bumps on white necks and shoulders. By every means in his power he urges men and women to adopt a Spartan-like costume of thick wool soaked in kerosene. He is strongly of the opinion that hands are made for honest toil, and if he can find any of a whiteness and delicacy, he shows his scorn for them by covering them with blisters of an extraordinary irritation.

He, too, makes it his business to keep the traveller and explorer always up to the mark, to give him every incentive to hasten to the utmost on his way. He urges on his boatmen on the river, and his porters on overland journeys. But his burning enthusiasm sometimes jeopardises the end at which he aims. For, arguing from himself that he requires no rest, he is apt to overestimate the energy and endurance of mere human nature. His cry is ever "Forward!" and if he can compass it, no one shall rest or waste precious hours in slumber; so that his continual spurring is apt to render the harassed traveller an easier prey to the fevers that lie in wait for him. But at any rate he does fill him with a portion of his own fervid enthusiasm, and with a passionate eagerness to get his work of travelling over in the quickest possible time.

But, alas! when we come to consider the reward with which his untiring efforts meet, we stand hopeless in dismay at the eternal ingratitude of the thankless human race. Bitter, unremitting persecution is his lot. His benefits are rejected with a contumely befitting the cruellest injuries. Accusations of officious meddling, blind stupidity, nay, worse, of interested and greedy crime, are poured upon him. The little discomfort he causes in the prosecution of his noble purpose is ever before their eyes, excluding from the range of their vision its splendid results. But steadfast in resolution, dauntless in the face of danger, he goes on his glorious path of benefiting a race that ever refuses to recognise that perfection must be purchased by pain.

E. A. JEPSON.

AROUND CRONSTADT AND PETERHOF.

IN early Crimean War days the name of Cronstadt was on everybody's lips. On the outbreak of the great struggle with Russia one of the first places singled out for attack by the powerful squadrons of the allies was this formidable stronghold, which then, as now, formed the chief defence of the Russian capital. Many of us can well remember how one of the finest fleets ever manned by gallant seamen, and commanded by one of the most intrepid of admirals, sailed away amid the brightest anticipations to add the capture of Cronstadt to the long roll of British triumphs on the sea. That it could be done very few doubted. It was a keen disappointment, therefore, and occasioned no end of grumbling, when that same fleet returned completely baffled, the fortress having been declared after careful reconnoitring to be impregnable. From that time Cronstadt has remained unassailed, and maintained its reputation as one of the most powerfully fortified seaports in the world.

After a somewhat tedious sail up the capacious Gulf of Finland, studded with granite islands covered with trees, and a coast line black with interminable forests, our interest was at once aroused when we were informed that Cronstadt was in sight. At first we saw nothing but what appeared to be a long black swampy streak stretching across the gulf. Now right ahead, rising weirdly from the very midst of the waters, came in sight the towers of lighthouses and signal stations, the tops of tall chimneys, and most conspicuously flashing in the sunshine, the golden crosses over the churches and the gleaming minarets of the official residences. The navigation now becoming more intricate from the shoals and reefs which everywhere abound, we soon found ourselves at the right moment in charge of a pilot, a bronzed, burly, big-bearded Finn. We found him not only an acquisition for purposes of navigation, but most helpful in affording information from his knowledge of English. The channel was carefully indicated by long posts topped with heads like inverted broo a curious yet favourite style of sea mark all over Russi[illegible]aters,

every one of them looked as if required to keep us on the right course. Here at a glance we could perceive how well the approaches to Cronstadt were defended from the invasion of a hostile squadron by shallows and by hidden natural barriers of mud and sand. For ironclads and gunboats to pass through a comparatively narrow channel like this, when every post was removed and the passage laid with mines and torpedoes, would certainly be an enterprise of a most hazardous character. We were informed that it might be done ; still it did look uncommonly difficult to accomplish in the face of such physical and other obstacles without serious disaster. Slowly we steamed along until we drew up immediately outside of the very heart of the port. Standing on the bridge and surveying our surroundings, much that was interesting and highly instructive met the eye. The monotonous granite bluffs and forests of both shores no longer attracted our attention, for we became all absorbed in contemplating the array of fortresses across the long frontage of the island. Not far off a long low-lying sandy promontory containing a few military huts was pointed out to us by the pilot, on which had been recently planted ordnance of tremendous size and range. "Monstrous guns they are," he said ; "why, each one of them when brought here looked almost a ship's load in itself." Big gun practice was now going on in this quarter, and the roar of those mighty engines of destruction as they sent their shot for miles down the gulf distinctly made our timbers shiver. Away towards our left were large circular granite forts, constructed on what looked like artificial islands. Right in front were elevated batteries, and beneath almost on a level with the sea were earthworks defended by artillery. Looking toward the right, and planted on islands also, were numerous other circular citadels and powerful granite fortifications. Everything that engineering skill can achieve has certainly been done to render these forts as complete and effective as possible. Millions of roubles must have been spent upon these gigantic defences, and not seemingly in vain. Guns point in every direction ; no point seems undefended. Not a solitary loophole seems to be left for the passage of an enemy. It is interesting to contrast these modern types of fortifications with those antique-looking martello towers close to us *now* utilised for stores. What were reckoned first-class citadels in their day, and capable of defying Sir Charles Napier and his fleet, are now useless for purposes of modern defence. Altogether Cronstadt presents a grim and formidable appearance, and any fleet, however powerful, that attempted to storm it would doubtless receive a reception not altogether pleasant to contemplate. Yet we were informed that a well-known English

naval officer had recently declared that he considered the fortifications of Alexandria quite as strong, and everybody knows what happened to them. Should the day ever come when this line of citadels is called upon to show its powers of defence and display its broad belt of fire, it certainly does appear that Cronstadt will more than hold its own and remain impregnable.

The water around us is alive with fragile-looking boats, rowed by boatmen conspicuous in red shirts over their trousers and long boots. Clumsy barges are being forced along through sheer muscular energy by soldiers in rough white canvas-like suits. An imperial yacht in white and gold, and flying gay flags and streamers, glides majestically away into the open sea. Well-handled torpedo boats dart to and fro as if striking at some imaginary foe. Gunboats flying the imperial flag proceed down the gulf, their officers in conspicuously decorated uniforms of green and dark blue, and the sailors with smart white summer coverings over their broad blue caps. A fine cruiser just returned from some distant station in the Pacific lies at anchor, her well-seasoned crew receiving sympathetic attention from comrades welcoming them to the old port again. If all the Russian war-ships are similarly manned and present as creditable an appearance, then the naval power of this country is certainly not to be despised. The Custom-House officers, the Board of Health inspector, and a representative of the police are now on board. The latter, we have been informed by an interpreter, is one of the imperial gendarmes sent down on special duty to the port to keep the officials up to the mark. He has quite a military appearance in his hussar-like uniform of light blue, with white tassel decorations, long cavalry boots and sword. The crew is drawn up on deck and every man is closely scanned. Our passports are minutely examined, and careful entries made from them into the official books. The Custom-House officers look active enough in their own department. Fortunately no Nihilist has been found, no informality detected in our papers, no contraband goods discovered. Having done their duty the officers willingly accept our hospitality, and soon the cigarettes are lit, refreshments produced, and we at once become the best of friends. After hearty handshakings and profuse politeness they finally descend into their boats, and we are left with the best of wishes to proceed into the land of the Czar.

Since the opening of the new canal to St. Petersburg—which has enabled merchantmen to proceed direct to the capital—there has been a considerable decline in the trade of Cronstadt. It seems to be the intention of the Government to divert trade as much as possible from

this port and reserve it entirely for strictly imperial purposes. However the good old port of Cronstadt, a favourite rendezvous of British sailors, is not defunct yet. It may be mentioned, however, that the imperial naval docks are quite separate from the other shipping docks. Within the former we observed several ironclads, gunboats, torpedo-boats, and quantities of naval stores ; still the display is very far behind that of Portsmouth or any of the royal dockyards at home. The inferiority is most marked, and we are not disappointed to find it so. The shipping port presents a somewhat lively scene. Steamers and sailing ships of many nationalities lie within. There is a big trade carried on here in hemp, flax, tallow, and grain—the biggest in Russia ; still the chief export is wood. All around us there seems to be nothing but wood on rafts, barges, steamers, and sailing ships, and in thousands of tons it lies piled on shore. We are not surprised to learn that stringent precautions are taken to prevent fires. Steamers are bound to have the fire hose in constant readiness. No cooking whatever is allowed on wooden ships ; all such work must be done on shore. All lights must be extinguished by nine o'clock—when the citadel gun fires—under a heavy penalty. It is interesting to watch the operations within the dock. Gangs of wretchedly-clad wild-looking moujiks from the interior are handling, sawing, and loading wood all round. Soldiers, sailors, and marines from the forts are also engaged in stowing it away in ships. In early morning one of the sights in the port is the hiring of the moujiks for the day's operations. In a body they muster at their favourite rendezvous, forming a brigade of the most haggard, starved, and miserably-clad labourers to be seen anywhere. The barges with the stevedores are drawn up below. The bargaining begins amid shouts, gesticulations, jostling, and struggling, and as soon as a fairly remunerative wage is reached an immediate rush is made for the boats. Should any have attempted to steal a march upon their comrades by hiring themselves out on lower terms, they are at once pounced upon and have summarily administered a series of kicks and blows which will incapacitate them for work for a few hours at least. This hiring place is known amongst British seamen as the Cronstadt "nigger market"—by no means an inappropriate appellation. So at night, when these hard-driven moujiks are rowed ashore. They form up alongside the pay office, and with the utmost celerity they are cleared off. Grimy with coal dust, steaming with sweat, the rag wrappings round their feet and legs—in most cases their only protection—all in tatters, they gather round the hawkers close by purchasing black bread, herring, fish, cucumbers, onions, mushrooms,

or make for their still more favourite haunts, the vodka and beershops which everywhere abound.

Cronstadt has a population of about fifty thousand, including the garrison, which is at present thirty thousand strong. Its streets are broad, regular, and clean, but paved with the roughest and most cruel of boulder causeway. The houses generally, notwithstanding the abundance of paint and whitewash, look somewhat old. Shops are numerous and of the usual character of seaport towns, where everything from a needle to an anchor is to be obtained. In the older shops, situated under long colonnades and piazzas, many real curiosities from the Moscow workshops and the interior are to be found. Excellent furs and skins are also to be had on more reasonable terms than in the capital. Unintelligible Russian characters are everywhere on the signboards. Whether hiring a drosky or making purchases, everything has to be done by hard bargaining. The fur dealer is never in a hurry; after spreading out his furs and skins on the floor he produces a magnum of vodka and lemon and a box of cigarettes, and then begins business. If he gets about the half he asks for his goods he receives fair value. He may decline such an offer; but the chances are after one has left him he is soon to be found in pursuit, quite willing to close the bargain. Most of the natives wear the flat cap or well-worn old fur hat, the dressing-gown-like robe, and long boots. Business men dress like ourselves. Many ladies wear a small lace shawl over their heads; the majority however dress like those at home. Men of the peasant class wear long and sadly riddled garments, and in most cases nothing but mat or rag wrappings round their feet. Peasant women wear short coloured dresses and white shawls over their heads. Black bread, cabbage-soup, herring, and saur kraut form the chief subsistence of the poor. As is to be expected, military and naval costumes predominate. The officers as a rule are tall, powerful, intelligent-looking men, and look somewhat pompous and imposing as they stride along in their broad military peaked caps, sky-blue cloaks—worn in the hottest of weather—high military boots, and clattering sabres. The private soldier is as a rule small, wiry, and intensely stupid-looking. He has the reputation, however, of being patient and enduring. His uniform consists of a flat round cap, well faded dark-green uniform, with long boots. The military regimen is not overdone, consisting as it does mainly of black bread, cabbage-soup, and certain other articles of diet which Tommy Atkins at home would probably consider only fit for the regimental dog or cat or the barrack rat. The most prominent buildings in Cronstadt are the Governor's residence, the naval and

military hospital, the colossal barracks and arsenals, and the churches. For the outward forms and ceremonies of his religion the Russian has a profound regard. The symbols of his faith are everywhere. It is curious to find at every street corner the holy ikon or framed picture of the Madonna or some saint, as Nicolas, invariably suspended. There is rarely a shop, office, or place of business or private residence to be found without it. No true Russian will work where the holy picture does not occupy a prominent position. He rarely either passes a church, shrine, or holy picture without uncovering and crossing himself. One shop we observed sold nothing but holy pictures of all sizes and at all prices. The churches here, like those all over Russia, are highly decorated, and display elaborately painted cupolas with glittering crosses overhead. Their interiors are also highly embellished, befitting a church whose services are of the highest ritualistic character. Wherever there are churches in this country there are beggars, and their number is nothing short of a plague in Cronstadt. A great ecclesiastical celebrity at present in this town is the famous Father John, a priest whom the Russians revere for his piety and as the possessor of what they believe to be miraculous gifts. His name is at present as well known as that of the Czar, and his untiring labours on behalf of the toiling and suffering poor have won for him a position of commanding influence all over the empire. The drives and walks round the mole are of much interest, as they afford an opportunity of surveying the complete and extensive character of the defences of this island fortress, and of obtaining fine views of the richly wooded and granite-bound shores of Finland and Esthonia.

Between Cronstadt and the mainland passenger steamers regularly ply. Boarding the steamer and crossing the waters of the beautiful bay we find ourselves after a short but delightful sail on the landing-stage of the picturesque village of Oranienbaum. This is a beautifully wooded district, and is a fashionable summer resort. Flashing through the trees and planted on commanding sites are the lavishly decorated palaces of Menchikoff and the Serguiefka. In this district palaces abound, seemingly vieing with one another in splendour and outward ornamentation. Securing a Russian troika, in charge of a bearded, long-robed, typical Ishvostchik, and horsed with wiry Tartar steeds, we bowled along broad and well-kept roads lined with hedgerows and trees in the richest of foliage to visit Peterhof, the marine palace of the Czar. In succession we pass highly painted châlet-like residences with gay summer shaded verandahs set off with flowers, and looking down upon flower beds

and the trimmest of lawns. These are the summer retreats of the St. Petersburg nobility and merchant princes. It was interesting to contrast with those luxurious establishments the farmhouses and huts of the peasants, constructed of rough logs with piles of wood stored around for fuel purposes. The cattle look miserable and scraggy, the horses light and wiry, and the crops over prolific with weeds. In the fields peasants are forking hay, the women conspicuous in dresses of many colours. Nurses with curious coronet-shaped bead erections on their heads and flaring dresses are airing their youthful charges. Splendid equipages quite equal to those of our home aristocracy are seen, the gentlemen in military costume and the ladies in the latest of Parisian fashions.

The imperial grounds of Peterhof we find to be quite as accessible as any public gardens in London. This resort, which is named after Peter the Great, possesses really fine old avenues of trees. The quaint old residence of Peter, still carefully maintained, is of interest to all lovers of the antique, furnished as it is with all sorts of curious old Dutch nicknacks in which this eccentric ruler seemed to revel. A porter rings a bell outside and immediately from the artificial lake in front countless carp rise to devour the black bread crumbs he throws to them. There are other buildings of much historical interest near the English garden ; still the great attraction within the grounds is the magnificent display of fountains. The Russian in his love of the sensational and grotesque has not omitted to exhibit it here. We sit down under what looks a delightful gigantic umbrella, when all at once artificial rain descends as from a thundercloud over it. We are admiring a curious-looking young tree when suddenly from every twig and branch the water bursts forth into spray. We sit down upon a garden seat when all at once the water rushes up from beneath us and causes us to retreat. Artificial waterfalls and lovely cascades stream over rocks and through grottos. Water lashes down stairs all artificially gilt, which in sunshine produces a fine effect. Neptunes and Tritons send the water rushing into basins clad with the choicest of aquatic plants.

The marine palace of the Czar is a huge building with many cupolas, towers, and minarets decorated in old yellow and gold, displaying a somewhat flash and theatrical combination of French and Byzantine architecture. It is situated on a broad terrace, and in front there is a most costly and elaborate marble balustrade. The view from this point under lovely sunshine is quite enchanting. Immediately below are beautiful lawns with flower beds and magnificent fountains in full play. Further down the water as clear as crystal flows down golden

stairs into a canal, the banks of which are studded with statuary. The water of the canal slowly finds its way into the bay, where lying at anchor is an imperial yacht glistening in white and gold. Peterhof is unquestionably one of the finest marine palaces in Europe. In driving and walking through these imperial pleasure grounds we found cossacks, sentries, and police moving about, still there was no restriction, no official interference, no flunkeyism whatever. Everywhere and always we found the Russians to be a most kindly, courteous, and delightful people, ever willing to show us everything and afford us all information, and most anxious that we should form the most favourable impression of their interesting country.

W. MASON INGLIS.

WHEN TO DIE.

HERE is a hard problem to solve—one we can never settle to our satisfaction. It does not seem the right thing when a little new-born child draws a breath or two and passes away. It escapes much, but it carries with it the dear hopes and passionate parental joys which heralded its coming. In its tiny coffin, laid with the anguish of father and mother, are entombed a thousand fond ideas of what it might have been—what it might have developed into. And even if, in later years, other children are born to these parents, there is always the empty place—unforgettable!

Then, suppose the little creature to live to the charming age of some two or three years, to have learned to lisp a few words, to hold out dimpled arms and rosebud lips, to begin to give back a fraction of the great love bestowed on it; suppose its small footstep to be the music of the house, and its golden curls and rounded limbs to be a source of pride beyond all other pride—if at this stage the tender life is smitten, and nothing is left but some broken toys, some dainty garments, and a photograph or so, can that be the consummation of a life? Or say it lives to the troublesome ages, learns to be a heart-break, to tell lies, to shirk school, to answer disrespectfully, to spend too much pocket-money, to try every temper in the house—and that one day the child comes home, lays down its wilful head on its mother's bosom, and after quick disease passes away unconscious or agonised. What mourning is then over the cold lips and brow! The child had faults, "Oh! but he would have outgrown them;" he was selfish and idle, "Oh! but he was improving so much in every way!" There is nothing to be said. The sweet innocent early ways of that child are all that the bereaved parents can remember, and their hearts bleed at their loss.

Then suppose the child goes on to young manhood or young womanhood. It does not seem then to have any bearing on the question we are dealing with—whether this adolescence is promising or not. If the former, the parents feel that death has taken their angel from them; if the latter, they cling desperately to the belief that the lost one was misunderstood, mismanaged, had inherited tendencies which were quite unconquerable; and they themselves feel life a wreck

in that they did not better draw the dear one to what was good. All their fault—*all*! and they feel the profound depth of bitterness of him who cried, "O that I had died for thee, Absolom, my son!" So the children can never be spared—it never seems the proper time for them to die.

Changing the view of the question somewhat, when is the proper time for adults to die? It never seems to come. One man, with a beloved wife and two charming children, left off his business as a merchant because two large fortunes came to him. It was absurd that he should work any more. He could hardly spend the income he had. He meant to be happy—only happy! Yet in a few months he became strange in manner, and one day was missing from his beautiful house. Days passed before the police found him, face downward, in shallow water, killed by his own hand. Another man, a diligent worker and honourable gentleman, with a wife and family, lost the savings of a lifetime, and was too heartbroken to embark on any new enterprise. He could have taken a new position, but the desire of life failed him. He lay down tranquilly, with his family watching him in anguish, and gently passed away. He could not begin again—not here!

Yet that quiet, uncomplaining death was very ghastly and terrible to others. It did not seem the proper time for the breadwinner, the beloved husband and father, to be taken—before a gray hair was on his head.

There was a young lad who ran away, whilst at Sandhurst, with the organist's daughter, a woman ten or twelve years older than himself. His father, a wealthy vicar, infuriated at this lapse in the morals of his only son, caught up the pair of runaways and solemnly married them, banishing them from this country, where his dignity could not abide the scandal of the whole thing, and sending them out to New Zealand. This unhappy couple reaped the reward of the hasty action. The wife's gross misconduct made a divorce most easy to obtain, and the lad came home, filed his terrible evidence, and was received with tenderness by his saddened parents; but on the morning when the case was to be called, he could not brook the pain and shame of it all, and was found shot through the head, cold and dead, in his father's house, in that very room where he had spent so many years of a careless, merry boyhood. That did not seem a beautiful ending!

When is the time, then? There was a wealthy couple with an only son; they built for him a magnificent house, and stayed in it till he should come of age. He was a wild youth of twenty, and was

abroad, tasting of all the evils of life, when he happened to be touched with malaria, and, all unfit to combat with the disease, died at an hotel in Homburg. There was no time to go to him, no time for him to say he was sorry, no time for him ever to try to mend his ways ; and all that young man's parents had left to console them was a great empty barrack of a house, servants in livery, and a canary-bird which the boy had loved and left in their charge. Again, it did not somehow seem right.

There was a young lady, the daughter of rich parents, and she went to her first ball with her young brother. At the moment when the musicians played the first bars of " The Lancers," the tall stately girl, instead of making the ordinary bow to her partner, fell heavily forward on her face. In a large company of some hundred and fifty guests there were four or five medical men who rushed to the rescue, and she was carried into the adjoining conservatory, all lit with electric light and fragrant with blossoms. Laid there, every attention was paid that medical skill could suggest. Those in the ballroom felt no alarm, for the girl was not delicate, she had been skating all the season ; the brilliant room, the excitement of her first ball, had no doubt caused a faintness. But in the conservatory, to the sound of dancing feet and the merriest of music, life quickly passed away. The child, to whom the world was just opening, had left that world. The white dress of the *débutante* was quickly exchanged for the shroud, the bouquet for the wreath and cross of snowy blossoms. An inquest showed sudden failure of the heart's action, or effusion on the brain—it mattered not now ! " And the sweet white brow was all of her." This did not seem a suitable ending for a tender, blossoming young life.

Then take the lingering deaths, the saddest of all, when the sufferers cannot rid themselves of the long disease of living ; when they go on half despairing ; when good and clever doctors feel it their bounden duty to keep life in the tortured frame, hoping, perhaps, to restore the patient ; when that patient remembers that "the Almighty has fixed His canon 'gainst self-slaughter," and yet, in the strain of mortal suffering, often mutely prays for death ! That is a sad class. Take those who die in dishonour, sickened with life, having worn out the patience and the love and the respect of all who might have made the sick bed soft to them—those who feel they deserve nothing, and who get nothing, and grimly die piecemeal ! Again, it does not seem beautiful or in order. Then, when the justly-honoured white head is laid down with floods of tears, with " honour love, obedience, troops of friends," it is still hard. It does not seem

the right time. There was that chill on the railway, that over-long walk on the moor; we fancy we ought to have prevented it all, and kept that beloved one for years with us. As Browning says—

> The last song,
> When the dead man is praised on his journey—Bear, bear him along
> With his few faults shut up like dead flowerets! Are balm-seeds not here
> To console us? The land has none left such as he on the bier.
> Oh, would we might keep thee, my brother!

And Horace, in one of his most tuneful odes, says:

> Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
> Tam cari capitis?

It is plain, then, that the question has two sides—one affecting the human being who leaves this life, the other solely concerning those who are left behind—and we must try to discriminate and analyse. For the one who goes, it must be the right and proper time, come when it may. Granted, it must be so, however unlike it the moment may seem to all the rest of the world. Either this dear one could do no better here, or he had done so well that "The Lord desired to have him near His throne." In any case, it must be well with the departed; and for those left to mourn, possibly the only true knowledge, the only true love they could have for the one taken, arises from the loss of that one.

Again, as Browning says, speaking of the loved and lost, "All at once they leave you, and you know them." But it is a heavy penalty to learn in that way, left stranded, and to utter from the depths of a stricken heart such words as Carlyle's: "O, for five minutes more of thee!"

Humanly speaking, if we had the power which is totally denied us, we might fix what would be the properest time to die: it would be when the work is done, namely, when the fight has been manfully fought—successfully or unsuccessfully in the eyes of the world matters not at all; when we can no longer inspire that love which alone makes life tolerable, nor any more stretch forth the hand to lift the burden from some suffering friend's shoulders; when we ourselves are a burden, and can only fall exhausted by the wayside; then, if the life and the heart have been set aright, we may have a sweet "Nunc Dimittis," and, like a child on its mother's arm, "lie in the arm of a mild mystery," and enter the unknowable with a calm sense that at least we have striven, and need not trouble any more.

A. E. IRELAND.

TWO LOVES.

TWO loves had I ; a star of morning one—
The other like the rising of the sun.

Two loves, two dreams ! The one made haste to fly ;
The other has a life that may not die.

Two hopes, two aims. The one is lost in light,
The other still eludes my closest flight.

I mourn for one beneath the rustling tree
Where haunt the quiet birds of memory ;

But rise and follow when the other calls,
With scorn of obstacles, contempt of falls.

Perhaps 'tis well that I could never gain
The first—that I pursue the last with pain.

It may be that our life was never meant
For full achievement or complete content ;

It may be we are taught by long pursuit,
Here is the seed-time, only there the fruit.

I cannot tell ; but still the pangs remain :
Two loves had I, and followed both in vain.

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

PAGES ON PLAYS.

"LOUIS XI." is the best piece of acting that Mr. Irving has ever done; but his double impersonation in "The Lyons Mail" runs close to its perfection. Everyone knows the story of "The Lyons Mail." Out of that story, nearly half a century ago, three French dramatic authors made a play which has since held the stage. Théophile Gautier wrote, on the production of the original "Courrier de Lyon," that it was an excellent melodrama, bristling with incident and admirably carried out through all its complications. Mr. Irving's abilities are admirably employed in the creation of the two characters upon whose chance resemblance all depends. Admirable as the simple, innocent Lesurques, he is yet more admirable as the hideous Dubosc, with his courage, his malignity, his drunken sorrow. The last scene, with its drunken alternations of triumph, fear, and desperation, is one of Mr. Irving's masterpieces. The devil at the door, hacking with his long knife at those who are breaking it down, will long haunt the minds of the beholders as an example of grim acting. It is in plays like this, it is in the creation, the conception of characters like this, that Mr. Irving deserves salutation as a great actor.

The melodrama which suits some players wholly fails to suit others. Miss Achurch is a clever actress, but her performance of Adrienne Lecouvreur failed to be interesting. It had a certain physical and mental beauty, a certain passion, a certain pain; but it did not stir the blood as Sarah Bernhardt's Adrienne did. It did not seem likely that the actress could have ever broken into that burst of sorrow which, according to Legouvé, swept over Rachel; sorrow for the time when "no trace should remain of all that once was Rachel." Few now live and look upon the earth who saw the Adrienne of Rachel. But many of us have seen Sarah Bernhardt, and most of us have a pretty well-defined ideal of the Adrienne Lecouvreur, not merely of Scribe and Legouvé's drama, but of real life, of unhappy history. And the Adrienne whose unhappy life it is so easy to know in her exquisite letters, the Adrienne who is perhaps

the Adrienne of Scribe and Legouvé's play, is scarcely the Adrienne of Miss Achurch. We scarcely find enough of the passion which is after all the dominant note in the piece, as it was the dominant note in Adrienne's vexed, glittering, wretched life.

A great deal of controversy has raged around the production of "Alan's Wife" at the Independent Theatre. The anonymity of its authorship, the championship of Mr. Archer, have added to the interest. I do not like it. "The villain in Mr. Edgar Saltus's clever novel, Tristrem Varick,'" says a writer who expresses my views, "assures the hero on a certain occasion that he is not interested in obstetrics. He would not have enjoyed himself therefore at Terry's Theatre, where for the moment the Independent Theatre had set in its staff. Obstetrics were the principal motive of 'Alan's Wife.' In the first act the heroine, who is very frankly enamoured of the very strong workman to whom she is married, discusses with her mother the coming of her child. These confidences are interrupted by the news that the lusty husband has been killed at the works. In the second act the child is born, but it has come into the world maimed and crippled, and the mother, after discussing at considerable length the question propounded by Mr. Grant Allen in his 'Child of the Phalanstery,' baptizes it herself, like Tess of the D'Urbervilles, and then kills it. In the third act the murderess is in prison under sentence of death, and, as the curtain falls, we know that she is to be hanged the next morning at eight o'clock. This is the play that may perhaps be maintained, by a few enthusiasts, to represent the new drama. But it represents neither the new drama nor the old drama, nor anything but the attempt of some person or persons unknown—for 'Alan's Wife' is anonymous—to show that he, or she, or they, can shock and startle and disgust with the best. But the attempt was not very successful. 'Alan's Wife' is more tedious than terrible: its horrors are heavily handled; it is compressed melodrama; but the melodrama is not good, and the compression is not effective. It has been truly said that round the barricades where the new dramatic ideas are fighting there must be ugly work. But 'Alan's Wife' is not a barricade where ideas are defended; it is a shambles where ideas are slaughtered. On the whole the acting was very much better than the play; it was not betrayed by its players. Miss Robins is of ability, but it is ability of a very uncertain, fitful kind. Like the heroine of the lovely lyric, when she is good she is very, very good, and—the next row of the pious chanson will tell you the

more. It would almost appear as if it were Miss Robins's way to alternate her qualities—to be bad and good in formal rotation. The defects of her Hedda Gabler were in some degree condoned by the real beauty and pathos of her acting in 'Karin': the sins of her Hilde, Wangel in 'The Master Builder' can hardly be forgiven, but they may be forgotten while we please our thoughts in feeding them upon the excellences of her acting in 'Alan's Wife.' 'Alan's Wife' is not a masterpiece indeed, but Miss Robins has hitherto not been seen to advantage in masterpieces like 'Hedda Gabler,' or even in pseudo-masterpieces like 'Bygmester Solness.' In 'Alan's Wife,' as in 'Karin,' Miss Robins finds herself the heroine of a strong and at the same time a simple story. She is not neuropathic like Hedda Gabler; she is not a citizen of Cloud-Cuckoo Town like Hilde Wangel. She is an eccentric creature enough, unpleasant even, if you press the point; but she leaves Miss Robins plenty of room for her own ability to turn round in, and she does not force her to fight against the impossible."

The Independent Theatre is beginning to influence the world by books as well as by performances. "If students of the drama," says my sympathetic writer, "had reason to be grateful to Mr. Bernard Shaw for the production of 'Widowers' Houses' upon the stage, the students of dramatic criticism have reason to be grateful for the publication of the play in book form. Gratitude does not necessarily imply uncompromising admiration of Mr. Shaw's plays, uncompromising agreement with Mr. Shaw's critical opinions. The great merit of Mr. Shaw's play was that it attempted to do in England what dramatists have done in most other European countries—it attempted to present a play peopled by real human beings, behaving as they would actually behave in human life. The great merit of Mr. Shaw's book, with its preface and its appendices, is that it attempts to stimulate a healthier spirit, a more scientific spirit, in modern dramatic criticism. It is true that Mr. Shaw did not altogether succeed in his aim as a dramatist; it is true that he does not altogether succeed in his aim as a mentor of criticism. 'Widowers' Houses' might with advantage have been more faithful to real life, have been less hampered by the old conventions, the old formulas, the old links. And if Mr. Shaw lays down some admirable canons of criticism, his own application of those canons is not always illuminated. But in the one work and in the other he has set an excellent example; he has blown a trumpet-call, and it will be no fault of his if battle does not follow upon the signal. The one work and the

other call for earnest consideration. 'Widowers' Houses,' as we learn from the preface, owes, as 'Alan's Wife' owes, its initial inspiration to Mr. William Archer. Mr. William Archer's inspirations, curiously enough, appear to prompt him upon the path of adaptation, for just as 'Alan's Wife' was adapted from, or conveyed from, or suggested by a story in a Swedish magazine, so 'Widowers' Houses' was adapted from, or conveyed from, or suggested by no less legitimate a piece of handiwork than the 'Ceinture Dorée' of Émile Augier. Mr. Archer suggested a title that was by no means a bad title in 'Rhinegold,' and it is to Mr. Archer that the idea of opening in the garden of a Rhine hotel is due. Unfortunately that opening, however well suited to the scheme of Mr. Archer's comedy, does not make a very happy opening for the kind of play that Mr. Bernard Shaw, flinging off the fetters of Augier, wanted to do, and in the end did do. Those who saw the play will not lightly forget the disappointment they felt as the curtain fell upon the first act of 'Widowers' Houses.' 'Where,' they asked themselves in amazement, 'is the new law and the new prophecy in this?' The disappointment did not endure; the new law and the new prophecy were in full swing in the second act and the third act, and are now to be studied at ease by the earnest in all the liberality of print. It is a thousand pities that Mr. Shaw, in publishing his play, did not throw his first act overboard altogether, or at least remould it nearer to the heart's desire. But once pass the tedious threshold of that first act and the reader finds himself on familiar terms with a very remarkable piece of work. The Mages of the 'well-made play' will not like it; it is as cayenne and Brut to the palate that has been cloyed with the sugar of Cliquet. For it has a taste, and a strong taste; and it has delighted Mr. Shaw beyond measure to find that so many of his critics—and some of them his familiar friends—coughed at its savour. It appears to especially delight Mr. Shaw when his critics accuse him of Ibsenism, and when they do this he runs amuck amongst them with the cool ferocity of quiet Mr. Brown in the famous ballad. Mr. Shaw has his resemblance to Fuzzy-Wuzzy: he is a first-rate fighting man, and his appendices are as much of a battle-ground as the field behind the Luxembourg. It is possible that some good may come, it is even probable that some good may come, of all this dust and din, this fencing and foining, this rapping out of brave oaths and heady challenges. Mr. Shaw's contentions may be reduced to two main claims. He asks for freedom for some men, at least, to write plays about life as it is, to hold the mirror up to nature, not to

literature. In the second place, he insists peremptorily upon the importance of critics knowing something about what they are talking of. Both contentions are reasonable enough. It is a very good thing for us that there should be an Independent Theatre, and that there should be writers like Mr. Bernard Shaw, able to do it and its cause some service. It is certainly not too much to ask of critics some knowledge of the thing to be criticised, some equipment for the business, some appreciation of the great forces that are at work about them. Mr. Bernard Shaw has, if we remember rightly, always maintained that dramatic criticism can never be as technical, never be as scientific, as musical criticism. The problem might be argued, though not here and not now. But at least it can be and should be as any branch of criticism of any of the arts, whether the arts are of colour or of stone, or of words or the interpretation of words. The question of scientific criticism is one over which the wise and the unwise battle with much heat in Paris and squabble languorously in London. If Mr. Shaw, by his belligerent pages, does something to make the criticism with which he is for the moment concerned approximate more nearly to the scientific method, he will have done a good day's work. Even if he fail in this he has not failed to write an interesting play, and to say that is to say a great deal in the days that pass."

The "Silver Shell," at the Avenue, deserves more consideration than a sketch of its story would suggest. Its author possesses some power of construction and some power of observation. But he has been at more pains to hamper his ability than to use it to its best advantage. "The Silver Shell" starts badly by being a play about Nihilism. The world has grown weary of Nihilism as a force in fiction or drama since the days when Bazarof, in "Father and Son," first gave a name and an entity in art to the aspirations of Young Russia. Author after author, from Tourguenief to Gontcharof, in Russia, author after author in France, in Germany, in England, have worked at Nihilism until the subject artistically seemed exhausted. Within recent years we have had on the London stage no fewer than three plays—possibly many others—dealing with Nihilism. One was a great success, the others were not. None of them breathed any fresh breath of life into the subject. Certainly the only excuse for a Nihilist play to-day would seem to be that it breathed some fresh breath of life into the subject. But this is just what "The Silver Shell" fails to do. It has one exceedingly clever situation; the piece works up to that situation; after that situation is reached the play runs to seed. Mr. Dam set himself some grave problems in

international law, in moral law, in physics and psychology, and cannot be said to have solved them satisfactorily. His methods, for the most part, are of the simplest; everybody talks in obvious asides; everybody tells everybody else things that each party to the conversation already knows. But through all the defects of the piece there is the redeeming quality of a power to interest which under better conditions might do much. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal played admirably in parts of an unfamiliar type to their admirers. One does not think of Mrs. Kendal as a Nihilist, of Mr. Kendal as the Butcher of Moscow. But they made their audience accept them as such wild fowl on the first night of "The Silver Shell."

Mr. Horner has earned a reputation for skill in converting the most flagrant of Parisian vaudevilles into blameless London farces without allowing the fun to evaporate in the process. Mr. Horner is skilled in decanting the vintages of the Palais Royal into English flagons, but he can seldom have set himself a more difficult task than when he attempted to decant "La Famille Pont-Briquet" into "The Great Unpaid." Whether we like adaptations or whether we do not like them, they exist, as they always have existed, and must needs be taken account of. The adaptor of Bisson, like the adaptor of Labiche, follows the example of Congreve, follows the example of Terence. The author of "The Great Unpaid" has had a terrible task. It would have been well if he could, as has been suggested, have seen his way to follow the example of Mr. William Archer on a certain famous occasion, and circulated amongst the audience printed slips containing the portions of his original which for various reasons it was impossible to put upon our ermined stage. For without those portions the humours of the play were not always obvious. To those who knew the original piece it was possible to read between the lines, and to know that the cause, for instance, of Mr. Knight-Williams's sudden attack of deafness was due to a somewhat different reason from that demurely alleged by him in the beginning of the piece.

The incoherency of "Morocco Bound," the new buffoonery at the Shaftesbury, its length, its exaggerations may be forgotten, if not forgiven, wherever Miss Letty Lind dances, and fortunately she dances very often. Miss Letty Lind's power of acting is limited, Miss Letty Lind's singing is a matter of no moment, but her dancing is "the very ornament and rose of the fair state, a triumph of grace, of exquisite motion, of unvexed art. In one thing only did she fail—when, in giving a burlesque of the society skirt-dancer, she attempted to present the contortions of her model. Though she did

her best, she could not succeed in being ungraceful: her caricature was clever, whimsical, daintily insolent, but it pleased, in despite of the dancer's humour. Awkwardness itself seemed to be a grace when it was so gracefully, so graciously mocked. To see Miss Lind dance, and dance so often, it would be worth while to sit out duller work than 'Morocco Bound,' and to endure with patience wearier clowning. "Elle danse pour se faire heureuse," as Barbey D'Aurévilly said of Taglioni, "et voilà pourquoi elle nous fait heureux en la voyant danser."

JUSTIN HUNTLY McCARTHY.

TABLE TALK.

Pepys's Diary.

AT last we have got, or are getting, in its integrity the famous "Diary" of Pepys. When, in 1825, under the editorship of Richard Lord Braybrooke, the first edition appeared in two volumes quarto, neither editor nor publisher was prepared for the success that was obtained. A mere fragment of the work, indeed, was given to the world. Educated in old-fashioned notions, Lord Braybrooke found himself compelled to condense and curtail. The fact that Pepys "was in the habit of recording the most trifling occurrences of his life" rendered "absolutely necessary the course adopted." Far indeed was his lordship from grasping the fact that in these "trifling occurrences" the world would find, not only the most attractive, but, as such things are precisely what fail us in history, the most valuable portion of the work. On one point the editor plumed himself—if he had taken much away he had added nothing. On a second, he feared he had laid himself open to censure. Those unaware how little authentic information exists as to the condition of the stage subsequent to the Restoration were likely to find that the notices of theatrical performances occur too frequently. At the risk of fatiguing his readers who had "no taste for the concerns of the drama," the editor at length determined to preserve them. Had these been suppressed, as seems to have been at one time probable, our fathers would have missed some of the most animated pictures and quaintest criticisms to which we can point, and Genest's famous "Account of the English Stage" would have been deprived of its earlier chapters.

Mynors Bright's Additions to the "Diary."

DURING half a century this edition, which has been issued in various forms, practically sufficed for the public. Scholars, however, who had found the diet appetising, began at last to be clamorous for more. Fifty years exactly, then, after the appearance of the two quarto volumes was issued the first volume of a new and, it was hoped, a complete and final edition. Four years were occupied

by the publication, the valuables notes of Lord Braybrooke being retained, and considerable additions being supplied by the Rev. Mynors Bright, M.A., by whom Pepys's MS. had been again deciphered. This has, of course, ranked since as the standard edition. Disappointment was, however, once more in store for those who delighted in the old chronicler. Mr. Bright had indeed deciphered and transcribed the entire work, and his complete rendering he bequeathed to Magdalen College. He even could not trust to the curiosity of the public and the desire of the book-lover to taste for himself and to have, at any rate, a complete work. A passage in his preface told us that "It would have been tedious to the reader if I had copied from the 'Diary' the account of his daily work at the office." Once more, then, the public was left to conjecture of how much it had been defrauded. This portion, we now learn from Mr. Wheatley, which Mr. Bright, with no apparent compunction, felt bound to omit, amounts to one-fifth of the whole.

A Final Edition.

AT length within certain narrowest limits we have the whole of Pepys's immortal work. Mr. H. B. Wheatley, to whom the task of editorship has been confided, has used the transcripts of his predecessor. Mr. Wheatley is one of the best known of the Pepysian scholars, and a man on whose taste and judgment implicit reliance may be placed. He has found it necessary, on the score of decency, to omit a few lines which could not possibly, he holds, be printed. Trusting to his cypher, Pepys is continuously outspoken and confidential, and some of his utterances are free enough to challenge comparison with the dialogue of the dramatists of immediately succeeding times. That Mr. Wheatley is justified in the omissions he has made few will doubt. Pepys's work is intended for the library, and not for the cabinets of the curious or perverse. There is nothing in the present edition that may not be accepted by any earnest student; and the notion that, in the interest of boarding-school occupants, we are to bowdlerize our literature has never been worthy of serious discussion. I have tested the additions that have been made in the first volume, which embraces the period between January 1659–60 and the close of March 1661, and find much new matter I should be sorry to miss. Let me add that Mr. Wheatley's prefatory matter, including his life of Pepys, is of high value, and that the publishers (G. Bell & Sons) have given the work a convenient size and an attractive aspect, and the fact that we have at length the Pepys that is required is evident.

"Susan."[1]

AMONG modern poets, the author of "Dorothy: a Country Story in elegiac verse," of "Vulgar Verses," and now ultimately of "Susan," holds a place of his own. A man of singular and conspicuous refinement and courtesy, and of dignified leisure, he loses no opportunity of lauding that physical labour which, as has been said, all praise and all practically seek to avoid. It is with regard to female labour that he is most in earnest. No admirer he of delicately nurtured ladies whose "bright eyes rain influence." He is for the stalwart, strong-armed, hard-handed daughters of toil, the maidens who in masculine gear work in "Mendip's sunless caves," the fish-wives who labour with the harvest of the sea, the scullery-maid who polishes the grate, and carries on face and hands the signs of her occupation. His work is a protest against nambypambyism, sentimentality, and affectation in womanhood, and against luscious renaissance themes, and a vindication of the tastes and capacities of genuine working-class women. The same thesis is maintained in all the author's works; and the cause of these grimy heroines is advocated with eloquence, poetry, and passion. It is an unpopular idea, and those who share the writer's feelings will only be scattered individuals, among whom I do not personally claim to rank. Susan, his latest heroine, is a maid-servant who marries her master, refuses to be converted into a lady, and devotes her entire energies to serving in a menial capacity the man who is at once her husband and her master. Two happy quotations show the notion entertained by the author of such service. One is from Chaucer, and is:

> And for sche would vertu please,
> Sche knew well labour but none ydel ease.

The second is from Prior's Solomon, and deals with the best beloved of the Hebrew monarch's innumerable concubines:

> Abra was ready ere I called her name;
> And tho' I called another, Abra came.

THE LAUREATE OF LABOUR.

SERVICE such as is described cannot be otherwise than honouring, and the eulogy it receives is merited. I cannot sympathise, however, with the praise of the marks of servitude in which the author overflows. I cannot admire large hands

> Whose hardened fingers would but wound and soil
> Your tender palms, Lord Fanny or Sir Plume.

[1] *Susan: a Poem of Degrees.* By the Author of *Dorothy*, *Vulgar Verses*, &c Reeves & Turner.

Nor do I find, in spite of the phrase "black but comely," that stain of lamp-black, or smell of kitchen grease, is desirable or permissible, even in the woman to be cherished and caressed. In the most characteristic, or at least the most energetic, passage of the poem, the writer depicts, with what approaches modern realism, the way in which the wedded servant makes herself purposely as grimy with service as possible, and thus disfigured meets her returning husband. This is obviously regarded as worthy and sublime. I can only regard it as unwise and displeasing. Let her do her duty and then doff her working gear. The average domestic, with no claim to be a heroine, will not be seen by her employers if she can possibly help it until she has removed unpleasant signs of labour. So, I venture to think, should Susan have done, and her "queenly figure" and "her rosy mouth and clear blue eyes" might then exercise their witchery.

Vandalism at Highgate.

WHAT mystery is there that commends iron railings so warmly to the parochial intellect? So soon as a vestry, a council, or a local board gets hold of a place its energy is never satisfied until it has surrounded it with some form of iron paling. In Highgate this curious taste or instinct—I know not what to call it—has already led to hopeless vandalism. I have drawn attention before now to the atrocious proceedings of the Hornsey Local Board, who ruthlessly destroyed the prettiest rustic lane that was left near London. The lovely hedge that bordered the lane between Hampstead and Highgate, skirted Caen Wood, and opened out into the pleasant field-path to Finchley was, without a word of warning, levelled with the dust—the splendid growth of a hundred years destroyed in less than a week. All traces of this are now removed, and the place is duly bordered with iron railings ugly and commonplace enough to satisfy the wildest dream of Vestrydom. Now comes another chance of doing irreparable damage Sir Sydney Waterlow gave to Highgate the noble estate named after him Waterlow Park. This, on the east side, is fenced in with a noble wall of stupendous height, rich in colour, covered in parts with ivy, and beautiful with the mosses and lichens which are the winter's glory. This wall, however, like the hedges, is doomed, and has to give way to iron railings. I am glad to see that forty-one members of the County Council protested against this deplorable act, as must protest every lover of beauty. Cannot the Society of Antiquaries interpose while there is yet time?

Home Travel.

HOLIDAY period is as yet scarcely on us, but it is near at hand, and eager bands will soon be starting for the Geiranger fiord, the Rhine, the Splugen, or the Pic du Midi. I should like to counsel a few lovers of nature to abandon their schemes of foreign travel and to visit a few shrines in our own sweet land. I know what are the special attractions of foreign travel, the delight of sauntering through Nuremberg or Lubeck, the enchantment of finding yourself in Nîmes or Avignon, the sense of the "boundless prodigality of Nature" inspired as you drink in the odorous air of Touraine, and I fully appreciate the advantages of a complete change of life when you take every meal in the open air and bask in a golden sun-warmed atmosphere. But pastoral England has a charm all its own. Nowhere else will you see such lovely turf, such splendid foliage, such sweet, serene, effortless beauty. I could name a hundred spots, no one of which can be rivalled in any foreign country, and all of which are easily accessible and dream-like in beauty and quiet.

"Holy" Wells.

BUT one of these spots am I about to name, and I do so with some reluctance. Far out of the way of the regular traveller, as distant, so far as time is concerned, from London as York or even Newcastle, Wells, cosily nestled at the foot of the Mendip Hills, knows nothing of a noisy crowd of holiday-makers. A few Americans make a pious pilgrimage to its shrine, an occasional enthusiast in architecture even goes to gaze on its matchless Cathedral. Its quite streets, however, hear no shout of the "tripper," the turf of its Close is unpolluted with orange-peel and sandwich-papers. I saw Wells this year looking at its best, in that exquisite epiphany of spring for which 1893 will long be memorable. Nothing fairer, more reposeful, more consecrated, so to speak, is to be seen elsewhere. I do not purpose to describe a Cathedral which some of my readers have seen and all can see. I have visited every Cathedral in England, and find a separate and an adorable individuality in each. Wells has not the stately grandeur of York and Lincoln; it has not the superb position of Durham, the massive impressiveness of Exeter, or the elegant witchery of Ely. Yet, in some respects, it is the loveliest of all. Its west front is one of the divinest dreams that architecture has known; it stands alone in England as being "quite complete with all the parts and appurtenances, and all belong to the original design of Bishop Jocelyn." There is, indeed, no building

in England architecturally so magnificent, and none that sits in so queenly state amidst its surroundings. It is absolutely the worthiest of shrines.

Its Surroundings.

THE attractions of Wells do not close with its Cathedral and the sweet pastoral surroundings. The Bishop's Palace, one of the oldest, if not the oldest inhabited house in England, belongs to the thirteenth century. "The whole structure," says Mr. Worth ("Guide to Somerset"), "is full of interest, and its surroundings have a romantic character and beauty almost unique in combination." The moat round its machicolated walls is fed from St. Andrew's Well, which surges up in a splendid volume of purest water. The drawbridge remains, with the chains used to lift it. Three sides only of the palace, one of the most interesting specimens in existence of English domestic architecture, remain, and the ruins of Bishop Burnell's matchless banqueting-hall are enshrined in a garden richly wooded and alive with the warblings of nightingales. The deanery and the archdeaconry, and other buildings of scarcely inferior interest, invest the Cathedral and Palace, and the Vicar's Close remains a curious and rare illustration of humble mediæval domestic architecture. Has it not received the enthusiastic praise of men such as Pugin and Freeman? The Cathedral Library should not be forgotten by the pilgrims to Wells. All this is rhapsody! says the reader. It is intended for such, for if ever a spot of British earth is hallowed by beauty and consecrated by religion it is Wells.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

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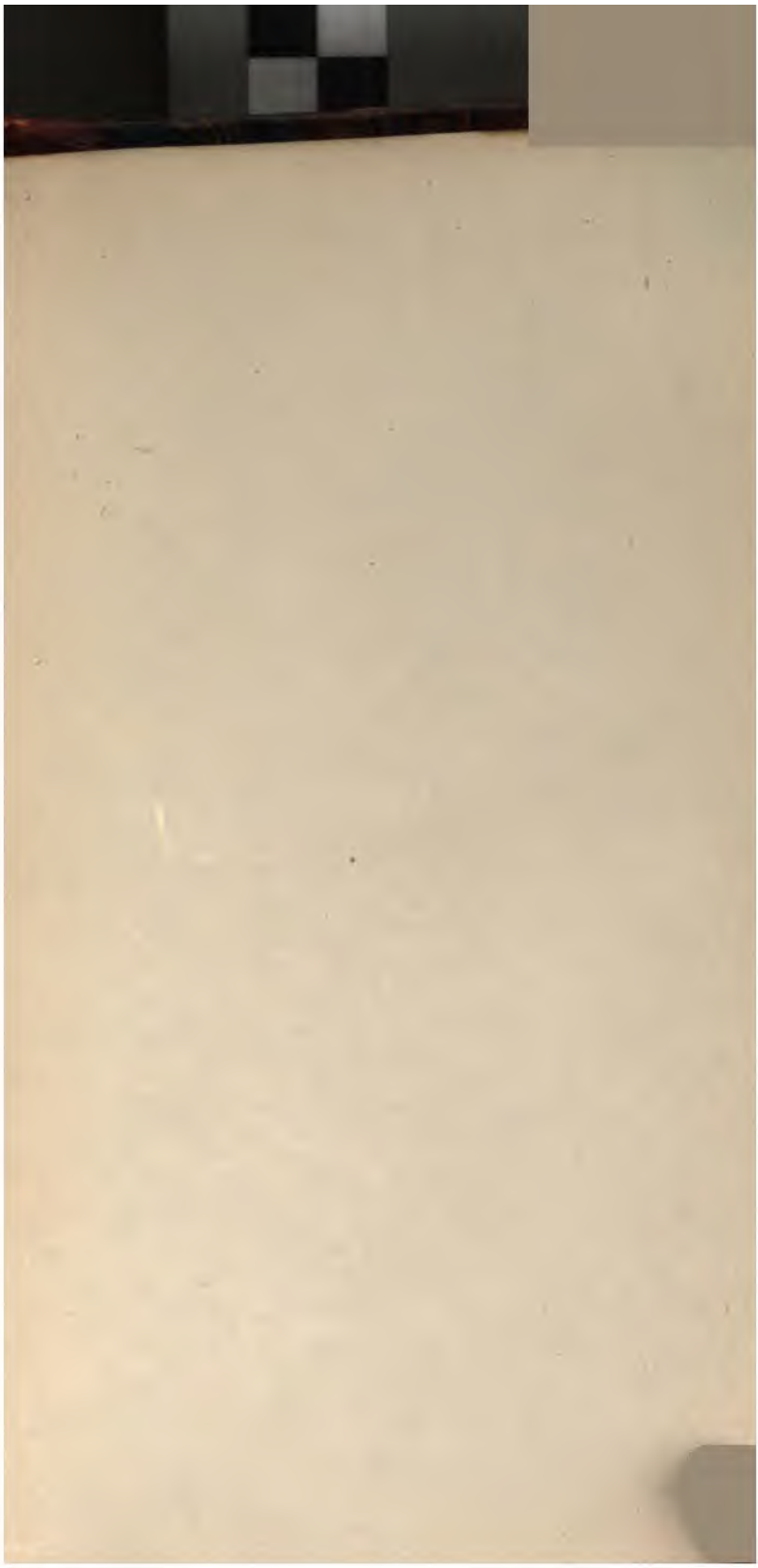

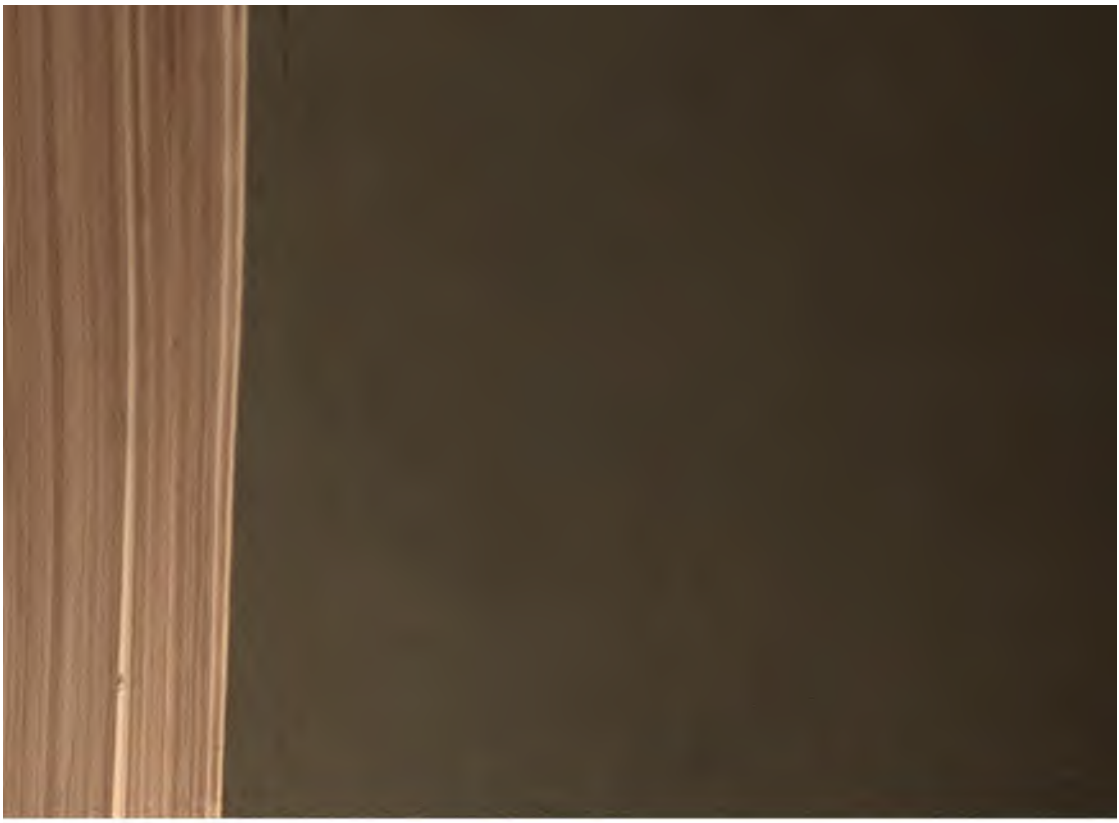

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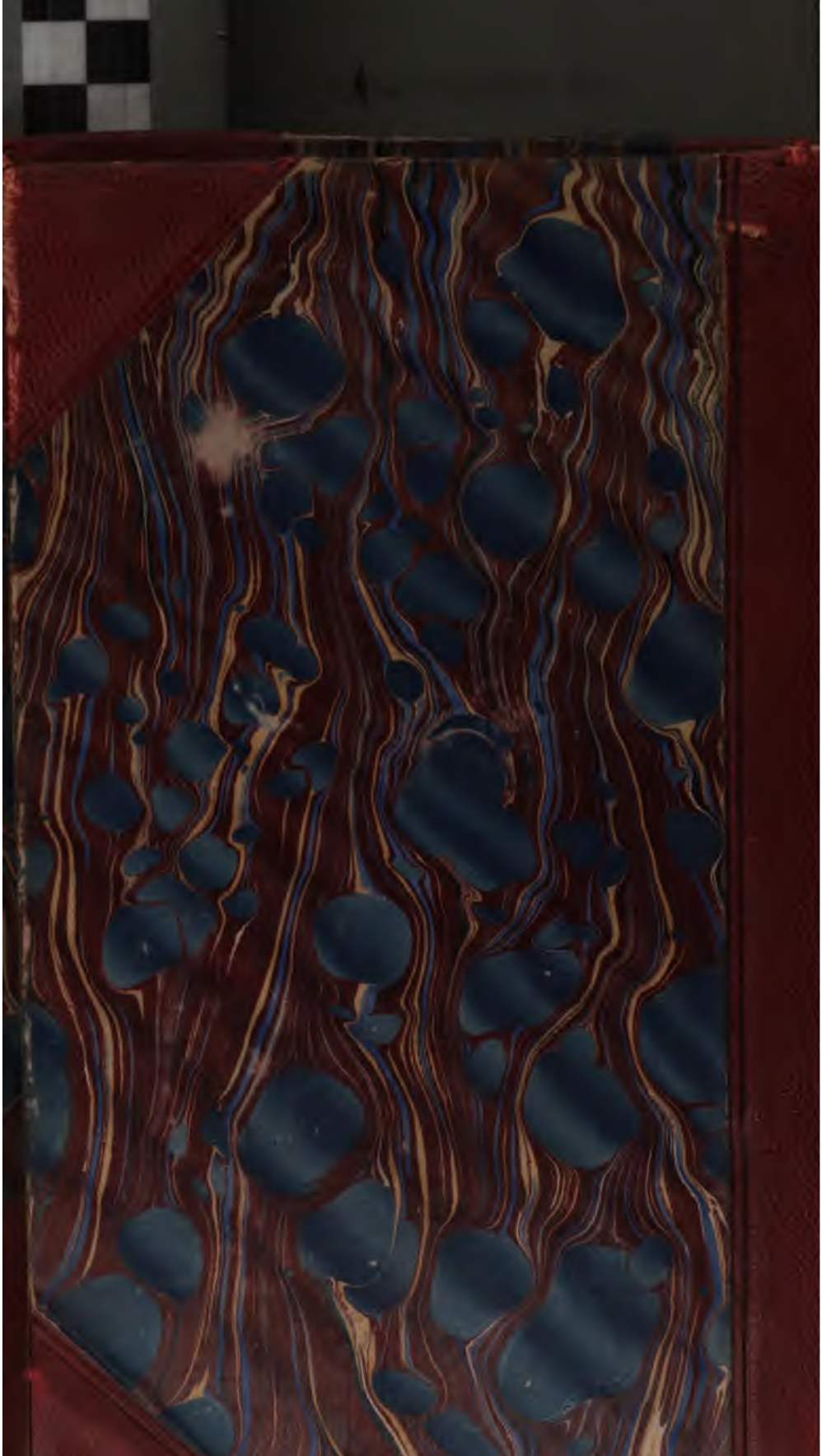
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